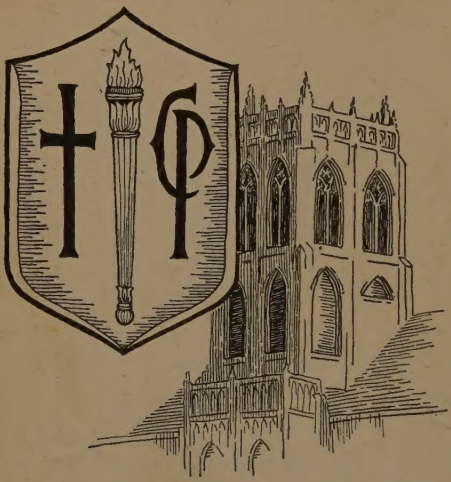

COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

WITHDRAWN

PLAUTUS.

Volume I.

AMPHITRYON.
THE COMEDY OF ASSES.
THE POT OF GOLD.
THE TWO BACCHISES.
THE CAPTIVES.

Volume II.

CASINA.
THE CASKET COMEDY.
CURCULIO.
EPIDICUS.
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES.

WITHDRAWN

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W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

PLAUTUS

III

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

PAUL NIXON

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

III

THE MERCHANT
THE BRAGGART WARRIOR
THE HAUNTED HOUSE
THE PERSIAN

LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK : G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXXIV

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THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF THE PLAYS IN THE THIRD VOLUME

The *Mercator* is an adaptation of Philemon's *Emporos*.[1] When the *Emporos* was produced, however, is unknown, as is the date of production of the *Mercator*, and of the *Mostellaria* and *Persa*, as well.

The *Alazon*, the Greek original of the *Miles Gloriosus*, was very likely written in 287 B.C., the argument[2] for that date being based on international relations during the reign of Seleucus,[3] for whom Pyrgopolynices was recruiting soldiers at Ephesus. And Periplectomenus's allusion to the imprisonment of Naevius[4] might seem to suggest that Plautus composed the *Miles* about 206 B.C.

Philemon's *Phasma* was probably the original of the *Mostellaria*, and written, as it apparently was, after the death of Alexander the Great and Agathocles,[5] we may assume that Philemon presented the *Phasma* between 288 B.C. and the year of the death of Diphilus,[6] who was living when it was produced.

[1] *Merc.* Prol. 9.
[2] Hueffner, *De Plauti Comoediarum Exemplis Atticis*, 28, 29.
[3] *Miles* 75, 948, 949. [4] *Miles* 211.
[5] *Most.* 775. [6] *Most.* 1149.

In the *Persa* the Persians are spoken of as a people still independent.[1] The unknown Greek original of the play would therefore seem to have been written in the time of Demosthenes, before the conquests of Alexander.

[1] *Persa* 506.

SOME ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF PLAYS IN THE THIRD VOLUME

Miles Gloriosus, Brix-Niemeyer; Leipzig, Teubner, 1901.

Miles Gloriosus, Lorenz; Berlin, Weidmann, 1886.

Miles Gloriosus, Tyrrell; London, Macmillan & Co., 1889.

Mostellaria, Fay; Boston, Allyn & Bacon, 1902.

Mostellaria, Lorenz; Berlin, Weidmann, 1883.

Mostellaria, Sonnenschein; Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1907.

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IV. Persa, or The Persian 417

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MERCATOR

OR

THE MERCHANT

ARGVMENTVM I

Missus mercatum ab suo adulescens patre
Emit atque adportat scita forma mulierem.
Requirit quae sit, postquam eam vidit, senex:
Confingit servos emptam matri pedisequam.
Amat senex hanc, ac se simulans vendere
Tradit vicino; eum putat uxor sibi
Obduxe scortum. tum Charinum ex fuga
Retrahit sodalis, postquam amicam invenit.

ARGVMENTVM II

Mercatum asotum filium extrudit pater.
is peregre missus redimit ancillam hospitis
amore captus, advehit. nave exilit,
pater advolat, vix visam ancillam deperit.
cuius sit percontatur; servos pedisequam
ab adulescente matri ait emptam ipsius.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

A young man, sent on a trading trip by his father, buys and brings home a charming young miss. The old gentleman, after seeing her, inquires who she may be. His son's servant pretends that she was bought as an attendant for the young man's mother. Falling in love with her and feigning to sell her, the old gentleman entrusts her to a neighbour; and the neighbour's wife thinks he has got himself a mistress. Then Charinus is kept from leaving the country by his friend, who has found the young fellow's sweetheart.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

A dissipated son is packed off on a trading trip by his father. Despatched abroad, he loses his heart to a maidservant of his host, buys her, and carries her home. He disembarks; his father flies to the ship, and, at first sight of the maid, is smitten. He asks whose she is; his son's servant says the young man bought her as an attendant for his mother. Then the old gentle-

senex, sibi prospiciens, ut amico suo
veniret natum orabat, natus ut suo :
hic filium subdiderat vicini, pater
vicinum ; praemercatur ancillam senex.
eam domi deprehensam coniunx illius
vicini scortum insimulat, protelat virum.
mercator expes patria fugere destinat,
prohibetur a sodale, qui patrem illius
orat cum suo patre, nato ut cederet.[1]

[1] Corrupt (Leo) : *cum patre suopte* Lindsay.

PERSONAE

CHARINVS ADVLESCENS
ACANTHIO SERVVS
DEMIPHO SENEX
LYSIMACHVS SENEX
SERVVS
EVTYCHVS ADVLESCENS
PASICOMPSA MERETRIX
DORIPPA MATRONA
SYRA ANVS
COCVS

man, with his own comfort in mind, urgently entreats his son to have her sold to a friend of his; the son, to a friend of his own—a neighbour's son being the son's proxy, the neighbour himself, the father's. The old gentleman is first in the market and gets the girl. This neighbour's spouse, finding the girl in her house, takes her for her husband's mistress, and ejects him. The young merchant, in despair, determines to flee his native land, but is deterred by his friend who joins his own father in begging the old gallant to give way to his son.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHARINUS, *a young gentleman of Athens.*
ACANTHIO, *his slave.*
DEMIPHO, *his father.*
LYSIMACHUS, *an old gentleman, friend of Demipho.*
A SLAVE, *belonging to Lysimachus.*
EUTYCHUS, *son of Lysimachus.*
PASICOMPSA, *a courtesan.*
DORIPPA, *wife of Lysimachus.*
SYRA, *his old slave.*
A COOK.

ACTVS I

Char. Duas res simul nunc agere decretumst mihi :
et argumentum et meos amores eloquar.
non ego item facio ut alios in comoediis
vi vidi amoris facere, qui aut nocti aut die
aut soli aut lunae miserias narrant suas ;
quos pol ego credo humanas querimonias
non tanti facere, quid velint quid non velint ;
vobis narrabo potius meas nunc miserias.
graece haec vocatur Emporos Philemonis,
eadem Latine Mercator Macci Titi.
pater ad mercatum hinc me meus misit Rhodum ;
biennium iam factum est, postquam abii domo.
ibi amare occepi forma eximia mulierem.
sed ea ut sim implicitus dicam, si operaest auribus
atque advortendum ad animum adest benignitas.
et hoc parum hercle more amatorum institi :
rem [1] eampse ecfatus sum orsusque inde exilico ;
nam amorem haec cuncta vitia sectari solent,

[1] *rem eampse ecfatus sum orsusque* Leo : *per mea per conatus sum uos sumque inde exilico* MSS.

Scene :—Athens. A street in which stand the houses of Demipho and Lysimachus.

ACT I

ENTER *Charinus,* PALE AND WAN.

Char. (*to audience*) I am now resolved to do, at one and the same time, two things—acquaint you both with the plot of this play and with my passion. I shall not imitate those other lovesick lovers I have seen in the comedies, who confide their woes to the night, or day, or sun, or moon; very little care these, I fancy, about the complaints of mortals, their likes and dislikes. It is to you, rather, that I shall now confide my woes.

The Greek name of this play is the *Emporos,* of Philemon; in Latin we call it the *Mercator,* of Maccius Titus.

My father (*with a wave of the hand in the direction of Demipho's house*) sent me away from here on a trading trip to Rhodes; two years ago it is now, since I left home. There I fell in love with a perfectly beautiful girl. But how I became enthralled you shall hear, if your ears are at leisure and you will accord me your kind attention. (*apologetically*) And, by Jove, I have failed to follow fully the practice of lovers: this love of mine was the theme I announced, that was my starting point. For in the wake of love commonly come all these ills—care, sorrow and excessive

cura aegritudo nimiaque elegantia,[1]
multiloquium : parumloquium hoc ideo fit quia,
quae nihil attingunt ad rem nec sunt usui,
tam amator profert saepe advorso tempore ;
hoc pauciloquium rursum idcirco praedico,
quia nullus umquam amator adeost callide
facundus, quae in rem sint suam ut possit loqui.
nunc vos mi irasci ob multiloquium non decet :
eodem quo amorem Venus mi hoc legavit die.
illuc revorti certumst, conata eloquar.
principio ut ex ephebis aetate exii
atque animus studio amotus puerilist meus,
amare valide coepi hinc meretricem : ilico
res exulatum ad illam clam abibat patris.
leno importunus, dominus eius mulieris,
vi summa ut quicque poterat rapiebat domum.
obiurigare pater haec noctes et dies,
perfidiam, iniustitiam lenonum expromere ;
lacerari valide suam rem, illius augerier.
summo haec clamore ; interdum mussans conloqui :
abnuere, negitare adeo me natum suom.
conclamitare tota urbe et praedicere,

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 20–30 :
haec non modo illum qui amat, sed quemque attigit
magno atque solido multat infortunio,
nec pol profecto quisquam sine grandi malo
praequam res patitur studuit elegantiae.
sed amori accedunt eliam haec, quae dixi minus :
insomnia, aerumna, error, terror et fuga,
ineptia stultitiaque adeo et temeritas,
incogitantia excors, immodestia,
petulantia et cupiditas, malevolentia,
inertia, aviditas, desidia, iniuria,
inopia, contumelia et dispendium.

display,[1] and overtalking—which overtalking becomes undertalking because a lover constantly delivers himself of useless irrelevancies at the wrong time; and then again I pronounce this overtalking sub-talking, by reason of the fact that no lover is ever so artfully eloquent as to be able to say the things that help him. So you people should not be irritated at my own overtalking now: it was my legacy from Venus on the same day she gave me my love. To which love of mine I must now return, and resume my tale.

In the beginning, after I had come of age and lost my zest for childish things, I became completely captivated by a courtesan here; forthwith my father's property quietly went into exile to her. The ruthless pimp, who owned the girl, grabbed and made off with everything he could pounce on. My father denounced all this night and day, picturing the perfidy and injustice of pimps. To think that his own estate should be absolutely mangled, and that fellow's multiplied! All this at the top of his lungs; or now again he would mutter what he had to say—shake his head, and even insist that I was no son of his. All over the city he would go, bebawling and giving notice no

[1] vv. 20–30: And this is a vice which takes a full and heavy toll, not only from the lover, but from everyone affected by it, nor is there a single soul, I swear, given to display beyond his means who does not pay an ample penalty. But love has still more ills which I omitted—sleeplessness, anxiety, uncertainty, fear and flight, silliness, yes, and stupidity and recklessness, and senseless unreflection, immodesty, wantonness and lust, ill-will, inertia, inordinate desire, sloth, injustice, contumely and extravagance.

omnes tenerent mutuitanti credere.
amorem multos inlexe in dispendium ;
intemperantem, non modestum, iniurium
trahere, exhaurire me quod quirem ab se domo ;
ratione pessuma a me ea quae ipsus optuma
omnis labores invenisset perferens,
in amoribus diffunditari ac didier.
convicium tot me annos iam se pascere ;
quod nisi puderet, ne luberet vivere.
sese extemplo ex ephebis postquam excesserit,
non, ut ego, amori neque desidiae in otio
operam dedisse, neque potestatem sibi
fuisse ; adeo arte cohibitum esse se a patre :
multo opere immundo rustico se exercitum,
neque nisi quinto anno quoque solitum[1] visere
urbem, atque extemplo inde, ut spectavisset
peplum,
rus rusum confestim exigi solitum a patre.
ibi multo primum sese familiarium
laboravisse, quom haec pater sibi diceret:
" tibi aras, tibi occas, tibi seris, tibi idem metis,
tibi denique iste pariet laetitiam labos."
postquam recesset vita patrio corpore,
agrum se vendidisse atque ea pecunia
navem, metretas quae trecentas tolleret,
parasse atque ea se mercis mercatum undique,
adeo dum, quae tum haberet, peperisset bona ;
me idem decere, si ut deceret me forem.
ego me ubi invisum meo patri esse intellego

[1] *solitum* Ritschl : *positum* MSS.

one was to trust me when I looked for loans. Love had lured many a man into extravagance, he would tell me; but I was an intemperate, unrestrained, unprincipled waster, doing all I could to drain him dry; and the good substance he had acquired by his own unsparing toil was being scattered and squandered by me in the vilest way, on my amours. To think that he had supported me all these years to be a scandal to him! If I was not ashamed of such a life, I ought to end my life, and do it gladly. Why, here was he—he had not turned to love affairs and lolling about in idleness like me the moment he came of age, nor did he have a chance—so tightly was he held in check by his father. Work on the farm, dirty work and plenty of it, that was his training, and there was no visiting the city for him, except once every four years,[1] and just as soon as he had set eyes on the sacred robe[2] his father used to pack him off post haste to the farm again. And there he was the best labourer of them all by far, and his father would say: "It is for yourself you plough, for yourself you harrow, for yourself you sow, yes, and for yourself you reap, and for yourself, finally, that labour will engender joy." After life had left his father's body, he had sold the farm and with the money bought a ship of fifteen tons burden and marketed his cargoes of merchandise everywhere, till he had at length acquired the wealth which he then possessed. I ought to do the same, if I were what I ought to be.

As for me, when I realized that I was detestable

[1] For the Panathenaic festival.
[2] Presented to Athena.

atque odio me esse quoi placere aequom fuit,
amens amansque ut animum offirmo meum,
dico esse iturum me mercatum, si velit :
amorem missum facere me, dum illi obsequar.
agit gratias mi atque ingenium adlaudat meum ;
sed mea promissa non neglexit persequi.
aedificat navem cercurum et mercis emit,
parata navi imponit, praeterea mihi
talentum argenti ipsus sua adnumerat manu ;
servom una mittit, qui olim puero parvolo
mihi paedagogus fuerat, quasi uti mihi foret
custos. his sic confectis navem solvimus.
Rhodum venimus, ubi quas merces vexeram
omnis ut volui vendidi ex sententia.
lucrum ingens facio praeterquam mihi meus pater
dedit aestimatas merces : ita peculium
conficio grande. sed dum in portu illi ambulo,
hospes me quidam adgnovit, ad cenam vocat.
venio, decumbo acceptus hilare atque ampliter.
discubitum noctu ut imus, ecce ad me advenit
mulier, qua mulier alia nullast pulchrior ;
ea nocte mecum illa hospitis iussu fuit.
vosmet videte quam mihi valde placuerit :
postridie hospitem adeo, oro ut vendat mihi,
dico eius pro meritis gratum me et munem fore.
quid verbis opus est ? emi, atque advexi heri.
eam me advexisse nolo resciscat pater.
modo eam reliqui ad portum in navi et servolum.

to my own father and disgusting to the man I should delight, lovesick lunatic though I was, I summoned my resolution and declared that I would go on a trading trip, if he so desired: my love should be put aside if only I could please him. He thanked me and be-lauded my good intentions; but he did not fail to follow up my promises. He built a small Cyprian bark, bought merchandise, loaded the now completed vessel, and furthermore counted me out two hundred pounds with his own hand. A slave who had been my attendant in time past, when I was a tiny lad, he sent along with me as a sort of guardian. These preparations made, we weighed anchor.

We arrived at Rhodes, where I sold my whole cargo quite to my satisfaction. I made a big profit over and above the price my father set for me on the merchandise; so I cleared a good bit of pocket-money for myself. But while I was strolling about the port there, an old friend of ours recognized me and invited me to dinner. I went, and met with a jovial and lavish welcome at his table. On our going to bed at night, lo and behold! a girl came to me, an unsurpassed beauty of a girl! That night she spent with me by order of my host. See for yourselves how completely she charmed me: the next day I went to my host and begged him to sell her to me, saying I should be grateful and deeply obliged for the favour.

To come to an end—I did buy her, and brought her here yesterday. But I don't want my father to find out I have brought her. I just now left her at the harbour on board the ship, along with

sed quid currentem servom a portu conspicor,
quem navi abire vetui? timeo quid siet.

I. 2.

Acan. Ex summis opibus viribusque usque experire, nitere,
erus ut minor opera tua servetur: agedum, Acanthio,
abige abs te lassitudinem, cave pigritiae praeverteris.
simul enicat suspiritus (vix suffero hercle anhelitum),
simul autem plenis semitis qui adversum eunt: aspellito,
detrude, deturba in viam. haec disciplina hic pessumast:
currenti properanti haud quisquam dignum habet decedere.
ita tres simitu res agendae sunt, quando unam occeperis:
et currendum et pugnandum et autem iurigandum est in via.

Char. Quid illuc est quod ille tam expedite exquirit cursuram sibi?
curaest, negoti quid sit aut quid nuntiet.

Acan. Nugas ago.
quam restito, tam maxime res in periclo vortitur.

Char. Mali nescio quid nuntiat.

Acan. Genua hunc cursorem deserunt;
perii, seditionem facit lien, occupat praecordia,

my servant. (*looking down the street*) But there he is running up from the harbour, when I forbade him to leave the ship! Why is that? I'm afraid of what it means! (*steps back*)

ene 2. ENTER *Acanthio* IN BURLESQUE FLURRY AND EXHAUSTION.

an. (*not seeing him*) Put forth every . . . ounce of your . . . stamina and . . . strength, do your . . . utmost to save your young . . . master! Come, come, Acanthio, fight . . . off your fatigue, don't succumb to . . . sloth! Between shortness of . . . breath—Lord, Lord, I can hardly stand this . . . panting!—and the people that butt into you on the crowded . . . walks, I've been killed . . . twice over! (*staggering about wildly*). Shove 'em away, thrust 'em aside, throw 'em . . . down in the street! What a . . . disgusting habit they do have here! When a man's running . . . in a hurry, not a . . . soul sees fit to make way for him! So when you've begun on . . . one thing, you have to do . . . three things all at the same . . . time—run and fight and wrangle, too, all the . . . way. (*halts, completely fagged*)

ar. (*aside*) Why is it he's so ready for a chance to run? What does it mean? What's his news? It worries me!

an. This is useless! The more I . . . dawdle, the more dangerous the situation . . . gets.

ar. It's some bad news or other he's bringing!

an. (*making prodigious but fruitless attempts to hurry*) Ah, this runner's knees are . . . failing him! Lord help me! My . . . spleen's in revolt; it's storming my diaphragm! Oh, Lord help me! I (*gasp-*

perii, animam nequeo vertere, nimis nihili tibicen siem.[1]
numquam edepol omnes balineae mi hanc lassitudinem eximent.
domin an foris dicam esse erum Charinum ?
Char. Ego animi pendeo.
quid illud sit negoti lubet scire, ex hoc metu ut eximar.
Acan. At etiam asto ? at etiam cesso foribus facere hisce assulas ?
aperite aliquis. ubi Charinus est erus ? domin est an foris ?
num quisquam adire ad ostium dignum arbitratur ?
Char. Ecce me,
Acanthio, quem quaeris.
Acan. Nusquamst disciplina ignavior.
Char. Quae te malae res agitant ?
Acan. Multae, ere, te atque me.
Char. Quid est negoti ?
Acan. Periimus.
Char. Principium id inimicis dato.
Acan. At tibi sortito id optigit.
Char. Loquere id negoti quidquid est.
Acan. Placide, volo adquiescere.
tua causa rupi ramites, iam dudum sputo sanguinem.
Char. Resinam ex melle Aegyptiam vorato, salvom feceris.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 126 :
Char. *At tu edepol sume laciniam atque absterge sudorem tibi.*

ing) can't catch my breath! It's a . . . precious poor flute-player I'd make![1] Oh, all the . . . baths in the world will never rid me of this . . . tired feeling. (*struggles on a bit further*) Is my master, Charinus, at home or . . . out, I wonder?

ar. (*aside*) I'm all in the dark. I'd like to know what the trouble is, and get rid of this dread of mine.

an. But still . . . standing here? Still slow about . . . staving this door to splinters? (*drags himself up to Demipho's house and knocks weakly*) Open, someone! Where is my . . . master, Charinus? Is he home, or . . . out? So no one thinks fit to come to the door, eh?

ar. (*stepping up*) Here I am, Acanthio—the man you're after.

an. (*indignantly, not noticing him*) Slacker discipline you can't . . . find!

ar. (*more loudly*) What the devil's troubling you?

an. (*turning*) It is the very devil, sir, for you and . . . me, both.

ar. (*frightened*) What's the matter?

an. We're done for, sir!

ar. (*not liking the omen*) Keep that exordium for our enemies!

an. But you are the man it's . . . destined for.

ar. Do tell me what's up, whatever it is!

an. Gently, gently, sir, I want to . . . rest. I've burst the blood-vessels of my . . . lungs for your sake; I've been spitting . . . blood this long time.

ar. (*impatiently*) Take a dose of Egyptian resin and honey; that'll cure you.

[1] v. 126: *Char.* Oh, heavens, man! Take the flap of your cloak and wipe your sweat off.

Acan. At edepol tu calidam picem bibito, aegritudo abscesserit.

Char. Hominem ego iracundiorem quam te novi neminem.

Acan. At ego maledicentiorem quam te novi neminem.

Char. Sin saluti quod tibi esse censeo, id consuadeo?

Acan. Apage istiusmodi salutem, cum cruciatu quae advenit.

Char. Dic mihi, an boni quid usquamst, quod quisquam uti possiet
sine malo omni, aut ne laborem capias cum illo uti voles?

Acan. Nescio ego istaec: philosophari numquam didici neque scio.
ego bonum, malum quo accedit, mihi dari haud desidero.

Char. Cedo tuam mihi dexteram, agedum, Acanthio.

Acan. Em dabitur, tene.

Char. Vin tu te mihi obsequentem esse an nevis?

Acan. Opera licet
experiri, qui me rupi causa currendo tua,
ut quae scirem scire actutum tibi liceret.

Char. Liberum
caput tibi faciam cis paucos mensis.

Acan. Palpo percutis.

Char. Egon ausim tibi usquam quicquam facinus falsum proloqui?
quin iam prius quam sum elocutus, scis si mentiri volo.

Acan. Ah,
lassitudinem hercle verba tua mihi addunt, enicas.

can. (*angry*) Yes, by gad, and you take a drink of hot . . . pitch; that'll drive away your doldrums.

har. (*taken aback*) A more touchy man than you I don't know.

can. Well, a more abusive man than you I don't know.

har. For urging you to do a thing that I think will cure you?

can. Be damned to cures of that sort—that come with torture.

har. (*soothingly*) Tell me this—is there such a thing as weal unmixed with woe anywhere, for anyone to enjoy, or can you hope to enjoy it without some trouble?

can. (*still sulky*) I don't understand that stuff: I never learned to philosophize, and I don't know how. But weal with woe in it is a present I don't hanker for.

har. (*pleadingly*) Give me your hand, come, come, Acanthio!

can. (*proffering it, reluctantly*) There! There you are, take it!

har. (*grasping it fervently*) Are you willing to oblige me or not?

can. You can test that by experience, seeing I ruptured myself with running, all for your sake, so as to let you know at once what I know.

har. (*after waiting vainly for the knowledge to be imparted*) It's a free man I'll make you, inside of a few months.

can. (*still unappeased*) Huh! Patting my back!

har. Would I dare tell an untruth to a man like you under any circumstances? Why, even before I've spoken you know if I want to lie.

can. Bah! Your talk makes me wearier still, you'll be the death of me!

Char. Sicine mi obsequens es?
Acan. Quid vis faciam?
Char. Tun? id quod volo.
Acan. Quid id est igitur quod vis?
Char. Dicam.
Acan. Dice.
Char. At enim placide volo.
Acan. Dormientis spectatores metuis ne ex somno excites?
Char. Vae tibi.
Acan. Tibi equidem a portu adporto hoc—
Char. Quid fers? dic mihi.
Acan. Vim metum, cruciatum curam, iurgiumque atque inopiam.
Char. Perii, tu quidem thensaurum huc mi adportavisti mali.
nullus sum.
Acan. Immo es—
Char. Scio iam, miserum dices tu.
Acan. Dixi ego tacens.
Char. Quid istuc est mali?
Acan. Ne rogites, maxumum infortunium est.
Char. Obsecro, dissolve iam me; nimis diu animi pendeo.
Acan. Placide, multa exquirere etiam prius volo quam vapulem.
Char. Hercle vero vapulabis, nisi iam loquere aut hinc abis.
Acan. Hoc sis vide, ut palpatur. nullust, quando occepit, blandior.
Char. Obsecro hercle oroque ut istuc quid sit actutum indices,

har. (*plaintively*) Is this the way you oblige me?

can. (*gruffly*) What d'ye want me to do?

har. (*timid*) You? Why, what I want.

can. What is it you want, then?

har. I'll tell you.

can. (*more gruffly*) Proceed, proceed!

har. Well, but do let's speak gently!

can. Are you afraid of rousing the audience from their slumbers?

har. Be damned to you!

can. (*vehemently*) To you, as a matter of fact, (*more calmly*) I'm reporting this news from the port——

har. (*on edge*) What are you bringing me? Speak!

can. Violence and dread, anguish and apprehension, wrangling and want.

har. Lord help me! Why, man, this is a perfect mine of trouble you've brought me! I'm a ruin!

can. Oh, no, you're a—— (*glowers*)

har. Yes, yes, I know—a poor wretch, you're going to say.

can. I said it—silently.

har. What is this trouble?

can. Don't keep asking; it's a horrible misfortune.

har. For Heaven's sake, do relieve me now! I've been hanging in suspense too long!

can. (*judicially*) Gently, gently! There are still many things I wish to inquire into before the thrashing I—get.

har. By gad, you shall be thrashed, I promise you, unless you instantly speak out, or get out!

can. (*pleasantly*) Just see that! How he does pat a fellow! None smoother, once he gets going!

har. (*pleadingly again*) I beg and beseech you, do, do let me know this minute what the trouble is,

quandoquidem mihi supplicandum servolo videor meo.

Acan. Tandem indignus videor?

Char. Immo dignus.

Acan. Equidem credidi.

Char. Obsecro, num navis periit?

Acan. Salvast navis, ne time.

Char. Quid alia armamenta?

Acan. Salva et sana sunt.

Char. Quin tu expedis quid siet quod me per urbem currens quaerebas modo.

Acan. Tu quidem ex ore orationem mi eripis.

Char. Taceo.

Acan. Tace. credo, si boni quid ad te nuntiem, instes acriter, qui nunc, quom malum audiendumst, flagitas me ut eloquar.

Char. Obsecro hercle te, istuc ut tu mihi malum facias palam.

Acan. Eloquar, quandoquidem me oras. tuos pater—

Char. Quid meus pater? 180

Acan. Tuam amicam—

Char. Quid eam?

Acan. Vidit.

Char. Vidit? vae misero mihi.[1] qui potuit videre?

Acan. Oculis.

Char. Quo pacto?

Acan. Hiantibus.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 182: *hoc quod te rogo responde.* Acan. *Quin tu, si quid vis, roga.*

seeing that I must turn suppliant to my own slave!

an. (*dangerously*) So I seem quite unworthy of it, eh?

ar. (*hurriedly*) No, no, quite worthy!

an. Ah, so I supposed.

ar. Tell me, tell me, the ship hasn't sunk?

an. The ship is safe, never fear.

ar. Well, and the tackle?

an. Safe and sound.

ar. Why don't you explain what it is that set you chasing me through the city at top speed just now?

an. Why, you yourself take the words out of my mouth.

ar. I'll keep still.

an. Keep still, then. If it was good news I had, I believe you would fairly fly at me, seeing how you pester me to speak out when it's bad news you must listen to.

ar. For God's sake, let me know what your bad news is?

an. Well, I'll out with it, since you're so insistent. Your father——

ar. (*in terror*) What about my father?

an. Your sweetheart——

ar. What about her?

an. He saw her.

ar. He saw her? Oh Lord, I'm in for it![1] How could he see her?

an. With his eyes.

ar. In what way, I mean?

an. Opening 'em wide.

[1] v. 182: Answer me what I ask you. *Acan.* Well, ask if you want anything.

Char. In hinc dierectus? nugare in re capitali mea.
Acan. Qui, malum, ego nugor, si tibi quod me rogas respondeo?
Char. Certen vidit?
Acan. Tam hercle certe quam ego te aut tu me vides.
Char. Vbi eam vidit?
Acan. Intus intra navem, ut prope astitit;
et cum ea confabulatust.
Char. Perdidisti me, pater.
eho tu, eho tu, quin cavisti ne eam videret, verbero?
quin, sceleste, abstrudebas, ne eam conspiceret pater?
Acan. Quia negotiosi eramus nos nostris negotiis:
armamentis complicandis[1] componendis studuimus.
dum haec aguntur, lembo advehitur tuos pater pauxillulo,
neque quisquam hominem conspicatust, donec in navem subit.
Char. Nequiquam, mare, subterfugi a tuis tempestatibus:
equidem me iam censebam esse in terra atque in tuto loco,
verum video med ad saxa ferri saevis fluctibus.
loquere porro, quid sit actum.
Acan. Postquam aspexit mulierem,
rogitare occepit cuia esset.
Char. Quid respondit?
Acan. Ilico
occucurri atque interpello, matri te ancillam tuae emisse illam.
Char. Visun est tibi credere id?
Acan. Etiam rogas?
sed scelestus subigitare occepit.
Char. Illamne, obsecro?
Acan Mirum quin me subigitaret.

[1] Leo brackets following *et*.

ar. Oh, damn you! Quibbling when my life's at stake!

an. How am I quibbling, curse it, if I answer what you ask?

ar. He really saw her?

an. Gad! As really as I see you, or you me.

ar. Where did he see her?

an. There on board, as he stood near her; and he talked with her, too.

ar. Ah, father, you've finished me! (*to Acanthio*) But look here, you! Look here, you! Why didn't you take care he shouldn't see her, you whipstock? Why didn't you hide her away, you villain, and keep her out of my father's sight?

an. Because we were busy with our own business: we were intent on furling sail and getting things shipshape. Meanwhile, up comes your father in a tiny cutter, and not a soul set eyes on him till he climbed aboard.

ar. (*tragically*) In vain, oh sea, have I escaped thy tempests! Methought I now was surely safe on shore, only to find myself flung upon the rocks by the raging billows! Go on, go on, tell what took place!

an. After he spied the girl, he began asking whose she was.

ar. What did she answer?

an. I ran up at once and broke in on 'em, saying you had bought her as a maid for your mother.

ar. Did he seem to believe you?

an. Of course he did! But the blackguard began to pet!

ar. For Heaven's sake! Her?

an. (*snorting*) Strange it wasn't me he petted!

Char. Edepol cor miserum meum,
quod guttatim contabescit, quasi in aquam indideris salem.
perii.
Acan. Em istuc unum verbum dixisti verissimum.
stultitia istaec est.
Char. Quid faciam? credo, non credet pater,
si illam matri meae me emisse dicam; post autem mihi
scelus videtur, me parenti proloqui mendacium.
neque ille credet, neque credibile est forma eximia mulierem,
eam me emisse ancillam matri.
Acan. Non taces, stultissime?
credet hercle, nam credebat iam mihi.
Char. Metuo miser,
ne patrem prehendat, ut sit gesta res, suspicio.
hoc quod te rogo responde quaeso.
Acan. Quaeso quid rogas?
Char. Num esse amicam suspicari visus est?
Acan. Non visus est.
quin quicque ut dicebam mihi credebat.
Char. Verum, ut tibi quidem visus est.
Acan. Non, sed credebat.
Char. Vae mihi misero, nullus sum.
sed quid ego hic in lamentando pereo, ad navem non eo?
sequere.
Acan. Si istac ibis, commodum obviam venies patri;
postea aspiciet te timidum esse atque exanimatum: ilico
retinebit, rogitabit unde illam emeris, quanti emeris:
timidum temptabit te.

ar. Oh, Lord! My poor heart! It's melting away speck by speck, just as when you put salt in water! I'm lost, lost!

an. (*scornful*) There! That's the truest thing you've said! (*pauses, then cheerfully*) That's all foolishness.

ar. (*in despair*) What shall I do? I don't believe my father will believe me, if I say I bought her for my mother; besides, (*virtuously*) I think it's wicked to tell a lie to my own parent. He won't believe it, and it can't be believed, that I bought such an exquisite creature to be my mother's maid.

an. Do keep still, won't you, you idiot? He'll believe you, Lord, yes! Why, he has already believed me.

ar. Oh dear! How I dread his coming to suspect the real situation! Answer me this question, please, please!

an. What is your question, please, please?

ar. He didn't seem to suspect she was my mistress?

an. He did not. Why, he believed each and everything I told him.

ar. (*unconvinced*) That is, you thought he did.

an. No, but he did.

ar. Oh, Lord help me! It's all over! But why am I wailing my life away here, and not going to the ship? (*to Acanthio*) Come along! (*sets off down the street*)

an. If you go that way, you'll come plump and pat on your father. Then he'll observe that you're nervous and all upset: the next thing he'll detain you, demand where you bought her, how much you bought her for—cross-examine you while you're excited.

Char. Hac ibo potius. iam censes patrem
abiisse a portu?
Acan. Quin ea ego huc praecucurri gratia,
ne te opprimeret imprudentem atque electaret.
Char. Optime.

ACTVS II

Dem. Miris modis di ludos faciunt hominibus
mirisque exemplis somnia in somnis danunt.
velut ego nocte hac quae praeteriit proxuma
in somnis egi satis et fui homo exercitus.
mercari visus mihi sum formosam capram;
ei ne noceret quam domi ante habui capram
neu discordarent, si ambae in uno essent loco,
posterius quam mercatus fueram, visus sum
in custodelam simiae concredere.
ea simia adeo post haud multo ad me venit,
male mihi precatur et facit convicium:
ait sese illius opera atque adventu caprae
flagitium et damnum fecisse haud mediocriter;
dicit capram, quam dederam servandam sibi,
suae uxoris dotem ambedisse oppido.
mi illud videri mirum, ut una illaec capra
uxoris simiai dotem ambederit.
instare factum simia, atque hoc denique
respondet, ni properem illam ab sese abducere,
ad me domum intro ad uxorem ducturum meam.
atque oppido hercle bene velle illi visus sum,
ast non habere cui commendarem capram;

ır. (*turning around*) I'll go this way, instead. Do you suppose my father has left the harbour by now?

ın. Why, I ran ahead here, I tell you, just so that he mightn't catch you unawares and worm the truth out of you.

ır. Good for you! [EXEUNT.

ACT II

ENTER *Demipho*, PERPLEXED.

n. The Gods do make sport of us mortals in amazing ways! And amazing dreams they do send us in our sleep! Myself, for instance, just this past night—how I was hustled and bustled in my sleep! I seemed to have bought a beautiful she-goat. So that she might not be harmed by another she-goat I already had at home, and that they might not fall foul of each other if they were both in the same place, it seemed that after buying her I committed her to the care of a monkey.

Well, not long afterwards this monkey came over and heaped curses and abuse upon me: he said that, thanks to that she-goat and her arrival, he had let himself in for no end of disgrace and loss; that she-goat I had given him to keep for me, he maintained, had completely devoured his wife's dowry. It seemed to me amazing that that one she-goat should devour the dowry of a monkey's wife. But the monkey insisted she had, and this was his ultimatum—that unless I took her away from his house at once, he would take her into my own house to my wife.

And there I was, by Jove, seeming to have the tenderest sort of feeling for that she-goat, but without a soul to shelter her—which made my

quo magis quid facerem cura cruciabar miser.
interea ad me haedus visust adgredirier,
infit mihi praedicare, sese ab simia
capram abduxisse, et coepit inridere me;
ego enim lugere atque abductam illam aegre pati.
hoc quam ad rem credam pertinere somnium,
nequeo invenire; nisi capram illam suspicor
iam me invenisse quae sit aut quid voluerit.
ad portum hinc abii mane cum luci simul;
postquam id quod volui transegi, atque ego conspicor
navem ex Rhodo quast heri advectus filius;
conlibitumst illuc mihi nescio qui visere:
inscendo in lembum atque ad navem devehor.
atque ego illi aspicio forma eximia mulierem,
filius quam advexit meus matri ancillam suae.
quam ego postquam aspexi, non ita amo ut sani solent
homines, sed eodem pacto ut insani solent.
amavi hercle equidem ego olim in adulescentia,
verum ad hoc exemplum numquam, ut nunc insanio.
unum quidem hercle iam scio, periisse me;
vosmet videte ceterum quanti siem.
nunc hoc profecto sic est: haec illast capra;
verum hercle simia illa atque haedus mihi malum
adportant, atque eos esse quos dicam hau scio.
sed conticiscam, nam eccum it vicinus foras.

II. 2.

Lys. Profecto ego illunc hircum castrari volo,
ruri qui vobis exhibet negotium.

anguish, and anxiety as to what to do, all the greater, poor wretch! Meanwhile a kid, so it seemed, came up to me with the announcement that he had taken that she-goat away from the monkey, and began to laugh at me—for I was weeping and wailing at her abduction.

Now what this dream portends, I can't discover, except that, as to that she-goat, I suspect, I've already discovered what she is, or signified. For I went down to the harbour this morning at daybreak; after transacting the business I had in hand I suddenly spied the ship that brought my son from Rhodes yesterday, and for some unknown reason took a notion to go and look it over. Clambering into a boat, I was carried to the ship. And then (*rapturously*) I beheld a girl, a perfect beauty of a girl, brought here by my son to be his mother's maid! The minute I set eyes on her I fell in love—not as sane men do, but like a madman. Lord, Lord! I've been in love before, of course, when I was young, but never in any such mad way as this. Oh, Lord! One thing I do know now at any rate—it's all over with me! Oh well, see for yourselves what I am good for!

Now this is surely the way of it—the girl is that she-goat; but that monkey and kid, by Jove, are bringing me trouble, and who to say they are I don't know. (*listening*) But I must hush, for there's my neighbour coming out!

ne 2. ENTER *Lysimachus* FROM HIS HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY A SLAVE.

. (*to slave*) As for that he-goat that's such a nuisance to you on the farm, I want him gelded, by all means.

Dem. Nec omen illud mihi nec auspicium placet.
quasi hircum metuo ne uxor me castret mea.[1]
Lys. I tu hinc ad villam atque istos rastros vilico
Pisto ipsi facito coram ut tradas in manum.
uxori facito ut nunties, negotium
mihi esse in urbe, ne me exspectet; nam mihi
tris hodie litis iudicandas dicito.
ei, et hoc memento dicere.
Ser. Numquid amplius?
Lys. Tantumst.
Dem. Lysimache, salve.
Lys. Euge, Demipho,
salveto. quid agis? quid fit?
Dem. Quod miserrumus.
Lys. Di melius faxint.
Dem. Di hoc quidem faciunt.
Lys. Quid est?
Dem. Dicam, si videam tibi esse operam aut otium.
Lys. Quamquam negotiumst, si quid vis, Demipho,
non sum occupatus umquam amico operam dare.
Dem. Benignitatem tuam mi experto praedicas.
quid tibi ego aetatis videor?
Lys. Acherunticus,
senex vetus, decrepitus.
Dem. Pervorse vides.
puer sum, Lysimache, septuennis.
Lys. Sanun es,
qui puerum te esse dicas?
Dem. Vera praedico.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 276:
atque illius haec nunc siniae partis ferat.

(*starting*) That's no omen, that's no augury I like! I'm afraid my wife will treat me as if I were the goat![1]

You be off to the villa now, and mind you hand over those mattocks to bailiff Pistus in person. And notify my wife, mind, that I have business in the city and she's not to expect me; for I have three cases coming on to-day, tell her. Be off, and remember to tell her this.

(*turning to go*) Nothing further, sir?

That is all. [EXIT SLAVE.

(*approaching*) Good day, Lysimachus.

(*pleased*) Aha! Demipho! Good day to you! How are you? How goes it?

(*gloomy*) Miserably as can be!

God forbid!

But it's just what He does bid!

What's wrong?

I would tell you, if you seemed to have time to attend.

Busy though I am, Demipho, if you want anything, I am never too much occupied to oblige a friend.

(*heartily*) Yes, yes, I have tested that kindliness of yours. (*pauses, then sprightfully*) How old do you think I look?

(*dispassionately*) Ripe for Hades, an ancient, time-worn and decrepit.

(*somewhat crestfallen, then briskly*) What awful eyesight! I'm a boy, Lysimachus, a seven year old boy!

Are you daft, calling yourself a boy?

It's the truth.

[1] v. 276: And play the part of that monkey herself now.

Lys. Modo hercle in mentem venit, quid tu diceres:
senex quom extemplo est, iam nec sentit nec sapit,
aiunt solere eum rusum repuerascere.
Dem. Immo bis tanto valeo quam valui prius.
Lys. Bene hercle factum, et gaudeo.
Dem. Immo si scias,
oculis quoque etiam plus iam video quam prius.
Lys. Benest.
Dem. Malae rei dico.
Lys. Iam istuc non benest.
Dem. Sed ausimne ego tibi eloqui fideliter?
Lys. Audacter.
Dem. Animum advorte.
Lys. Fiet sedulo.
Dem. Hodie ire in ludum occepi litterarium,
Lysimache, ternas scio iam.
Lys. Quid ternas?
Dem. Amo.
Lys. Tun capite cano amas, senex nequissime?
Dem. Si canum seu istuc rutilum sive atrumst, amo.
Lys. Ludificas nunc tu me hic, opinor, Demipho.
Dem. Decide collum stanti, si falsum loquor;
vel, ut scias me amare, cape cultrum ac seca
digitum vel aurem vel tu nasum vel labrum:
si movero me seu secari sensero,
Lysimache, auctor sum ut me amando enices.
Lys. Si umquam vidistis pictum amatorem, em illic est.
nam meo quidem animo vetulus decrepitus senex

s. (*after a moment's consideration*) By Jove! It has just come to me what you mean: once a man gets old and reaches the senseless, witless stage, they do say he's apt to have a second childhood.

em. Why, but I'm twice as vigorous as I was before.

s. (*sceptically*) Well, well, congratulations! Glad to hear it!

em. Why, but if you only knew—I even use my eyes better than before, too.

s. Good!

em. For something naughty, I mean.

s. That's not so good, then.

em. But am I safe in talking to you confidentially?

s. Quite safe.

em. Your attention, then.

s. My very best.

em. (*hesitates, then ever so archly*) I've begun to go to school to-day, Lysimachus. I know five letters already.

s. Eh? Five letters?

em. I L-O-V-E.

s. (*surveying him unsympathetically*) You in love, you, with that hoary head, you poor old good for nothing?

em. (*firmly*) Hoary or ruddy or black, I am in love.

s. Oh, really now, Demipho, you must be joking me!

em. (*vehemently*) Decapitate me where I stand, if I'm lying, or for that matter, just to show you I am in love, take a knife and cut off my finger or ear or nose or lip: if I budge, if I seem conscious of being cut, Lysimachus, I give you leave to (*tittering*) love me to death!

s. (*to audience, contemptuously*) If you ever saw a picture of a lover, well, (*pointing at Demipho*) there one is! For to my way of thinking, a decrepit old

tantidemst quasi sit signum pictum in pariete.
Dem. Nunc tu me, credo, castigare cogitas.
Lys. Egon te?
Dem. Nihil est iam quod tu mihi suscenseas:
fecere tale ante alii spectati viri.
humanum amarest, humanum autem ignoscerest:
ne sis me obiurga, hoc non voluntas me impulit.
Lys. Quin non obiurgo.
Dem. At ne deteriorem tamen
hoc facto ducas.
Lys. Egon te? ah, ne di siverint.
Dem. Vide sis modo etiam.
Lys. Visumst.
Dem. Certen?
Lys. Perdis me.
hic homo ex amore insanit. numquid vis?
Dem. Vale.
Lys. Ad portum propero, nam ibi mihi negotium est.
Dem. Bene ambulato.
Lys. Bene vale.
Dem. Bene sit tibi.
quin mihi quoque etiamst ad portum negotium.
nunc adeo ibo illuc. sed optume gnatum meum
video eccum. opperiar hominem. hoc nunc mihi viso opust,
huic persuadere quo modo potis siem,
ut illam vendat neve det matri suae;
nam ei dono advexe audivi. sed praecauto opust,
ne hic illam me animum adiecisse aliqua sentiat.

dotard is just about as much use as a picture painted on a wall.

Dem. Now you're thinking to rebuke me, I take it.

Mys. (*sarcastic*) I rebuke you?

Dem. You have no reason to get angry at me for this: other distinguished men have done the same thing before now. To love is human; to be indulgent is human, too. Please don't lecture me; I was forced into this through no will of mine.

Mys. Oh, I'm not lecturing you.

Dem. Well, but don't think any the less of me for it.

Mys. (*drily*) I think less of you? Dear, dear! The Lord forbid!

Dem. (*clutching his arm*) Tell me again—do please see you don't!

Mys. (*wearily*) It is seen to.

Dem. You're sure?

Mys. (*shaking him off*) You'll be the death of me! Why, the man's crazed with love! (*turning to go*) Nothing else you want?

Dem. Good-bye!

Mys. I'm in a hurry to get to the harbour, I've got business there.

Dem. Have a good walk!

Mys. Good-bye, good luck to you! [EXIT.

Dem. (*calling after him*) And to you, too! (*to himself, merrily*) As a matter of fact, I've got business at the harbour, also. Yes indeed, and there I'll be going now. (*looks down the street*) But there's my son! Splendid! I'll wait for the lad. Now I must see to some way of persuading him to sell that girl, and not give her to his mother; for I heard she was brought here as a gift for her. But I must be on my guard against his suspecting, somehow, that I've set my heart on her. (*withdraws*)

II. 3.

Char. Homo me miserior nullust aeque, opinor,
neque advorsa cui plura sint sempiterna;
satin quidquid est, quam rem agere occepi,
proprium nequit mihi evenire quod cupio?
ita mihi mala res aliqua obicitur,
bonum quae meum comprimit consilium.
miser amicam mihi paravi, animi causa, pretio[1] eripui,
ratus clam patrem me meum posse habere:
is rescivit et vidit, et perdidit me;
neque is cum roget quid loquar cogitatumst,
ita animi decem in pectore incerti certant.
nec quid corde nunc consili capere possim
scio, tantus cum cura meost error animo,
dum servi mei perplacet mihi consilium,
dum rursum haud placet nec pater potis videtur
induci ut putet matri ancillam emptam esse illam.
nunc si dico ut res est atque illam mihi me
emisse indico, quem ad modum existumet me?
atque illam abstrahat, trans mare hinc venum asportet;
scio saevos quam sit, domo doctus. igitur
hocine est amare? arare mavelim, quam sic amare.
iam hinc olim invitum domo extrusit ab se,
mercatum ire iussit: ibi hoc malum ego inveni.
ubi voluptatem aegritudo vincat, quid ibi inest amoeni?
nequiquam abdidi, abscondidi, abstrusam habebam:
muscast meus pater, nil potest clam illum haberi,

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *fort. adiectivum latet* Leo.

ne 3. ENTER CHARINUS, MUCH DEPRESSED.

ar. (*not seeing his father*) There's no more miserable man alive than I am, I do believe, or one with more things eternally going against him. Isn't it a fact that nothing that I've set about can turn out for me and stay as I long to have it? Some confounded thing or other does always drop on me and botch my best laid plans! Here I had got myself the mistress that suited me, poor devil, and carried her off for cash, thinking I could have her unbeknown to my father. And now he has discovered it, and seen her, and done for me! And I haven't thought what to say when he questions me, what with the ten minds inside me all in confusion and conflict! What course to take now I can't conceive, I'm so worried and perplexed. At times my servant's plan suits me thoroughly; then again it doesn't suit me, and it seems impossible my father can be induced to think that such a girl was bought to be my mother's maid.

But supposing now I tell him how it really is and announce that I bought her for myself, what would he think of me? And as for her, why, he'd tear her away, transport her across the sea for sale! I know how harsh he is, and not from hearsay. So this is a lover's life? (*bitterly*) I'd prefer a ploughman's life to such a lover's life as this! He has already turned me out of his house once against my will, ordered me off on a trading trip. That's what got me into this mess! For what pleasure is there in a thing that brings you more grief than gratification? It was all for nothing I kept her close, concealed, under cover: my father's a regular fly—you can't keep anything from him,

nec sacrum nec tam profanum quicquam est, quin ibi ilico adsit.
nec, qui rebus meis confidam mi ulla spes in corde certast.

Dem. Quid illuc est quod solus secum fabulatur filius?
sollicitus mihi nescio qua re videtur.

Char. Attatae,
meus pater hic quidem est quem video. ibo, adloquar. quid fit, pater?

Dem. Vnde incedis, quid festinas, gnate mi?

Char. Recte, pater.

Dem. Ita volo, sed istuc quid est, tibi quod commutatust color?
numquid tibi dolet?

Char. Nescio quid meo animost aegre, pater.
poste hac nocte non quievi satis mea ex sententia.[1] 370

Dem. ergo edepol palles. si sapias, eas ac decumbas domi.

Char. Otium non est: mandatis rebus praevorti volo.

Dem. Cras agito, perendie agito.

Char. Saepe ex te audivi, pater:
rei mandatae omnis sapientis primum praevorti decet.

Dem. Age igitur; nolo advorsari tuam advorsum sententiam.

Char. Salvos sum, siquidem isti dicto solida et perpetuast fides.

Dem. Quid illuc est quod ille a me solus se in consilium sevocat?[2]

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 371–372:

Dem. *Per mare ut vectu's, nunc oculi terram mirantur tui.*
Char. *Magis opinor—*
Dem. *Id est profecto; verum actutum abscesserit.*

[2] Leo brackets following *iam.*

there's not a corner sacred or profane but what he's in it instantly. And not a single sure hope have I of being able to trust my luck.

m. (*aside*) What's the boy babbling about, all to himself? He seems worried over something or other.

ar. (*seeing him*) Oh Lord! There he is, there's my father! (*pauses*) I'll up and speak to him. (*advances, obviously embarrassed*) How goes it, father?

m. (*pleasantly*) Where do you hail from? Why so flustered, my lad?

ar. It's . . . all right, father.

m. I hope so, but what does that change of colour mean? You're not in pain?

ar. Somehow I . . . feel a bit . . . uncomfortable, father. And then . . . last night I didn't . . . rest as well as I could wish![1]

m. Ah, yes, that explains your pallor. You would do well to go home and go to bed.

ar. I haven't time, sir: I have some commissions I want to attend to first.

m. Oh, do it to-morrow, do it the day after!

ar. (*dutifully*) But, father, I have often heard you say yourself that all sensible men should give a commission their very first attention.

m. (*gratified*) Give it, then. I don't wish to run counter to your wishes

ar. (*to himself, turning away*) I'm saved, if only that statement can be relied on fully and for ever!

m. (*aside*) What does he mean by summoning himself

[1] vv. 371–372: *Dem.* After your voyage the land seems strange to your eyes as yet.
r. I think rather——
. That must be it. But it will leave you shortly.

non vereor ne illam me amare hic potuerit rescis-
cere;
quippe haud etiam quicquam inepte feci, amantes
ut solent.
Char. Res adhuc quidem hercle in tutost, nam hunc
nescire sat scio
de illa amica; quod si sciret, esset alia oratio.
Dem. Quin ego hunc adgredior de illa?
Char. Quin ego hinc me amolior?
eo ego, ut quae mandata amicus amicis tradam.
Dem. Immo mane;
paucula etiam sciscitare prius volo.
Char. Dic quid velis.
Dem. Vsquene valuisti?
Char. Perpetuo recte, dum quidem illic fui;
verum in portum huc ut sum advectus, nescio qui
animus mihi dolet.
Dem. Nausea edepol factum credo; verum actutum ab-
scesserit.
sed quid ais? ecquam tu advexti tuae matri ancil-
lam e Rhodo?
Char. Advexi.
Dem. Quid? ea ut videtur mulier?
Char. Non edepol mala.
Dem. Vt moratast?
Char. Nullam vidi melius mea sententia.
Dem. Mihi quidem edepol visast, quom illam vidi.
Char. Eho an vidisti, pater?
Dem. Vidi. verum non ex usu nostrost, neque adeo
placet.
Char. Qui vero?
Dem. Quia[1] non nostra formam habet dignam domo.
nihil opust nobis ancilla nisi quae texat, quae
molat,

[1] Corrupt (Leo); *quia—quia* Lindsay.

into secret session? There's no fear of his having found out that I love the girl; for I really haven't done anything silly yet, the way lovers generally do.

r. (*aside*) Everything's all right so far, anyhow, by gad, for I know well enough he doesn't know she's my mistress! If he did know, he would use different language.

l. (*aside*) Why not approach him regarding the girl?

r. (*aside*) Why not get out of his way? (*aloud*) I'll be off, sir, so as to execute my friends' commissions as a friend should. (*going*)

l. No, no, wait! There are still some small matters I want to ask about first.

r. (*halting*) Tell me what you want to know, sir.

l. (*awkwardly*) Have you . . . been . . . well all along?

r. Quite so, sir, all the time—that is, while I was there; but on reaching port here I've somehow felt out of sorts.

l. Oh, yes, from sea-sickness, no doubt; however, it won't last long. (*casually*) But I say, did you bring some . . . maid for your mother from Rhodes?

r. (*choking*) Yes, sir.

l. So? And what do you think of her?

r. Why, really, sir, she is . . . not bad.

l. (*severely*) And her character?

r. I never saw a girl of better, sir, in my opinion.

l. So it seemed to me, too, by Jove, when I saw her.

r. (*affecting surprise*) Oho! You saw her, father?

I saw her. But she won't do for us, she really isn't suitable.

r. Indeed? Why not?

(*somewhat at a loss*) Because . . . well, because her looks are . . . out of keeping with our household. We have no need of a maid except one to

lignum caedat, pensum faciat, aedis verrat, vapulet,
quae habeat cottidianum familiae coctum cibum:
horunc illa nihilum quicquam facere poterit.
Char. Admodum.
ea causa equidem illam emi, dono quam darem
matri meae.
Dem. Ne duas, neve te advexisse dixeris.
Char. Di me adiuvant.
Dem. Labefacto paulatim. verum quod praeterii dicere,
neque illa matrem satis honeste tuam sequi poterit
comes,
neque sinam.
Char. Qui vero?
Dem. Quia illa forma matrem familias
flagitium sit si sequatur; quando incedat per
vias,
contemplent, conspiciant omnes, nutent, nictent,
sibilent,
vellicent, vocent, molesti sint; occentent ostium:
impleantur elegeorum meae fores carbonibus.
atque, ut nunc sunt maledicentes homines, uxori
meae
mihique obiectent lenocinium facere. nam quid
eost opus?
Char. Hercle qui tu recte dicis, et tibi adsentior.
sed quid illa nunc fiet?
Dem. Recte. ego emero matri tuae
ancillam viraginem aliquam non malam, forma
mala,
ut matrem addecet familias, aut Syram aut Aegyptiam:
ea molet, coquet, conficiet pensum, pinsetur
flagro,
neque propter eam quicquam eveniet nostris foribus flagiti.

weave, to grind meal, to cut wood, to do her stint of spinning, to sweep the house, to stand a beating, to do the family cooking day in and day out. Not a single one of these things can that girl do.

r. Quite right, sir. But you see this was the reason I bought her—she's to be a personal present for my mother.

. (*firmly*) Don't give her, and don't say you've brought her.

r. (*aside, delighted*) The gods are with me!

. (*aside, delighted*) I'm gradually making him waver! (*aloud*) But I omitted to say—she's hardly the proper sort of person to attend your mother, and I can't permit it.

r. Indeed? Why not?

. Because it would breed scandal for such a beauty to be the attendant of a wife and mother; when she passed through the streets all the men would eye her, ogle her, nod and wink and whistle, pinch her, accost her, annoy her; they would serenade the house and scrawl my doors black with their love ditties. And worse still—people are so slanderous nowadays—they would charge my wife and me with pandering. Now where's the occasion for this?

r. (*as though seeing a great light*) By Jove, sir, you are quite right, and I agree with you! But what shall be done with her now?

. (*easily*) That's all right. I'll buy your mother some big lusty wench, a good one, though not good looking, such as befits the mother of a family —some Syrian or Egyptian. She shall grind meal, cook, do her share of spinning, take her thrashings —a maid like that will bring no disgrace to our doors.

Char. Quid si igitur reddatur illi unde empta est?
Dem. Minime gentium.
Char. Dixit se redhibere, si non placeat.
Dem. Nihil istoc opust:
litigari nolo ego usquam, tuam autem accusari fidem;
multo edepol si quid faciendumst facere damni mavolo,
quam opprobramentum aut flagitium muliebre exferri domo.
me tibi illam posse opinor luculente vendere.
Char. Dum quidem hercle ne minoris vendas quam ego emi, pater.
Dem. Tace modo: senex est quidam, qui illam mandavit mihi
ut emerem aut ad istanc faciem.
Char. At mihi quidam adulescens, pater,
mandavit ad illam faciem, ita ut illaec est, emerem sibi.
Dem. Viginti minis opinor posse me illam vendere.
Char. At ego si velim, iam dantur septem et viginti minae.
Dem. At ego—
Char. Quin ego, inquam—
Dem. Ah, nescis quid dicturus sum, tace.
tris minas accudere etiam possum, ut triginta sient.
Char. Quo vortisti?
Dem. Ad illum qui emit.
Char. Vbinamst is homo gentium?
Dem. Eccillum video. iubet quinque me addere etiam nunc minas.

ar. (*after due reflection*) How about returning my wench to the man I bought her of, then?

m. (*hastily*) Not for the world!

ar. He agreed to take her back, if she didn't suit.

m. (*with impressive dignity*) There is no need of that: I want no dispute, no, no, nor to have your honour impugned. Good Lord! I much prefer to incur a loss, if I must, than to face opprobrium and the disgrace of throwing a woman out! (*after cogitation*) And I do believe I can sell her for you at a splendid figure.

ar. (*worried*) Only . . . for heaven's sake, father . . . you mustn't . . . sell her for less than she cost me!

m. Hush, boy, hush! (*confidentially*) There's a certain old man who commissioned me to buy her—or a girl of her appearance.

ar. (*eagerly*) But, father, a certain young man commissioned me to buy him a girl of precisely her appearance.

m. (*momentously*) I believe I could sell her for eighty pounds!

ar. (*triumphantly*) But if I wanted to, why, I'm already offered a hundred and eight!

m. But I——

ar. Why, I tell you, I——

m. (*peevishly*) See here! You don't know what I'm going to say! Do keep still! I can (*turning and looking down the street*) mint up twelve pounds more and make it a hundred and twenty.

ar. Whom are you turning to?

m. To that buyer of mine.

ar. (*looking vainly*) Where on earth is he?

m. There he is! I see him! He tells me to make it twenty pounds more this very moment!

Char. Hercle illunc divi infelicent, quisquis est.
Dem. Ibidem mihi
etiam nunc adnutat addam sex minas.
Char. Septem mihi.
Dem. Numquam edepol me vincet hodie.
Char. Commodis poscit, pater.
Dem. Nequiquam poscit: ego habeo.
Char. At illic pollicitust prior.
Dem. Nihili facio.
Char. Quinquaginta poscit.
Dem. Non centum datur.
potine ut ne licitere advorsum mei animi sententiam?
maximam hercle habebis praedam: ita ille est, quoi emitur, senex;
sanus non est ex amore illius. quod posces feres.
Char. Certe edepol adulescens ille, cui ego emo, efflictim perit
eius amore.
Dem. Multo hercle ille magis senex, si tu scias.
Char. Numquam edepol fuit neque fiet ille senex insanior
ex amore quam ille adulescens cui ego do hanc operam, pater.
Dem. Quiesce, inquam. istanc rem ego recte videro.
Char. Quid ais?
Dem. Quid est?
Char. Non ego illam mancupio accepi.
Dem. Sed ille illam accipiet. sine.
Char. Non potes tu lege vendere illam.
Dem. Ego aliquid videro.
Char. Post autem communest illa mihi cum alio. qui scio
quid sit ei animi, venirene eam velit an non velit?

ar. (*aside*) Oh, damn! Heaven's curse on him, whoever he is!

em. There! There! He nods again, I am to add twenty-four pounds more!

ar. (*looking animatedly in the opposite direction*) And my man says twenty-eight!

em. By Jove, he'll never beat me, never!

ar. It's good honest coin he offers, father!

em. It's no use his offering! She's mine!

ar. But his offer came first!

em. I don't care!

ar. He's offering two hundred pounds!

em. He won't get her for four hundred! Can't you stop bidding against my earnest wishes? Good heavens! You'll make a tremendous haul! Why, the old man I'm buying her for is fairly crazed with love of her! You'll get your own price.

ar. But that young man I'm buying her for——upon my soul, he's simply distracted, dying for love of her!

m. Lord, Lord, but that old man is much more so, if you only knew!

ar. But, father, I swear that old man never, never was or will be more crazed from love than that young man I'm doing this for!

n. Be quiet, I tell you! I'll manage matters properly.

ar. (*after hard thinking*) See here, father!

n. What is it?

ar. I didn't take her with legal rights.

n. But he'll take her. Never you mind.

ar. You can't sell her lawfully.

n. (*untroubled*) I'll find some way.

r. (*desperate*) Then, too, I own her in common with another man! How do I know how he feels, whether he wants her to be sold or not?

Dem. Ego scio velle.
Char. At pol ego esse credo aliquem qui non velit.
Dem. Quid id mea refert?
Char. Quia illi suam rem esse aequomst in manu.
Dem. Quid ais?
Char. Communis mihi illa est cum illo: is hic nunc non adest.
Dem. Prius respondes quam rogo.
Char. Prius tu emis quam vendo, pater.
nescio, inquam, velit ille illam necne abalienarier.
Dem. Quid? illi quoidam qui mandavit tibi si emetur, tum volet,
si ego emo illi qui mandavit, tum ille nolet? nihil agis.
numquam edepol quisquam illam habebit potius quam ille quem ego volo.
Char. Certumnest?
Dem. Censen certum esse? quin ad navem iam hinc eo, ibi venibit.
Char. Vin me tecum illo ire?
Dem. Nolo.
Char. Non places.
Dem. Meliust te, quae sunt mandatae res tibi, praevortier.
Char. Tu prohibes.
Dem. At me incusato: te fecisse sedulo.
ad portum ne bitas, dico iam tibi.
Char. Auscultabitur.
Dem. Ibo ad portum. ne hic resciscat, cauto opust: non ipse emam,

em. Oh, I know he does.

ar. (*floundering*) But I swear I . . . believe there's some one who doesn't!

em. What does that matter to me?

ar. Because he ought to have control of his own property.

em. What do you say——

ar. (*interrupting*) I own her in common with him; and he isn't here now.

em. You answer before I ask!

ar. And you buy before I sell, father! I don't know, I tell you, whether or not he's willing to have her disposed of.

em. What? Will he be willing, if she's bought for that "certain man" who commissioned you to get her, but unwilling, if I buy her for this man who commissioned me? Rubbish! By the Lord, never a soul shall have her in preference to the man I want her for!

ar. (*struggling with his emotions*) Is that final, sir?

m. Don't you take it for final? Why, I'm going to the ship this instant, and there she'll be sold.

ar. Do you want me to go with you?

m. I do not.

ar. I don't like this, father!

m. You had better give those commissions of yours your first attention.

ar. But you don't let me!

m. Well, lay the blame on me: say you did your best. You're not to go to the harbour, now mark my words.

r. You shall be obeyed, sir.

n. (*aside*) I'll be off to the harbour, myself. I must take care he doesn't find out: I won't do the buying in person, but leave it to my friend Lysi-

sed Lysimacho amico mandabo. is se ad portum dixerat
ire dudum. me moror quom hic asto.

II. 4.

Char. Nullus sum, occidi.
Pentheum diripuisse aiunt Bacchas: nugas maximas
fuisse credo, praeut quo pacto ego divorsus distrahor.
cur ego vivo? cur non morior? quid mihist in vita boni?
certumst, ibo ad medicum atque ibi me toxico morti dabo,
quando id mi adimitur, qua causa vitam cupio vivere.
Eut. Mane, mane obsecro, Charine.
Char. Quis me revocat?
Eut. Eutychus,
tuos amicus et sodalis, simul vicinus proxumus.
Char. Non tu scis, quantum malarum rerum sustineam.
Eut. Scio;
omnia ego istaec auscultavi ab ostio, omnem rem scio.
Char. Quid id est quod scis?
Eut. Tuos pater volt vendere—
Char. Omnem rem tenes.
Eut. Tuam amicam.
Char. Nimium multum scis.
Eut. Tuis ingratiis.
Char. Plurimum tu scis. sed qui scis esse amicam illam meam?
Eut. Tute heri ipsus mihi narrasti.
Char. Satin ut oblitus fui,
tibi me narravisse?
Eut. Hau mirumst factum.

machus. He said he was going to the harbour a while ago. But I'm wasting time standing here.

[EXIT.

ene 4.

har. (*wildly*) Oh, this is death, death! They say the Bacchantes tore Pentheus to pieces! Ah, I do believe that was the merest nothing compared with the way I'm rent and riven! What have I to live for? Why not die? What joy is left in life for me? (*pauses, then super-tragically*) I will, I will! I'll to a doctor's and end it all with poison, now that I'm bereft of that which makes me long to live! (*strides off*)

ENTER *Eutychus* FROM *Lysimachus's* HOUSE.

ut. Wait, Charinus, for heaven's sake, wait!

har. (*without looking*) Who calls me back?

ut. Eutychus, your friend, your chum, yes, and your next-door neighbour!

har. (*turning, still tragic*) Ah, you know not what a flood of evils is upon me!

ut. Yes I do; I overheard everything from the doorway, I know about it all.

har. What is it that you know?

ut. Your father wants to sell——

har. You know it all!

ut. ——your mistress——

ar. (*startled*) You know too much!

ut. ——against your will.

ar. You know everything! But how know you that she is my mistress?

t. You told me about her yesterday, yourself.

ar. (*vacantly*) Can it be I have forgotten that I told you?

t. That's nothing remarkable.

Char. Te nunc consulo.
responde: quo leto censes me ut peream potissimum?
Eut. Non taces? cave tu istuc dixis.
Char. Quid vis me igitur dicere?
Eut. Vin patri sublinere pulchre me os tuo?
Char. Sane volo.
Eut. Visne eam ad portum—
Char. Qui potius quam voles?
Eut. Atque eximam
mulierem pretio?
Char. Qui potius quam auro expendas?
Eut. Vnde erit?
Char. Achillem orabo, aurum ut mihi det, Hector qui
expensus fuit.
Eut. Sanun es?
Char. Pol sanus si sim, non te medicum mi expetam.
Eut. Tanti quanti poscit, vin tanti illam emi?
Char. Auctarium
adicito vel mille nummum plus quam poscet.
Eut. Iam tace.
sed quid ais? unde erit argentum quod des, quom
poscet pater?
Char. Invenietur, exquiretur, aliquid fiet; enicas.
Eut. Iam istuc "aliquid fiet" metuo.
Char. Quin taces?
Eut. Muto imperas.
Char. Satin istuc mandatumst?
Eut. Potin ut aliud cures?
Char. Non potest.
Eut. Bene vale.

har. (*more tragic*) I wish thy counsel now. Answer—by what death dost think I had best breathe my last?

ut. Oh, shut up, won't you? Don't say a thing like that!

har. What wouldst thou that I say, then?

ut. D'ye want me to bamboozle your father in fine shape?

har. (*coming back to earth*) Indeed I do!

ut. D'ye want me to go to the harbour——

har. Go? Fly!

ut. ——and get the girl away by paying down her price?

har. Her price? Get her for her weight in gold!

ut. Yes, but where's the gold?

har. I'll beg Achilles for the gold weighed out against the ransomed Hector!

ut. (*scrutinizing him*) Do you feel normal?

har. Ah, me! If I did feel normal, I should not come to you for physic.

ut. D'ye want me to buy her, no matter what he bids?

har. Oh, raise his bid, raise his best bid a hundred pounds!

ut. Hush, man, hush! But see here—where will you get the money for payment when your father demands it?

har. (*hysterically*) Somewhere—anywhere, something shall be done! Oh, you're killing me!

ut. Look here, I'm afraid of that "something."

har. Oh, can't you keep still?

ut. (*patiently*) Your mute to command, sir.

har. Is your commission clear?

ut. (*confidently*) Think of something else, can't you?

har. Impossible!

ut. (*turning to go*) Good-bye, good-bye!

Char. Non edepol possum prius quam tu ad me redieris.
Eut. Melius sanus sis.
Char. Vale, vince et me serva.
Eut. Ego fecero.
domi maneto me.
Char. Ergo actutum face cum praeda recipias.

ACTVS III

Lys. Amice amico operam dedi: vicinus quod rogavit,
hoc emi mercimonium. mea es tu, sequere sane.
ne plora: nimis stulte facis, oculos corrumpis tales.
quin tibi quidem quod rideas magis est, quam ut
lamentere.
Pas. Amabo ecastor, mi senex, eloquere—
Lys. Exquire quidvis.
Pas. Cur emeris me.
Lys. Tene ego? ut quod imperetur facias,
item quod tu mihi si imperes, ego faciam.
Pas. Facere certumst
pro copia et sapientia quae te velle arbitrabor.
Lys. Laboriosi nil tibi quicquam operis imperabo.
Pas. Namque edepol equidem, mi senex, non didici
baiolare
nec pecua ruri pascere nec pueros nutricare.

Char. Oh, Lord, I can't feel good till you get back to me!

Lut. Better be reasonable.

Char. Good-bye! Win the day, and save me!

Lut. Yes, yes, I will. Wait for me at home.

Char. Well then, be sure you come back directly with the booty!

[EXEUNT.

ACT III

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Lysimachus*, FOLLOWED BY *Pasicompsa* IN TEARS.

ys. (*pleased with himself*) Well, I've done a friend a friendly turn—bought this piece of goods (*indicating Pasicompsa*) as my neighbour suggested. (*to Pasicompsa*) You're mine, my girl, so come along. (*ogling her appreciatively*) Don't weep: it's very silly of you to spoil such pretty eyes. Really now, you have more reason to laugh than to cry.

as. Oh, you dear old gentleman, do be nice and tell me——

ys. Ask anything you like.

as. —— why you bought me.

ys. Why I bought you? Why, so as to have you (*amorously*) do what you're bid, just as I would do your bidding.

s. (*taking his hand, coyly*) I'll certainly do what I think you like, to the very best of my ability and understanding, sir.

s. (*smirking*) I won't order you to do anything very hard.

s. Goodness, no, you dear old thing! For really, I never learned to carry anything heavy, or feed the flocks on a farm, or nurse children.

Lys. Bona si esse vis, bene erit tibi.
Pas. Tum pol ego perii misera.
Lys. Qui?
Pas. Quia illim unde huc advecta sum, malis bene esse solitumst.
Lys. Quasi dicas nullam mulierem bonam esse.
Pas. Haud equidem dico, nec mos meust ut praedicem quod ego omnis scire credam.
Lys. Oratio edepol pluris est huius quam quanti haec emptast. rogare hoc unum te volo.
Pas. Roganti respondebo.
Lys. Quid ais tu? quid nomen tibi dicam esse?
Pas. Pasicompsae.
Lys. Ex forma nomen inditumst. sed quid ais, Pasicompsa? possin tu, si usus venerit, subtemen tenue nere?
Pas. Possum.
Lys. Si tenue scis, scio te uberius posse nere.
Pas. De lanificio neminem metuo, una aetate quae sit.
Lys. Bonam hercle te et frugi arbitror, matura iam[1] inde aetate quom scis facere officium tuom, mulier.
Pas. Pol docta didici. operam accusari non sinam meam.
Lys. Em istaec hercle res est. ovem tibi eccillam dabo, natam annos sexaginta, peculiarem.
Pas. Mi senex, tam vetulam?
Lys. Generis graecist; eam si curabis, perbonast, tondetur nimium scite.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *matura tamen aetate* Leo.

[1] Pasicompsa = *altogether charming.*

If you'll be a good girl, you'll have a good time.

(*in feigned dismay*) Oh dear! Then there's no hope for poor me at all!

How's that?

(*archly*) Because where I was brought from it's usually the naughty girls who have a good time.

That amounts to saying there's no such thing as a good girl.

Oh, no indeed, I don't say that; it's not my way to announce a fact I think everyone's familiar with.

(*aside, delightedly*) By gad, it's worth more than she cost just to hear her prattle! (*aloud*) I want to ask you this one thing.

If you ask, I'll answer.

Tell me—but what name shall I call you?

Pasicompsa, sir.

(*approvingly*) Ah, a name given you for being so lovely![1] But tell me, (*lingeringly*) Pasicompsa, if need arose, could you weave a fine woof?

I can, sir.

If you know how to weave a fine one, I know you can weave a coarser one.

At weaving, I'm not afraid of anyone of my own age.

By Jove, you are a good girl, I do believe, and a useful girl, and plenty old enough, seeing you know how to do your duty, my lass.

Oh yes, sir, I've learned my lessons well. I won't let anyone complain of my work.

Ah-h! That's the way, by Jove! Now look here, I'll give you a (*pointing to Demipho's house*) sheep, a sheep sixty years old, for your very own.

As ancient as that, you dear old thing?

Genuine Greek stock! If you take care of it, it will prove a very fine one, and you can shear it to perfection.

Pas. Honoris causa quidquid est quod dabitur gratum habebo.
Lys. Nunc, mulier, ne tu frustra sis, mea non es, ne arbitrere.
Pas. Dic igitur quaeso, quoia sum?
Lys. Tuo ero redempta es rursum;
ego te redemi, ille mecum oravit.
Pas. Animus rediit,
si mecum servatur fides.
Lys. Bono animo es, liberabit
ille te homo: ita edepol deperit, atque hodie primum vidit.
Pas. Ecastor iam bienniumst, quom mecum rem coepit.
nunc, quando amicum te scio esse illius, indicabo.
Lys. Quid ais tu? iam bienniumst, quom tecum rem habet?
Pas. Certo;
et inter nos coniuravimus, ego cum illo et ille mecum:
ego cum viro et ille cum muliere, nisi cum illo aut ille mecum,
neuter stupri causa caput limaret.
Lys. Di immortales,
etiam cum uxore non cubet?
Pas. Amabo, an maritust?
neque est neque erit.
Lys. Nolim quidem. homo hercle periuravit.
Pas. Nullum adulescentem plus amo.
Lys. Puer est ille quidem, stulta.
nam illi quidem hau sane diust quom dentes exciderunt.
Pas. Quid dentes?
Lys. Nihil est. sequere sis. hunc me diem unum oravit
ut apud me praehiberem locum, ideo quia uxor rurist.

as. I'll show my appreciation and be grateful for anything that's given me, sir.

ys. Now then, my girl, not to deceive you—you're not mine, don't think you are.

as. Mercy me! Whose am I, then?

ys. You've been bought again for your own master. I did the buying, at his request.

as. (*thinking he means Charinus*) Oh, I'm alive once more, if he keeps his word with me!

ys. Cheer up! He'll set you free, he will! Why, good Lord, he's dying for you, and to-day's the first time he ever saw you!

as. Oh, sir, it's two years now since he began relations with me. I'll let you into our secret, now that I know you're a friend of his.

ys. (*astonished*) What's that? Two years now he's had relations with you?

as. Why, yes. And we promised each other solemnly, I him and he me, never to have a thing to do with any man or woman except our own two selves.

ys. Ye immortal gods! Won't he sleep with his own wife, even?

as. (*with a start*) Oh, my dear man, he isn't married? (*defiantly*) He's not, and he won't be, either!

ys. Well, I wish he weren't! Lord, Lord, how he did lie!

as. There's no young man alive that I love more.

ys. (*quizzically*) He's a boy, a boy, silly! Really, you know, it's not long ago that his teeth dropped out.

as. (*mystified*) What's that about his teeth?

ys. Oh, nothing. (*going towards his house*) This way, please. He begged me to put you up for this one day, my wife being in the country.

[EXEUNT.

III. 2.

Dem. Tandem impetravi ut egomet me corrumperem:
emptast amica clam uxorem et clam filium.
certumst, antiqua recolam et servibo mihi.
decurso spatio breve quod vitae relicuomst
voluptate, vino et amore delectavero.
nam hanc se bene habere aetatem nimiost aequius.
adulescens quom sis, tum quom est sanguis integer,
rei tuae quaerundae convenit operam dare;
demum igitur quom sis iam senex, tum in otium
te conloces, dum potes ames: id iam lucrumst
quod vivis.
hoc ut dico, factis persequar.
interea tamen huc intro ad me invisam domum:
uxor me exspectat iam dudum esuriens domi.
iam iurgio enicabit, si intro rediero.
verum hercle postremo, utut est, non ibo tamen,
sed hunc vicinum prius conveniam quam domum
redeam; ut mihi aedis aliquas conducat volo,
ubi habitet istaec mulier. atque eccum it foras.

III. 3.

Lys. Adducam ego illum iam ad te, si convenero.
Dem. Me dicit.
Lys. Quid ais, Demipho?
Dem. Est mulier domi?
Lys. Quid censes?
Dem. Quid si visam?

cene 2. ENTER *Demipho* IN HIGH SPIRITS.

)em. At last I've claimed the privilege of going to the dogs! Here's a mistress bought, unbeknown to wife, unbeknown to son! I'll take up my old ways again, I certainly will, and be good to myself. Only a short space of life is left me, I'll sweeten it with pleasure and wine and love. Why, my age is just the proper season to have my fling. When you're young and your blood's fresh, that's the time to settle down to making your fortune; and then at last when you're old, why, that's the time to take your ease and enjoy your love affairs, while you can. For then each day of life is clear profit.

Now I propose to practise what I preach. Meanwhile, however, I'll just look in at home here: my wife has been hungrily awaiting me there this long while. (*reflecting*) Her tongue will do me to death in no time, once I'm back inside. (*belligerently*) But just the same, I tell you what, by Jove, for all that I'm—— (*weakly*) not going in. No, I'll see my neighbour here before I go back home; I want him to hire some house for me, for that girl to live in. (*a noise at Lysimachus's door*) Aha! There he is, coming out!

ene 3. ENTER *Lysimachus.*

s. (*to Pasicompsa within*) I'll bring him to you directly, if I come across him.

m. (*aside*) He means me.

s. (*seeing him*) I say, Demipho——

m. (*tempestuously*) Is the girl inside there?

s. (*thoughtful*) Well, what do you think?

m. (*blithely*) What if I have a look? (*makes toward the door*)

Lys. Quid properas? mane.
Dem. Quid faciam?
Lys. Quod opust facto facito ut cogites.
Dem. Quid cogitem? equidem hercle opus hoc facto existimo,
ut illo intro eam.
Lys. Itane vero, vervex? intro eas?
Dem. Quid aliud faciam?
Lys. Prius hoc ausculta, atque ades:
prius etiamst, quod te facere ego aequom censeo.
nam nunc si illuc intro ieris, amplecti voles,
confabulari atque osculari.
Dem. Tu quidem
meum animum gestas: scis quid acturus siem.
Lys. Pervorse facies.
Dem. Quodne ames—
Lys. Tanto minus.
ieiunitatis plenus, anima foetida,
senex hircosus tu osculere mulierem?
utine adveniens vomitum excutias mulieri?
scio pol te amare, quom istaec praemonstras mihi.
Dem. Quid si igitur unum faciam hoc? si censes, coquom
aliquem arripiamus, prandium qui percoquat
apud te hic usque ad vesperum.
Lys. Em istuc censeo.
nunc tu sapienter loquere atque amatorie.
Dem. Quid stamus? quin ergo imus atque obsonium
curamus, pulchre ut simus?
Lys. Equidem te sequor.
atque hercle invenies tu locum illi, si sapis:

ys. What's your hurry? Wait.

em. (*halts*) What shall I do?

ys. You would do well to consider what you ought to do.

em. What is there to consider? Lord, man! I certainly take it that what I ought to do is to (*all a-quiver*) go inside there! (*makes for door again*)

ys. (*scornfully*) Do you, really? You old wether! Go inside, eh?

em. (*halting again, puzzled*) What else should I do?

ys. Look here now and listen to me, first: there's still something I think you should do first. Why, if you go inside there now, you'll want to hug and palaver and kiss.

em. (*ecstatically*) Well, if you haven't got my mind in your body! You know just what I intend to do!

ys. You'll be doing the wrong thing.

em. (*indignant*) When you love a girl, can't you——

ys. All the worse. Is a foul-breathed old goat like you to kiss a girl (*emphatically*) on an empty stomach? D'ye want to turn her stomach the moment you come near her? Gad! I see what a lover you are when you announce such intentions!

em. (*crestfallen, then hopefully*) Well, what if I attend to this then? If you think best, let's capture some cook to cook us up a meal here at your house against the evening.

s. (*his hopes realized*) There! I do think that best. Now you're talking in a wise and loverly way.

m. (*impatient*) Well, why stand here? Let's go, then, and see to our marketing, and make a beautiful day of it. (*going*)

s. Yes, yes, I'm with you! (*trying to catch up, and pulling at Demipho's cloak*) And I say, you'll find quarters for her, if you're wise. I say, she can't

nullum hercle praeter hunc diem illa apud med erit.
metuo ego uxorem, cras si rure redierit
ne illam hic offendat.

Dem. Res parata est, sequere me.

III. 4.

Char. Sumne ego homo miser, qui nusquam bene queo quiescere?
si domi sum, foris est animus, sin foris sum, animus domist.
ita mi in pectore atque in corde facit amor incendium:
ni ex oculis lacrumae defendant, iam ardeat credo caput.
spem teneo, salutem amisi; redeat an non, nescio:
si opprimit pater quod dixit, exsulatum abiit salus;
sin sodalis quod promisit fecit, non abiit salus.
sed tamen dem si podagrosis pedibus esset Eutychus,
iam a portu rediisse potuit. id illi vitium maxumumst,
quod nimis tardus est advorsum mei animi sententiam.
sed in est, quem currentem video? ipsus est. ibo obviam.
nunc, quod restat, ei disperii: voltus neutiquam huius placet;
tristis incedit (pectus ardet, haereo), quassat caput.
Eutyche.

Eut. Eu, Charine.

Char. Prius quam recipias anhelitum,
uno verbo eloquere: ubi ego sum? hicine an apud mortuos?

Eut. Neque apud mortuos neque hic es.

stay at my house a bit longer than to-day. I'm afraid of my wife's popping in on her, if she comes back from the country to-morrow.

Dem. That's all arranged! Come along! [EXEUNT.

cene 4. ENTER *Charinus*, MUCH WROUGHT UP.

Char. Oh, I'm miserable! I can't be comfortable anywhere! If I'm at home, my thoughts are out; and if I'm out, my thoughts are at home! Such flames of love as my heart and breast are in! If it weren't for the protection of my tears, I do believe my head would be ablaze by now. (*sublimely*) My hope is all I cling to; my life I've allowed to go—whether to return or no, I know not! If my father crushes me by doing what he said, my life has left for exile; but if my chum has fulfilled his promise, my life is left for me. (*pauses, then petulantly*) But even if Eutychus had the gout, he could have got back from the harbour by this time. That's a terrible failing of his—being so awfully slow, in comparison with my heart's desire. (*looking down the street*) But is that he, that man I see running? It is, it is! I'll go meet him! Oh, he's stopping! Now I'm lost, lost! I don't like that look of his at all! That slow step! That gloomy air! Oh, my heart's on fire! I'm caught! He's shaking his head! (*calling*) Oh, Eutychus!

ENTER *Eutychus*.

ut. (*dejectedly*) Oh, you Charinus!

har. (*beside himself*) Before you get your breath—just one word, out with it! Where am I? Here, or with the dead?

ut. Neither with the dead, nor here.

Char. Salvos sum, immortalitas
mihi data est: hic emit illam, pulchre os sublevit patri.
impetrabilior qui vivat nullus est. dice, obsecro:
si neque hic neque Acherunti sum, ubi sum?
Eut. Nusquam gentium.
Char. Disperii, illaec interemit me modo oratio.
Eut. Odiosast oratio, cum rem agas longinquom loqui.
Char. Quidquid est, ad capita rerum perveni.
Eut. Primum omnium:
periimus.
Char. Quin tu illud potius nuntias quod nescio? 610
Eut. Mulier alienata est abs te.
Char. Eutyche, capital facis.
Eut. Qui?
Char. Quia aequalem et sodalem, liberum civem, enicas.
Eut. Ne di sierint.
Char. Demisisti gladium in iugulum: iam cadam.
Eut. Quaeso hercle, animum ne desponde.
Char. Nullust quem despondeam.
loquere porro aliam malam rem. cui est empta?
Eut. Nescio.
iam addicta atque abducta erat, quom ad portum venio.
Char. Vae mihi,
montis tu quidem mali in me ardentis iam dudum iacis.

har. (*wild with joy*) Oh, I'm saved! Immortality is mine! He's bought her, bamboozled my father beautifully! There's not a more efficient man alive! (*noting Eutychus's tristful expression*) But tell me, for heaven's sake—if I'm neither here, nor in the world to come, where am I?

ut. Nowhere at all.

har. Oh, damnation! Those words have killed me!

ut. Too much talk in time of action does make words wearisome.

har. Whatever it is, come to the main points!

ut. First of all—we're done for.

har. (*bitterly*) Why don't you tell me some news I don't know, instead?

ut. The girl has been taken away from you.

har. (*tragic*) Eutychus, you are committing a capital crime!

ut. Eh? How so!

har. I am your comrade and your chum, a free born citizen, and now you murder me!

ut. Heaven forbid!

har. You have thrust a sword into my throat! Ere long I'll fall!

ut. Now, now, for heaven's sake, don't lose courage!

har. I have none to lose! Tell me more, more of my misery! For whom was she bought?

ut. I don't know. She had already been auctioned off and taken away when I reached the harbour.

ar. Oh my God! Man, man, all this time you've been hurling whole mountains of red-hot misery

perge, excrucia, carnufex, quandoquidem occepisti semel.[1]

Eut. Quid ego feci?

Char. Perdidisti me et fidem mecum tuam.

Eut. Di sciunt culpam meam istanc non esse ullam.

Char. Eugepae,
deos absentis testis memoras: qui ego istuc credam tibi?

Eut. Quia tibi in manu est quod credas, ego quod dicam, id mi in manust.

Char. De istac re argutus es, ut par pari respondeas,
ad mandata claudus caecus mutus mancus debilis.
promittebas te os sublinere meo patri: egomet credidi
homini docto rem mandare, is lapidi mando maximo.

Eut. Quid ego facerem?

Char. Quid tu faceres? men rogas? requireres,
rogitares quis esset aut unde esset, qua prosapia,
civisne esset an peregrinus.

Eut. Civem esse aibant Atticum.

Char. Vbi habitaret invenires saltem, si nomen nequis.

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 619–624:

Eut. *Non tibi istuc magis dividiaest, quam mihi hodie fuit.*
Char. *Dic, quis emit?*
Eut. *Nescio hercle.*
Char. *Em istucinest operam dare.*
bonum sodalem?
Eut. *Quid me facere vis?*
Char. *Idem quod me vides,*
ut pereas. quin percontatu's, hominis quae facies foret.
qui illam emisset: eo si pacto posset indagarier
mulier? heu me miserum.
Eut. *Flere omitte, istuc quod nunc agis.*

upon me! Go on, go on, rack me, torture me, now that you've once begun![1]

ut. I? What have I done?

har. You've destroyed me, and, with me, all my confidence in you!

ut. God knows it's no fault of mine!

har. (*savagely*) Bravo! Calling God to witness, when He's not here! How can I believe your words?

ut. Because your beliefs are in your own control, as my words are in mine.

har. You're ready enough in repartee, but in carrying out commissions you're a lame, blind, mute, maimed remnant of a man! You promised to bamboozle my father—and I, I believed I had left the matter to an intelligent human being, only to find I left it to a great big block of stone!

ut. (*patiently*) What could I do?

har. What could you do? You ask me that? You could have investigated, inquired who he was or where he came from, who his family were, whether he was a citizen or an alien!

ut. They said he was an Athenian citizen.

har. You might at least have found out where he lived, if not his name.

[1] vv. 619–624:

ut. I've been just as much harassed as you are by it, I certainly have.

ar. Tell me, who bought her?

ut. Upon my soul, I don't know.

ar. Look at that! Is that the way to help a good friend?

ut. What do you want me to do?

ar. The same thing you see me doing—die! Why didn't you ask what the man who bought her looked like, and see if she could be traced that way? Oh dear, oh dear!

ut. Do stop crying—the one thing you do do at present!

Eut. Nemo aiebat scire.
Char. At saltem hominis faciem exquireres.
Eut. Feci.
Char. Qua forma esse aiebant igitur?
Eut. Ego dicam tibi:
canum, varum, ventriosum, bucculentum, breviculum,
subnigris oculis, oblongis malis, pansam aliquantulum.
Char. Non hominem mihi, sed thensaurum nescio quem memoras mali.
numquid est quod dicas aliud de illo?
Eut. Tantum, quod sciam.
Char. Edepol ne ille oblongis malis mihi dedit magnum malum.
non possum durare, certumst exulatum hinc ire me.
sed quam capiam civitatem, cogito, potissimum:
Megares, Eretriam, Corinthum, Chalcidem, Cretam, Cyprum,
Sicyonem, Cnidum, Zacynthum, Lesbiam, Boeotiam.
Eut. Cur istuc coeptas consilium?
Char. Quia enim me adflictat amor.
Eut. Quid tu ais? quid cum illuc, quo nunc ire paritas, veneris,
si ibi amare forte occipias atque item eius sit inopia,
iam inde porro aufugies, deinde item illinc, si item evenerit?
quis modus tibi exilio tandem eveniet, qui finis fugae?
quae patria aut domus tibi stabilis esse poterit? dic mihi.
cedo, si hac urbe abis, amorem te hic relicturum putas?

ut. No one seemed to know.

har. But at least you might have inquired about his appearance!

ut. I did.

har. Well, then, what did they say he looked like?

ut. I'll tell you—a gray-haired, knock-kneed, pot-bellied, big-mouthed, stubby fellow, with blackish eyes, lantern jaws, and feet a bit splayed.

har. That's no description of a man, it's some collection of freaks! Can't you tell me anything else about him?

ut. That's all, so far as I know.

har. Lord, Lord! He has done anything but light my life with his lantern jaws! (*in another tragic flight*) Oh, I can't endure it! My mind's made up, I'll hence into exile! (*pauses*) But let me consider what country I had best choose—Megara . . . Eretria . . . Corinth . . . Chalcis . . . Crete . . . Cyprus . . . Sicyon . . . Cnidus . . . Zacynthus . . . Lesbos . . . Boeotia!

ut. What makes you think of taking such a step as that?

ar. Ah, because I suffer so from love!

ut. But see here! When you reach the place you're about to go to, suppose love happens to overtake you there, and you still can't gratify it, will you then proceed to fly that place, too, and the next place as well, if the same thing happens again? Really now, what end will there be to your exile, what finish to your flight? What land or home can you ever call your own? Answer me that. Look now, if you leave this city, do you think you'll leave your love behind you here? If you're

si id fore ita sat animo acceptum est, certum id, pro certo si habes,
quanto te satiust rus aliquo abire, ibi esse, ibi vivere
adeo dum illius te cupiditas atque amor missum facit?

Char. Iam dixisti?

Eut. Dixi.

Char. Frustra dixti. hoc mihi certissumumst.
eo domum, patrem atque matrem ut meos salutem, postea
clam patrem patria hac effugiam, aut aliquid capiam consili.

Eut. Vt corripuit se repente atque abiit. heu misero mihi,
si ille abierit, mea factum omnes dicent esse ignavia.
certumst praeconum iubere iam quantum est conducier,
qui illam investigent, qui inveniant. post ad praetorem ilico
ibo, orabo, ut conquaestores det mi in vicis omnibus;
nam mihi nil relicti quicquam aliud iam esse intellego.

ACTVS IV

Dor. Quoniam a viro ad me rus advenit nuntius,
rus non iturum, feci ego ingenium meum,
reveni, ut illum persequar qui me fugit.
sed anum non video consequi nostram Syram.
atque eccam incedit tandem. quin is ocius?

absolutely assured of this, sure, sure as a man can be, how much better for you to go off into the country somewhere and stay there, live there, till your desire and love for this girl lose their grip on you?

har. (*grimly*) Have you finished talking?

ut. I have.

har. You have talked in vain. This is my fixed intention. I shall go home to pay my respects to my father and mother, and then without my father's knowledge I shall flee this country, or (*darkly*) settle upon some plan!

[EXIT PRECIPITATELY INTO HOUSE.

ut. (*looking after him*) Well, that was a sudden start and exit! This is awful! Why, if he leaves home, everyone will say it came of my being such a slacker. (*after a moment's thought*) I'll do it, I'll hire all the public criers I can get to follow her up and find her! Next I'll pounce on the praetor and beg him to furnish me officers to search every quarter of the city. Yes, yes, that's the only resource left me now, I see! [EXIT.

ACT IV

ENTER *Dorippa*, IRATE.

or. Having got word at the farm from my husband that he didn't intend to go out there, I've acted upon my womanly instinct and come back, to pursue the man that flees me. (*looking about*) But I don't see our old Syra with me. Ah, there she comes at last, plodding along! (*sharply*) Why don't you hurry up?

Syr. Nequeo mecastor, tantum hoc onerist quod fero.
Dor. Quid oneris?
Syr. Annos octoginta et quattuor;
et eodem accedit servitus, sudor, sitis:
simul haec quae porto deprimunt.
Dor. Aliquid cedo
qui hanc vicini nostri aram augeam.
da sane hanc virgam lauri. abi tu intro.
Syr. Eo.
Dor. Apollo, quaeso te, ut des pacem propitius,
salutem et sanitatem nostrae familiae,
meoque ut parcas gnato pace propitius.
Syr. Disperii, perii misera, vae miserae mihi.
Dor. Satin tu sana es, obsecro? quid eiulas?
Syr. Dorippa, mea Dorippa.
Dor. Quid clamas, obsecro?
Syr. Nescio quaest mulier intus hic in aedibus.
Dor. Quid, mulier?
Syr. Mulier meretrix.
Dor. Veron serio?
Syr. Nimium scis sapere, ruri quae non manseris.
quamvis insipiens poterat persentiscere [1]
illam esse amicam tui viri bellissumi.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here. *illum non temere hic mansisse. ecastor palamst* Leo.

ENTER *Syra* LABORIOUSLY, CARRYING A FEW PARCELS.

r. Mercy me, ma'am, I can't, with all this load upon me.

or. What load?

r. My eighty years and four, ma'am; with slavery, sweat, and thirst thrown in. These things I'm carrying weigh me down, too.

or. (*glancing at the altar in front of Demipho's house*) Give me something for an offering on our neighbour's altar here. (*as Syra fumbles at her parcels*) Yes, yes, let me have this laurel branch. (*taking it*) You go on in.

r. Yes, ma'am. [EXIT.

or. (*at the altar*) Apollo, I beseech thee, graciously grant thy favour, and safety and sound health, to our family, and may'st thou spare my son with thy gracious favour.

RE-ENTER *Syra* IN CONSTERNATION.

. Oh, Lord, help us, Lord pity us! Oh, oh, this is terrible!

r. For heaven's sake, are you in your senses? What are you shrieking about?

. Oh, Dorippa, my poor Dorippa!

r. For heaven's sake, what are you howling about?

. There's some strange woman in the house here, ma'am!

r. (*startled*) What? A woman?

. A hussy!

r. Really and truly?

. Ah, ma'am, you showed good sense in not staying at the farm! Any fool could plainly perceive she's the mistress of that charming husband of yours.

Dor. Credo mecastor.
Syr. Ei hac mecum, ut videas semul
tuam Alcumenam paelicem, Iuno mea.
Dor. Ecastor vero istuc eo quantum potest.

IV. 2.

Lys. Parumne est malai rei, quod amat Demipho,
ni sumptuosus insuper etiam siet?
decem si vocasset summos ad cenam viros,
nimium obsonavit. sed coquos, quasi in mari
solet hortator remiges hortarier,
ita hortabatur. egomet conduxi coquom.
sed eum demiror non venire, ut iusseram.
sed quinam hinc a nobis exit? aperitur foris.

IV. 3.

Dor. Miserior mulier me nec fiet, nec fuit,
tali viro quae nupserim. heu miserae mihi.
em quoi te et tua, quae tu habeas, commendes viro,
em quoi decem talenta dotis detuli,
haec ut viderem, ut ferrem has contumelias.
Lys. Perii hercle, rure iam rediit uxor mea:
vidisse credo mulierem in aedibus.
sed quae loquatur exaudire hinc non queo.
accedam propius.
Dor. Vae miserae mi.
Lys. Immo mihi.
Dor. Disperii.

Dor. My heavens, I do believe so!

Myr. (*leading her toward the door*) Just you come this way with me, so as to see your rival, Alcmena,[1] for yourself, Juno mine!

Dor. Goodness me, indeed I will, just as fast as I can go!

[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.

Scene 2. ENTER *Lysimachus*, OUT OF TEMPER.

Lys. Isn't it bad enough for Demipho to be in love, without his being so extravagant, to boot? Why, if he'd invited a dozen dignitaries to dinner, the food he bought would be excessive. But the way he kept exhorting the cooks, just as a coxswain does his crew! I hired a cook myself. (*looking about*) But I wonder why he doesn't come, as I told him. (*listening*) But who can that be coming out of our house? The door's opening. (*withdraws*)

Scene 3. ENTER *Dorippa* MUCH AGITATED.

Dor. Oh, there'll never be, never was, a more wretched woman than I am, to be married to such a man! Oh, dear me, dear me! Just see to what a husband you may entrust yourself and all you own! Just see to what a man I brought two thousand pounds in dowry, only to witness such sights, to suffer such insults!

Lys. (*aside*) Ye gods, I'm in for it! My wife's back from the farm already! I'll bet she saw that girl in the house! But I can't catch what she says from here. I'll get closer. (*does so*)

Dor. Oh, heaven help me!

Lys. (*aside, feelingly*) No, no, me!

Dor. I'm lost, lost!

[1] One of Jove's mistresses.

Lys. Equidem hercle oppido perii miser.
vidit. ut te omnes, Demipho, di perduint.
Dor. Pol hoc est, ire quod rus meus vir noluit.
Lys. Quid nunc ego faciam nisi uti adeam atque adloquar?
iubet salvere suos vir uxorem suam.
urbani fiunt rustici?
Dor. Pudicius
faciunt, quam illi qui non fiunt rustici.
Lys. Num quid delinquont rustici?
Dor. Ecastor minus
quam urbani, et multo minus mali quaerunt sibi.
Lys. Quid autem urbani deliquerunt? dic mihi,
cupio hercle scire.
Dor. Sed tu me temptas sciens.
quoia illa mulier intust?
Lys. Vidistine eam?
Dor. Vidi.
Lys. Quoia ea sit rogitas?
Dor. Resciscam tamen.
Lys. Vin dicam quoiast? illa—illa edepol—vae mihi,
nescio quid dicam.
Dor. Haeres.
Lys. Haud vidi magis.
Dor. Quin dicis?
Lys. Quin si liceat—
Dor. Dictum oportuit.
Lys. Non possum, ita instas; urges quasi pro noxio.
Dor. Scio, innoxiu's.
Lys. Audacter quam vis dicito.

ys. (*aside*) Oh Lord! I'm the one that's lost and lost for good, confound it! She has seen her. May all the powers above consume you, Demipho!

Dor. Yes, indeed! This is the reason why my husband didn't want to go to the farm.

ys. (*aside*) What can I do now but step up and speak to her? (*approaching and addressing her with playful courtliness*) Greetings from your husband to his wife, my dear! Have our rustics become city folk?

Dor. (*hotly*) They act with more decency than those who have not become rustics.

ys. Our own rustics haven't misbehaved, have they?

Dor. Less than our city folk, mercy me, yes! And they do much less looking for trouble!

ys. Well, well, but how have the city folk misbehaved? Tell me. By Jove, I'm eager to know.

or. You're simply sounding me, and you know it. (*viciously*) Whose woman is that inside there?

ys. (*tentatively*) You . . . saw her, eh?

or. I did.

ys. And you . . . ask whose she is?

or. (*turning away indignantly*) I shall discover, just the same!

s. You want me to . . . say whose she is? She . . . by Jove, she . . . (*aside*) Damnation! I don't know what to say!

or. You're stuck!

s. (*aside*) I never saw a man more so!

or. Well, why don't you say?

s. Well, if I only had a chance—

or. You should have said it already.

s. (*desperate*) I can't, the way you keep at me; you hound me as if I were guilty!

r. (*ironically*) Oh, of course, you're not guilty!

s. You can say that with absolute assurance.

Dor. Dic igitur.
Lys. Dicam.
Dor. At qui dicundum est tamen.
Lys. Illast—etiam vis nomen dicam?
Dor. Nihil agis.
manufesto teneo in noxia.
Lys. Qua noxia?
ista quidem illa est—
Dor. Quae illa est?
Lys. Illa—
Dor. [1] Quoia east?
Lys. Iam—si nihil usus esset, iam non dicerem.
Dor. Non tu scis quae sit illa?
Lys. Immo iam scio:
de istac sum iudex captus.
Dor. Iudex? iam scio:
nunc tu in consilium istam advocavisti tibi.
Lys. Immo sic: sequestro mihi datast.
Dor. Intellego.
Lys. Nihil hercle istius quicquam est.
Dor. Numero purigas.
Lys. Nimium negoti repperi. enim vero haereo.

IV. 4.

Coc. Agite ite actutum, nam mi amatori seni
coquendast cena. atque, quom recogito,
nobis coquendast, non quoi conducti sumus.
nam qui amat quod amat si habet, id habet pro cibo:
videre, amplecti, osculari, alloqui;

[1] *Quoia east* Leo: *Iohia* MSS.

Dor. You say, then.

Lys. I will say.

Dor. But say it as it should be said, though.

Lys. She is . . . do you want her name, too?

Dor. What trifling! I've caught you red-handed in your guilt!

Lys. What guilt? Really now, that girl is . . . the girl that—

Dor. What girl?

Lys. The girl . . .

Dor. Whose girl?

Lys. (*badly flustered*) Now— (*on a new tack*) if it weren't necessary, I shouldn't tell you at present.

Dor. You don't know who the girl is?

Lys. (*suddenly illumined*) Oh yes, now I know: I was made an arbitrator in her case.

Dor. An arbitrator? (*drily*) Now I know, too: so you've summoned her for a conference with you.

Lys. No, no, it's this way—she was left with me for safe-keeping.

Dor. (*witheringly*) I understand!

Lys. I swear it's nothing of that sort at all!

Dor. You absolve yourself too soon.

Lys. (*aside*) This is more than I can manage! I am stuck, to be sure!

Scene 4. ENTER A COOK, HIS ASSISTANTS FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE AND STAGGERING UNDER BASKETS OF PROVISIONS.

Cook (*calling to assistants*) Come, step along, stir yourselves! I've got to get up a dinner for an old gallant. On second thoughts, though, it's to be got up for ourselves, not for the chap that hired us. For if a lover has the girl he loves, he has his food—looking, caressing, kissing, chatting.

sed nos confido onustos redituros domum.
ite hac. sed eccum qui nos conduxit senex.
Lys. Ecce autem perii, coquos adest.
Coc. Advenimus.
Lys. Abi.
Coc. Quid, abeam?
Lys. St, abi.
Coc. Abeam?
Lys. Abi.
Coc. Non estis cenaturi?
Lys. Iam saturi sumus.
Coc. Sed—
Lys. Interii.
Dor. Quid ais tu? etiamne haec illi tibi
iusserunt ferri, quos inter iudex datu's?
Coc. Haecin tua est amica, quam dudum mihi
te amare dixti, quom obsonabas?
Lys. Non taces?
Coc. Satis scitum filum mulieris. verum hercle anet.
Lys. Abin dierectus?
Coc. Haud malast.
Lys. At tu malu's.
Coc. Scitam hercle opinor concubinam hanc.
Lys. Non abis?
non ego sum qui te dudum conduxi.
Coc. Quid est?
immo hercle tu istic ipsus.

But as for us, I trust we'll go back home well loaded. (*approaching Lysimachus's house*) Come on, this way. (*seeing Lysimachus*) Aha, though! There's the old fellow that hired us. (*the assistants trail in*)

Lys. (*seeing them*) Damnation! Will you look at that! Here's the cook!

Cook (*cheerfully*) We've got here, sir.

Lys. (*in a low tone*) Get out!

Cook What? Get out?

Lys. Sh-h! Get out!

Cook Get out?

Lys. Get out!

Cook You're not to have a dinner?

Lys. We've had our fill already.

Cook But—

Lys. Oh, this is dreadful!

Dor. See here, sir! Is all this (*indicating provisions*) brought you, too, by order of the parties you were made arbitrator for?

Cook (*to Lysimachus*) Is this your lady friend you told me you were in love with, a while ago when you were marketing?

Lys. (*in agony*) Shut up, can't you? (*Dorippa comes closer*)

Cook A rather well-made wench, too! (*confidentially*) But, my word, she is annuating!

Lys. Get to the devil out of here, will you?

Cook (*soothingly*) She's not bad.

Lys. But you are!

Cook By gad, I'll bet she makes a fine bedfellow!

Lys. Oh, won't you get out? I'm not the man that hired you a while ago!

Cook Eh? What? None of that! By gad, you're the one, all right.

Lys. Vae misero mihi.
Coc. Nempe uxor rurist tua, quam dudum dixeras
te odisse aeque atque anguis.[1]
Lys. Egone istuc dixi tibi?
Coc. Mihi quidem hercle.
Lys. Ita me amabit Iuppiter,
uxor, ut ego illud numquam dixi.
Dor. Etiam negas?
palam istaec fiunt, te me odisse.
Lys. Quin nego.
Coc. Non, non te odisse aibat, sed uxorem suam;
et uxorem suam ruri esse aiebat.
Lys. Haec east.
quid mihi molestu's?
Coc. Quia novisse me negas;
nisi metuis tu istanc.
Lys. Sapio, nam mihi unicast.
Coc. Vin me experiri?
Lys. Nolo.
Coc. Mercedem cedo.
Lys. Cras petito; dabitur. nunc abi.
Dor. Heu miserae mihi.
Lys. Nunc ego verum illud verbum esse experior vetus:
aliquid mali esse propter vicinum malum.
Coc. Cur hic astamus? quin abimus? incommodi
si quid tibi evenit, id non est culpa mea.
Lys. Quin me eradicas miserum.
Coc. Scio iam quid velis:
nempe me hinc abire vis.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): Lindsay brackets *aeque*.

Lys. (*aside*) Oh, Lord help me!

Cook (*very distinctly*) Your wife's in the country, of course; I remember your saying a while ago you hated her like a snake.

Lys. I? I said that to you?

Cook Yes, to me, by gad.

Lys. (*to Dorippa, solemnly*) So help me Heaven, my dear, I never said any such thing!

Dor. (*icily*) You really deny it? It's perfectly plain that you do hate me.

Lys. I deny it, I tell you!

Cook (*to Dorippa in apparent guilelessness*) No, no, ma'am, he didn't say he hated you, but his wife; and he said she was in the country.

Lys. (*desperately*) This lady is my wife. What makes you pester me?

Cook Because you deny knowing me—but perhaps you're afraid of her.

Lys. (*to Dorippa, placatingly*) Which is wise of me, for she's my one and only.

Cook D'ye want to try me?

Lys. (*angrily*) I do not!

Cook Give me my pay.

Lys. Come for it to-morrow; you'll get it. And now get out!

Dor. (*in tears*) Oh dear me, dear me!

Lys. (*aside*) I'm proving the truth of that old proverb now: "A bad neighbour brings bad luck."

Cook (*to attendants*) Why stand here? Come on, let's go. (*to Lysimachus, sweetly*) If any harm has happened, it's no fault of mine.

Lys. (*forlorn*) Oh, damn it, man, you're eradicating me!

Cook (*ingenuously*) Now I know what you want: why, of course, you want me to get out.

Lys. Volo inquam.
Coc. Abibitur.
drachmam dato.
Lys. Dabitur.
Coc. Dari ergo sis iube.
dari potest interea dum illi ponunt.
Lys. Quin abis?
potine ut molestus ne sis?
Coc. Agite apponite
obsonium istuc ante pedes illi seni.
haec vasa aut mox aut cras iubebo abs te peti.
sequimini—
Lys Fortasse te illum mirari coquom,
quod venit atque haec attulit. dicam quid est.
Dor. Non miror si quid damni facis aut flagiti.
nec pol ego patiar, sic me nuptam tam male
measque in aedis sic scorta obductarier.
Syra, i, rogato meum patrem verbis meis,
ut veniat ad me iam simul tecum.
Syr. Eo.
Lys. Nescis negoti quod sit, uxor, obsecro.
conceptis verbis iam iusiurandum dabo,
me numquam quicquam cum illa—iamne abiit Syra?
perii hercle. ecce autem haec abiit. vae misero mihi.

Indeed I do!

Get out's the word. Tip me a shilling.

(*waving him off*) I will, I will.

Then kindly have it given me. It can be given me while they (*indicating attendants*) are putting down their baskets.

Get out, won't you? Can't you stop pestering me? (*to attendants*) Come on, put the provisions down there at the old chap's feet. (*to Lysimachus*) I'll send someone to fetch these dishes from you a a bit later, or to-morrow. (*to attendants*) Come along.

[EXEUNT, VERY CHEERFUL.

(*after a painful silence*) Perhaps you're . . . surprised at that . . . cook's coming with all this . . . stuff. I'll . . . tell you . . . how it is.

No extravagance or enormity of yours, sir, surprises me. Good heavens! I won't endure such a dreadful married life, and have sluts introduced into my own house in such a fashion! (*calling at the door*) Syra! Go to my father and ask him in my name to come to me with you at once.

ENTER *Syra*.

Yes, ma'am.

EXIT, AS *Lysimachus* TURNS TOWARDS HIS WIFE.

Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear! You don't understand the situation! I'll take oath in solemn terms this moment that she and I never had anything—(*turning to convince Syra, also, of his candour*) has Syra gone already?

[EXIT *Dorippa* UNPERCEIVED.

Lord! Lord! This is awful! (*turning back*) Just look at that! Now she's gone, too! Well, I'll be damned! (*shaking his fist at Demipho's*

at te, vicine, di deaeque perduint,
cum tua amica cumque amationibus.
suspicione implevit me indignissime,
concivit hostis domi: uxor acerrumast.
ibo ad forum atque haec Demiphoni eloquar,
me istanc capillo protracturum esse in viam,
nisi hinc abducit quo volt ex hisce aedibus.
uxor, heus uxor, quamquam tu irata es mihi,
iubeas, si sapias, haec intro auferrier:
eadem licebit mox cenare rectius.

IV. 5.

Syr. Era quo me misit, ad patrem, non est domi:
rus abiisse aibant. nunc domum renuntio.
Eut. Defessus sum urbem totam pervenarier:
nihil investigo quicquam de illa muliere.
sed mater rure rediit, nam video Syram
astare ante aedis. Syra.
Syr. Quis est qui me vocat?
Eut. Erus atque alumnus tuos sum.
Syr. Salve, alumne mi.
Eut. Iam mater rure rediit? responde mihi.
Syr. Sua quidem salute ac familiai maxuma.
Eut. Quid istuc negotist?

house) But as for you, neighbour, may all the powers above consume and rot you, you and your mistress and your amours together! The outrageous way he has swamped me with suspicions, stirred up enemies in my own household! (*plaintively*) And my wife makes such a ferocious enemy! (*after cogitation*) I'll go to the forum and tell Demipho flat that I'll drag that girl into the street by the hair of her head, unless he takes her wherever he likes out of this house. (*going, then noticing the provisions and calling at the door*) Oh, my dear! I say, my dear! No matter if you are angry at me, you'd do well to have this stuff brought inside. We can use it bye-and-bye to improve our dinner.

[EXIT.

cene 5. ENTER *Syra*.

yr. Where mistress sent me, to her father—he's not at home: they said he'd gone to the country. So now I'm back to tell her.

ENTER *Eutychus*.

ut. I'm all tired out with searching the whole city; and not a single trace of that girl can I find. (*glancing towards his house*) But my mother's back from the country, for I see Syra standing in front of the house. (*calling*) Syra!

yr. (*without looking*) Who's calling me?

ut. The master that you nursed.

yr. Oh, bless your heart, my dear child!

ut. Is my mother back from the farm already? (*as Syra hesitates*) Answer me.

yr. (*significantly*) And a very good thing for herself and family that she is!

ut. (*noticing her manner*) What's the trouble?

Syr. Tuos pater bellissumus
amicam adduxit intro in aedis.
Eut. Quo modo?
Syr. Adveniens mater rure eam offendit domi.
Eut. Pol haud censebam istarum esse operarum patrem.
etiam nunc mulier intust?
Syr. Etiam.
Eut. Sequere me.

IV. 6.

Syr. Ecastor lege dura vivont mulieres
multoque iniquiore miserae quam viri.
nam si vir scortum duxit clam uxorem suam,
id si rescivit uxor, impunest viro;
uxor virum si clam domo egressa est foras,
viro fit causa, exigitur matrimonio.
utinam lex esset eadem quae uxori est viro;
nam uxor contenta est, quae bona est, uno viro:
qui minus vir una uxore contentus siet?
ecastor faxim, si itidem plectantur viri,
si quis clam uxorem duxerit scortum suam,
ut illae exiguntur quae in se culpam commerent,
plures viri sint vidui quam nunc mulieres.

ACTVS V

Char. Limen superum inferumque, salve, simul autem
vale:
hunc hodie postremum extollo mea domo patria
pedem.

That most winsome father of yours has introduced his mistress into the house.

(*amazed*) How's that?

On arriving from the country your mother discovered her at home.

Good heavens! I never supposed my father was that sort? Is the woman still inside?

She is.

(*hurrying to the door*) Come along!

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.

ene 6.

My, my! Women do live under hard conditions, so much more unfair, poor things, than the men's. Why, if a husband has brought home some strumpet, unbeknown to his wife, and she finds it out, the husband goes scot free. But once a wife steps out of the house unbeknown to her husband, he has his grounds and she's divorced. Oh, I wish there was the same rule for the husband as for the wife! Now a wife, a good wife, is content with just her husband; why should a husband be less content with just his wife? Mercy me, if husbands, too, were taken to task for wenching on the sly, the same way as wanton wives are divorced, I warrant there'd be more lone men about than there now are women! [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

ACT V.

ENTER *Charinus* FROM HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, IN TRAVELLING DRESS, WITH SWORD AND LUGGAGE.

(*melodramatically, as he turns toward the house*) Lintel and threshold, hail, aye, and likewise fare you well! To-day for the last time do I lift this

usus, fructus, victus, cultus iam mihi harunc aedium
interemptust, interfectust, alienatust. occidi.
di penates meum parentum, familiai Lar pater,
vobis mando, meum parentum rem bene ut tutemini.
ego mihi alios deos penatis persequar, alium Larem,
aliam urbem, aliam civitatem : ab Atticis abhorreo ;
nam ubi mores deteriores increbrescunt in dies,
ubi qui amici, qui infideles sint nequeas pernoscere,
ubique id eripiatur, animo tuo quod placeat maxume,
ibi quidem si regnum detur, non cupita est civitas.

V. 2.

Eut. Divom atque hominum quae spectatrix atque era eadem es hominibus,
spem speratam quom obtulisti hanc mihi, tibi grates ago.
ecquisnam deus est, qui mea nunc laetus laetitia fuat ?
domi erat quod quaeritabam : sex sodales repperi,
vitam, amicitiam, civitatem, laetitiam, ludum, iocum ;
eorum inventu res simitu pessumas pessum dedi,
iram, inimicitiam, maerorem, lacrumas, exilium, inopiam.[1]
date, di, quaeso conveniundi mi eius celerem copiam.

Char. Apparatus sum ut videtis : abicio superbiam ;
egomet mihi comes, calator, equos, agaso, armiger,
egomet sum mihi imperator, idem egomet mihi oboedio,

[1] Leo brackets following v., 849 : *solitudinem, stultitiam, exitium, pertinaciam.*

foot from my paternal home. The use and enjoyment, the sustenance and nurture of this roof are now cut off from me, estranged from me, killed for me! I am dead, dead! Ye Penates of my parents, father Lar of this abode, to you I commit the fortunes of my parents that ye guard them well. For myself other Penates, another Lar, another city, another country, will I seek: Athens I abhor! Aye, for where vice grows more rampant day by day, where the friendly and the faithless are indistinguishable, where that which most delights your soul is ravished from you—there, even though a throne be offered me, I could never desire to dwell!

cene 2.

ENTER *Eutychus*, EXUBERANT, FROM HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

ut. (*not seeing Charinus*) Oh, thou who dost view both gods and men, yea, and dost dominate mankind, forasmuch as thou hast fulfilled the hope of my heart, I thank thee! Ah, is there any god happy as I am happy now? That which I sought for was at home! Six comrades have I found—life, friendship, country, joy, jubilation, and jollity; and by finding them I have simultaneously banished the worst of banes—ire, enmity, grief, tears, exile and want.[1] May God grant me a a speedy meeting with him!

har. (*to audience*) I am all equipped, as you see. My pride I abandon. I myself am my own attaché and attendant, my own steed and groom and squire; I myself am my own commanding officer, and likewise my own subaltern, and I myself am

[1] v. 849: Friendlessness, folly, ruin, and pertinacity.

egomet mihi fero quod usust. o Cupido, quantus es.
nam tu quemvis confidentem facile tuis factis facis,
eundem ex confidente actutum diffidentem denuo.
Eut. Cogito quonam ego illum curram quaeritatum.
Char. Certa res
me usque quaerere illam, quoquo hinc abductast gentium;
neque mihi ulla obsistet amnis nec mons neque adeo mare,
nec calor nec frigus metuo neque ventum neque grandinem;
imbrem perpetiar, laborem sufferam, solem, sitim;
non concedam neque quiescam usquam noctu neque dius
prius profecto quam aut amicam aut mortem investigavero.
Eut. Nescio quoia vox ad aures mi advolavit.
Char. Invoco
vos, Lares viales, ut me bene tutetis.
Eut. Iuppiter,
estne illic Charinus?
Char. Cives, bene valete.
Eut. Ilico
sta, Charine.
Char. Qui me revocat?
Eut. Spes, Salus, Victoria.
Char. Quid me voltis?
Eut. Ire tecum.
Char. Alium comitem quaerite,
non amittunt hi me comites qui tenent.
Eut. Qui sunt ei?
Char. Cura, miseria, aegritudo, lacrumae, lamentatio.
Eut. Repudia istos comites atque hoc respice et revortere.
Char. Siquidem mecum fabulari vis, subsequere.
Eut. Sta ilico.

the porter of all I need. Ah, Cupid, how mighty is thy sway! For by thy fiat thou dost easily fill whatsoever heart with hope, and instantly displace that hope with hopelessness anew!

Eut. I wonder where on earth to run and look for him.

Char. Resolved I am to keep on searching for her, whatever be the land to which she has been taken hence. Neither river, nor mountain, no, nor sea, shall bar my way; neither heat nor cold fear I, nor wind nor hail; I'll brave the rains, I'll suffer toil and tropic sun and thirst; I'll not give up or take repose in any spot by night or day, I swear it, before I've found my sweetheart or my death!

Eut. (*still ecstatic*) The sound of some voice hath flown unto my ears!

Char. I call upon you, Lares of the roadsides, to keep me under your kindly care!

Eut. (*seeing him*) Great Jupiter! Is that Charinus?

Char. (*going*) Fellow citizens, fare ye well!

Eut. (*shouting*) Stop where you are, Charinus.

Char. (*without looking*) Who calls me back?

Eut. Hope, Salvation, Victory!

Char. (*still without looking*) What wish ye of me?

Eut. To go with you.

Char. Seek ye another companion; these companions, in whose grip I am, will not unhand me.

Eut. Who are they?

Char. Care, misery, tribulation, tears, laments.

Eut. (*enjoying the situation*) Renounce such companions, regard me, and return!

Char. (*proceeding*) If thou dost wish to parley with me, follow.

Eut. Stop where you are!

Char. Male facis, properantem qui me commorare. sol abit.
Eut. Si huc item properes ut istuc properas, facias rectius:
huc secundus ventus nunc est; cape modo vorsoriam:
hic favonius serenust, istic auster imbricus;
hic facit tranquillitatem, iste omnis fluctus conciet.
recipe te ad terram, Charine, huc. nonne ex advorso vides,
nubis atra imberque ut instat? aspice ad sinisteram,
caelum ut est splendore plenum atque ut dei istuc vorti iubent? 880
Char. Religionem illic mi obiecit: recipiam me illuc.
Eut. Sapis.
o Charine, contra pariter fer gradum et confer pedem,
porge bracchium.
Char. Prehende. iam tenes?
Eut. Teneo.
Char. Tene.
Eut. Quo nunc ibas?
Char. Exulatum.
Eut. Quid ibi faceres?
Char. Quod miser.
Eut. Ne pave, restituam iam ego te in gaudio antiquo ut sies.
maxime quod vis audire, id audies, quod gaudeas.[1]
tuam amicam—
Char. Quid eam?
Eut. Vbi sit ego scio.
Char. Tune, obsecro?

[1] Leo brackets following v., 887: *sta ilico, amicus advenio multum benevolens.*

Char. (*halting*) Thou dost ill to delay me when I am in haste. The sun is setting.

Eut. You would do better to make the same haste in this direction as you do in that. A fair wind blows in this quarter now. Come, come! About ship! Here you have a clear western breeze, there a rainy southern blast; the one brings calm, the other raises all the billows. Make for shore here, Charinus! Do you not see how on your bows black clouds and rain storms lower? Cast your eyes to larboard—see you not how the sky is all aglow and Heaven bids you turn your course thither?

Char. (*half to himself*) He has filled me with awe! I'll back! (*turns, falteringly*)

Eut. You do wisely. (*hurrying toward him*) Ah, Charinus! Come, do your part, come meet me, come this way! Stretch out your arm!

Char. (*tottering*) Take it! (*faintly as Eutychus supports him*) Dost hold it now?

Eut. I do.

Char. Keep holding it!

Eut. Where were you going just now?

Char. Into exile.

Eut. To do what there?

Char. What a wretched man should do.

Eut. (*cheerfully*) Have no fear; I'll soon restore you to your former joy in life. You shall hear what you most want to hear, what should make you happy.[1] Your sweetheart—

Char. (*reviving rapidly*) What of her?

Eut. I know where she is.

Char. You do? You do?

[1] v. 887: Stop where you are! I come as a friend and am full of good will.

Eut. Sanam et salvam.
Char. Vbi eam salvam?
Eut. Ego scio.
Char. Ego me mavelim.
Eut. Potin ut animo sis tranquillo?
Char. Quid si mi animus fluctuat?
Eut. Ego istum in tranquillo quieto tuto sistam: ne time.
Char. Obsecro te, loquere propere ubi sit, ubi eam videris.
quid taces? dic. enicas me miserum tua reticentia.
Eut. Non longe hinc abest a nobis.
Char. Quin ergo commostras, si vides?[1]
Eut. Non video hercle nunc, sed vidi modo.
Char. Quin ego videam facis?
Eut. Faciam.
Char. Longum istuc amantist.
Eut. Etiam metuis? omnia commonstrabo. amicior mihi nullus vivit atque is est
qui illam habet, neque est quoi magis me velle melius aequom siet.
Char. Non curo istunc, de illa quaero.
Eut. De illa ergo ego dico tibi.
sane hoc non in mentem venit dudum, ut ubi sit dicerem.
Char. Dic igitur, ubi illa est?
Eut. In nostris aedibus.
Char. Aedis probas,
si tu vera dicis; pulchre aedificatas arbitro.
sed qui ego istuc credam? vidistin an de audito nuntias?

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *ergo* omitted by Guietus, followed by Lindsay.

ut. Safe and sound!

har. Safe? Where?

ut. (*teasingly*) I know.

har. I had rather know, myself!

ut. Can't you be of calm mind?

har. But what if my mind's in turmoil?

ut. I'll bring it where there's calm, restful and secure; never you fear.

har. For heaven's sake, hurry, tell me where she is, where you saw her? Why are you dumb? Speak! You'll be the death of me with your damnable closeness!

ut. She's not far away from us here. (*looks down the street*)

har. (*following his eyes*) Why don't you point her out to me, then, if you see her?

ut. By Jove, I don't see her now, but I did see her a moment ago.

har. (*a-quiver*) Why don't you let me see her?

ut. I will.

har. "Will" is a long, long time to a lover!

ut. Still afraid? Well, I'll tell you all about it. (*pauses, then doubtfully*) I haven't a better friend living than the man who has her, one who has a better claim to my best wishes.

har. I don't care about him: it's about her I'm asking!

ut. Well, then, it's about her I'm telling you. It really didn't occur to me a while ago to tell you where she was.

har. Tell me now, then! Where is she?

ut. (*after prolonging the suspense*) In . . . our house.

har. (*ecstatic*) Oh, excellent house, if you speak true! Exquisitely constructed, I consider! But how can I believe that? Did you see her, or is your news mere hearsay?

Eut. Egomet vidi.
Char. Quis eam adduxit ad vos?
Eut. Vt inique rogas.
quid tua refert, qui cum istac venerit?
Char. Dum istic siet.
vera dicis?
Eut. Nil, Charine, te quidem quicquam pudet;
est profecto.
Char. Opta ergo ob istunc nuntium quid vis tibi.
Eut. Quid si optabo?
Char. Deos orato ut eius faciant copiam.
Eut. Derides.
Char. Servata res est demum, si illam videro.
sed quin ornatum hunc reicio? heus, aliquis
actutum huc foras
exite illinc, pallium mi ecferte.
Eut. Em, nunc tu mihi places.
Char. Optume advenis, puere, cape chlamydem atque istic
sta ilico,
ut, si haec non sint vera, inceptum hoc itiner perficere exsequar.
Eut. Non mihi credis?
Char. Omnia equidem credo quae dicis mihi.
sed quin intro ducis me ad eam, ut videam?
Eut. Paulisper mane.
Char. Quid manebo?
Eut. Tempus non est intro eundi.
Char. Enicas.
Eut. Non opus est, inquam, nunc intro te ire.

Eut. I saw her, myself.

Char. Who took her to your people?

Eut. A very unfair question! What does it matter to you who came with her?

Char. Provided she's there! (*anxiously*) You're telling the truth?

Eut. Charinus, you haven't the vestige of a sense of shame. Of course she's there.

Char. Then in return for this news, ask for anything you like!

Eut. What if I do ask for it?

Char. (*laughing hysterically*) Well, pray God you'll get it!

Eut. (*tolerantly*) Wag!

Char. Only let me set eyes on her, and all's well! But I must get out of this rig! (*shouting at his door*) Hey, someone! Come out here, quick, and bring me a mantle! (*strips off his travelling coat*)

Eut. There! Now you suit me.

ENTER A SLAVE WITH MANTLE.

Char. Just in time, my lad! Here, catch this coat (*passing it over with his sword and luggage, and putting on the mantle*) and stay right where you are, so that (*glaring at Eutychus and relapsing into melodrama*) if this news be false, I may continue and complete the journey I had begun!

Eut. You don't believe me?

Char. (*suspiciously*) I believe all you tell me, oh, of course. But why don't you take me in to see her?

Eut. (*embarrassed*) Do wait a little while.

Char. Why wait?

Eut. This isn't the right moment to go in.

Char. You're killing me!

Eut. It's not advisable for you to go in just now, I tell you.

Char. Responde mihi, qua causa?
Eut. Operae non est.
Char. Cur?
Eut. Quia non est illi commodum.
Char. Itane? commodum illi non est, quae me amat, quam ego contra amo?
omnibus hic ludificatur me modis. ego stultior, 920
qui isti credam. commoratur. chlamydem sumam denuo.
Eut. Mane parumper atque haec audi.
Char. Cape sis, puere, hoc pallium.
Eut. Mater irata est patri vehementer, quia scortum sibi
ob oculos adduxerit in aedis, dum ruri ipsa abest: suspicatur illam amicam esse illi.
Char. Sonam sustuli.
Eut. Eam rem nunc exquirit intus.
Char. Iam machaerast in manu.
Eut. Nam si eo ted intro ducam—
Char. Tollo ampullam atque hinc eo.
Eut. Mane, mane, Charine.
Char. Erras, me decipere haud potes.
Eut. Neque edepol volo.
Char. Quin tu ergo itiner exsequi meum me sinis?
Eut. Non sino.
Char. Egomet me moror. tu puere, abi hinc intro ocius. 930
iam in currum escendi, iam lora in manus cepi meas.

Char. For what reason? Answer me!
Eut. There's no time for it.
Char. Why?
Eut. Because it's not convenient for her.
Char. (*indignant*) So? Not convenient for her—the girl that loves me, the girl that I love, too? (*pauses, then wildly, with a sly glance at Eutychus*) A pretty dance this fellow leads me! The more fool I, to trust him! (*turning to the slave*) He delays me! I'll on with my cloak again! (*removes his mantle*).
Eut. Do wait a minute and listen to me!
Char. Here, boy, kindly take this mantle! (*passes it over and dons his travelling cloak*)
Eut. My mother's in a terrible rage at my father for having brought a wench into the house right before her face, while she was in the country. She suspects her of being his mistress.
Char. (*taking articles from slave, one by one*) Ah, my belt! (*puts it on*).
Eut. And she's investigating the matter inside there now.
Char. (*growing wilder*) Now I have my sword in hand!
Eut. (*alarmed*) You see, if I should take you in—
Char. Aha! My flask! And now I go! (*strides away*)
Eut. (*running after him*) Wait, Charinus, wait!
Char. You miscalculate, you cannot deceive me!
Eut. Good heavens, no! Nor do I want to!
Char. Then why dost not permit me to continue on my journey?
Eut. (*clutching him*) I won't permit you!
Char. I delay myself! (*to slave*) You, boy! Inside with you, quick, be off! [EXIT *Slave.*
(*tearing himself away, apparently frenzied*) Now have I mounted my car! Now have I reins in hand!

Eut. Sanus non es.
Char. Quin, pedes, vos in curriculum conicitis
in Cyprum recta, quandoquidem pater mihi
exilium parat?
Eut. Stultus es, noli istuc quaeso dicere.
Char. Certum exsequist,
operam ut sumam ad pervestigandum, ubi sit
illaec.
Eut. Quin domist.
Char. Nam hic quod dixit, id mentitust.
Eut. Vera dixi equidem tibi.
Char. Iam Cyprum veni.
Eut. Quin sequere, ut illam videas quam expetis.
Char. Percontatus non inveni.
Eut. Matris iam iram neglego.
Char. Porro proficiscor quaesitum. nunc perveni Chalcidem;
video ibi hospitem Zacyntho, dico quid eo advenerim,
rogito quis eam vexerit, quis habeat si ibi indaudiverit.
Eut. Quin tu istas omittis nugas ac mecum huc intro ambulas?
Char. Hospes respondit, Zacynthi ficos fieri non malas.
Eut. Nil mentitust.
Char. Sed de amica se indaudivisse autumat,
hic Athenis esse.
Eut. Calchas iste quidem Zacynthiust.
Char. Navem conscendo, proficiscor ilico. iam sum domi,
iam redii ex exilio. salve, mi sodalis Eutyche:

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[1] Greek seer at the siege of Troy.

Eut. (*distracted*) You're mad!

Char. Feet, why fling ye not yourselves straight on the course for Cyprus, forasmuch as my father doth doom me to exile?

Eut. You foolish fellow! For mercy's sake, don't talk like that!

Char. I will! I'll carry on! I'll undertake the task of tracing her, where'er she be!

Eut. But she's at home!

Char. For what this man hath said is but a lie!

Eut. I've told you the truth, really I have!

Char. Now am I come to Cyprus!

Eut. (*succumbing in his alarm for Charinus's sanity and going towards his door*) Come on, follow me, and see the girl you're after!

Char. (*hiding a smile*) I have asked for her, but found her not!

Eut. I'll disregard my mother's anger now!

Char. I'll pursue my search still further! Now have I reached Chalcis! There I see a host of mine from Zacynthus; I tell him what has brought me thither, and inquire if he has heard it rumoured who carried her there and who possesses her.

Eut. (*at his door*) Why don't you drop that nonsense and step inside with me?

Char. My host replies that at Zacynthus they grow figs, not bad ones.

Eut. That's no lie.

Char. But as for my sweetheart, he affirms that rumours reached him that she is (*winking covertly at the audience*) here in Athens!

Eut. That Zacynthian is a perfect Calchas.[1]

Char. I embark, I set out forthwith! Now I am at home, now I have returned from exile! (*seizing Eutychus's hand*) Well, well, Eutychus! My dear

ut valuisti? quid parentes mei? valent mater pater?
bene vocas, benigne dicis: cras apud te, nunc domi.
sic decet, sic fieri oportet.
Eut. [1]Eia quae mi somnias! 950
hic homo non sanust.
Char. Medicari amicus quin properas mihi?
Eut. Sequere sis.
Char. Sequor.
Eut. Clementer quaeso, calces deteris, audin tu?
Char. Iam dudum audivi.
Eut. Pacem componi volo meo patri cum matre: nam nunc est irata—
Char. I modo.
Eut. Propter istanc.
Char. I modo.
Eut. Ergo cura.
Char. Quin tu ergo i modo.
tam propitiam reddam, quam quom propitiast Iuno Iovi.

V. 3

Dem. Quasi tu numquam quicquam adsimile huius facti feceris.
Lys. Edepol numquam; cavi ne quid facerem. vix vivo miser.
nam mea uxor propter illam tota in fermento iacet.
Dem. At ego expurigationem habebo, ut ne suscenseat. 960
Lys. Sequere me. sed exeuntem filium video meum.

[1] *Eia quae mi somnias* Ussing; *Eloque ni somnias* MSS.

fellow! How have you been? What of my parents? Are my mother and father well? So good of you to invite me! Much obliged! To-morrow with you, to-day at home. That is the fit and proper programme.

Eut. Dear, dear, what dreams! The man is mad!

Char. Then as a friend, why not hurry up and doctor me?

Eut. (*going inside*) Just you follow me.

Char. (*close after him*) I will!

Eut. (*stopping*) Easy, for heaven's sake! You're walking on my heels! (*looks inside doubtfully*) Listen here, will you?

Char. (*pushing him*) I have listened, this long time!

Eut. (*blocking the door*) I want my father and mother to come to terms. You see, she's angry now—

Char. (*still pushing*) Go along, go along!

Eut. —on account of that girl.

Char. Go along, go along!

Eut. Then you see to it!

Char. Come there, you, go along, go along! I'll make her as gracious to him as Juno is to Jove—when she *is* gracious.

[EXEUNT.

Scene 3. ENTER *Demipho* AND *Lysimachus*.

Dem. Just as if you had never done anything like this!

Lys. Never, by Jove! I've taken care not to do a thing. Damn it, man, I'm nearly dead! Why, my wife's in an awful stew on this girl's account!

Dem. But I'll exonerate you, myself, and calm her down.

Lys. (*going toward his house*) Come on, then. (*stopping, as the door opens*) But I see my son coming out!

V. 4

Eut. Ad patrem ibo, ut matris iram sibi esse sedatam sciat.
iam redeo.

Lys. Placet principium. quid agis? quid fit, Eutyche?

Eut. Optima opportunitate ambo advenistis.

Lys. Quid rei est?

Eut. Vxor tibi placida et placatast. cette dextras nunciam.

Lys. Di me servant.

Eut. Tibi amicam esse nullam nuntio.

Dem. Di te perdant. quid negotist nam, quaeso istuc?

Eut. Eloquar.
animum advortite igitur ambo.

Dem. Quin tibi ambo operam damus.

Eut. Qui bono sunt genere nati, si sunt ingenio malo,
suapte culpa genere sapiunt, genus ingenio improbant. 970

Dem. Verum hic dicit.

Lys. Tibi ergo dicit.

Eut. Eo illud est verum magis.
nam te istac aetate haud aequom filio fuerat tuo
adulescenti amanti amicam eripere emptam argento suo.

Dem. Quid tu ais? Charini amicast illa?

Eut. Vt dissimulat malus.

Dem. Ille quidem illam sese ancillam matri emisse dixerat.

Scene 4. ENTER *Eutychus.*

Eut. (*to those within*) I'll go find my father and let him know that mother has cooled off and isn't angry at him. I'll soon be back.

Lys. (*aside*) That preamble pleases me! (*aloud*) What are you doing? How goes it, Eutychus?

Eut. (*turning*) Here's luck, to have the pair of you appear! (*steps up between them*)

Lys. What's the matter?

Eut. (*to his father, officially*) Your wife, sir, is now placid and placated. Your hands, sirs, at once! (*seizes them*)

Lys. Heaven be praised!

Eut. (*to Demipho*) To you, sir, I announce that you have no mistress.

Dem. (*with a start*) Heaven curse you! Tell me what the devil you mean by that!

Eut. I'll speak out, sirs. Attention, then, the two of you!

Dem. Yes, yes, we're both at your service!

Eut. (*magisterially*) When men of good birth are of an evil bent, though intelligent by birth, they nullify their birth by their bent, and have only themselves to blame for it.

Dem. That's true, what he says.

Lys. Well, you're the man he says it to.

Eut. (*to Demipho*) This makes it all the more true. Why, the impropriety in a man of your age to seize his son's sweetheart, when he's young, and loves her, and had bought her with his own money!

Dem. What's that? She the sweetheart of Charinus?

Eut. (*to his father*) How the villain dissembles!

Dem. But he said he had bought her as a maid for his mother!

Eut. Propterea igitur tu mercatu's, novos amator, vetus puer?
Lys. Optume hercle, perge tu, ego adsistam hinc altrinsecus.
quibus est dictis dignus, usque oneremus ambo.
Dem. Nullus sum.
Lys. Filio suo qui innocenti fecit tantam iniuriam.
Eut. Quem quidem hercle ego, in exilium cum iret, redduxi domum;
nam ibat exulatum.
Dem. An abiit?
Lys. Etiam loquere, larva?
temperare istac aetate istis decebat artibus.
Dem. Fateor, deliqui profecto.
Eut. Etiam loquere, larua?[1]
itidem ut tempus anni, aetatem aliam aliud factum condecet;
nam si istuc ius est, senecta aetate scortari senes,
ubi locist res summa nostra publica?
Dem. Ei, perii miser.
Lys. Adulescentes rei agendae isti magis solent operam dare.
Dem. Iam obsecro hercle vobis habete cum porcis, cum fiscina.
Eut. Redde illi.
Dem. Sibi habeat, iam ut volt per me sibi habeat licet.
Eut. Temperi edepol, quoniam ut aliter facias non est copia.
Dem. Supplici sibi sumat quid volt ipse ob hanc iniuriam,
modo pacem faciatis oro, ut ne mihi iratus siet.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 983[a]:
vacuom esse istac ted aetate his decebat noxiis.

Eut. So that was why you purchased her, young lover? Eh, old boy?

Lys. (*laughing*) A good point, by Jove! Keep it up, lad, I'll station myself on the other side of him! (*doing so*) Let's both give him a good load of the language he deserves!

Dem. (*aside*) It's all over with me!

Lys. To have done such an injury to his own innocent son!

Eut. Heavens, yes! and a son whom I brought back home when he was going into exile! For that's where he was bound!

Dem. (*anxiously*) He hasn't gone?

Lys. Silence, you scarecrow! A man of your years ought to curb those tricks!

Dem. (*humbly*) I admit it, yes, yes, I did wrong!

Eut. Silence, you scarecrow![1] Men's seasons, like the year's, should have their different uses; why, if that's the proper thing—for oldsters to occupy their old age with affairs of gallantry—what'll become of our affairs of state?

Dem. Oh dear me! This is awful!

Lys. That sort of thing is more commonly attended to by the young fellows.

Dem. (*desperate*) Oh, now for God's sake, take her for yourselves, litter, food-basket and all!

Eut. Give her back to him.

Dem. Let him have her, he can have her now to his heart's content, for all I care!

Eut. Timely of you, I must say, now that you have no chance to do otherwise.

Dem. He can punish me just as he pleases for this injury, only do make my peace with him, I beg

[1] v. 983a. : A man of your years ought to keep away from such vices.

si hercle scivissem sive adeo ioculo dixisset mihi,
se illam amare, numquam facerem ut illam amanti
abducerem.
Eutyche, ted oro, sodalis eius es, serva et subveni:
hunc senem para[1] clientem; memorem dices
benefici.

Lys. Ora ut ignoscat delictis tuis atque adulescentiae.

Dem. Pergin tu autem? heia, superbe invehere. spero
ego mihi quoque
tempus tale eventurum, ut tibi gratiam referam
parem.

Lys. Missas iam ego istas artis feci.

Dem. Et quidem ego dehinc iam.

Eut. Nihil agis: 1000
consuetudine animus rursus te huc inducet.

Dem. Obsecro,
satis iam ut habeatis. quin loris caedite etiam, si
lubet.

Lys. Recte dicis. sed istuc uxor faciet, quom hoc
resciverit.

Dem. Nihil opust resciscat.

Eut. Quid istic? non resciscet, ne time.
eamus intro, non utibilest hic locus, factis tuis,
dum memoramus, arbitri ut sint qui praetereant
per vias.

Dem. Hercle qui tu recte dicis: eadem brevior fabula
erit. eamus.

Eut. Hic est intus filius apud nos tuos.

Dem. Optumest. illac per hortum nos domum transi-
bimus.

Lys. Eutyche, hanc volo prius rem agi, quam meum
intro refero pedem. 1010

Eut. Quid istuc est?

[1] Leo brackets following *me*.

you, and don't let him be angry with me! Good heavens, if I had known, or if he had told me even jokingly that he was in love with her, I'd never have done such a thing as to deprive him of the girl he loved. Eutychus, I beseech you—you're his chum—save me, stand by me! Do take an old fellow under your protection; you'll say I remember a kindness.

Lys. (*tittering*) Beg him to overlook the vagaries of your hot young blood.

Dem. (*angry*) So you're still keeping it up? Ugh! The superior way you drop on me! I only hope I get some such opportunity, too, to pay you back in your own coin!

Lys. I have abandoned such pranks by this time.

Dem. (*fervently*) And I, too, from this time on!

Eut. It's no use: long self-indulgence will lead you back to them.

Dem. Oh, for heaven's sake, make an end now! Come on, whip me raw, too, if you like.

Lys. A happy thought! But your wife will attend to that, when she learns about this.

Dem. (*quaking*) There's no need of her learning!

Eut. (*doubtful, then patronizingly*) Oh, very well. She shan't learn of it, don't be scared. Let's go inside: this is not a fit place to discuss your doings for the enlightenment of passers-by.

Dem. Yours is the happy thought, I swear! And that will shorten this play, as well. Let's go.

Eut. Your son's inside here with us.

Dem. Excellent! We'll go home across the garden there.

Lys. (*nervously*) Eutychus, I want this matter settled before I set my foot inside again.

Eut. What do you mean?

Lys. Suam quisque homo rem meminit. responde mihi:
certon scis non suscensere mihi tuam matrem?
Eut. Scio.
Lys. Vide.
Eut. Mea fide.
Lys. Satis habeo. sed quaeso hercle, etiam vide.
Eut. Non mihi credis?
Lys. Immo credo, sed tamen metuo miser.
Dem. Eamus intro.
Eut. Immo dicamus senibus legem censeo,
prius quam abeamus, qua se lege teneant contentique sint.
annos gnatus sexaginta qui erit, si quem scibimus
si maritum sive hercle adeo caelibem scortarier,
cum eo nos hac lege agemus: inscitum arbitrabimur,
et per nos quidem hercle egebit qui suom prodegerit.
neu quisquam posthac prohibeto adulescentem filium
quin amet et scortum ducat, quod bono fiat modo;
siquis prohibuerit, plus perdet clam qua si praehibuerit palam.
haec adeo ut ex hac nocte primum lex teneat senes.
bene valete; atque, adulescentes, haec si vobis lex placet,
ob senum hercle industriam vos aequom est clare plaudere.

Lys. Everyone thinks of his own concerns. Answer me this—do you know for certain your mother isn't angry with me?

Eut. I do.

Lys. (*earnestly*) Think now!

Eut. Upon my word.

Lys. I'm . . . satisfied. But . . . oh, for God's sake, do think again!

Eut. You don't believe me?

Lys. Yes, yes, I believe you, but . . . I am awfully afraid.

Dem. Let's go inside.

Eut. No! (*to the audience*) I move that before we go we frame a law for old men to keep and be kept by. (*formally*) Whatsoever man, having attained his sixtieth year, be he married or—yes, by gad! —be he celibate, shall be known to us to wench, with such man we shall deal in accordance with this law: we shall deem him a dotard, and we do swear, that, so far as in us lies, he who wastes his substance shall come to want. Nor is anyone hereafter to prevent his youthful son from having love affairs and mistresses, within due bounds. Such prevention shall cost him more privily than would open provision of the funds required. And furthermore, old men are to be subject to this law from this night on.

Fare ye well. And hark ye, young men, if this law please you, for the old men's sake, I swear, you should applaud us roundly. [EXEUNT OMNES.

MILES GLORIOSVS

OR

THE BRAGGART WARRIOR

ARGVMENTVM I

Meretricem Athenis Ephesum miles avehit.
Id dum ero amanti servos nuntiare volt
Legato peregre, ipsus captust in mari
Et eidem illi militi dono datust.
Suom arcessit erum Athenis et forat
Geminis communem clam parietem in aedibus,
Licere ut quiret convenire amantibus.
Oberrans custos hos videt de tegulis.
Ridiculis autem, quasi sit alia, luditur.
Itemque impellit militem Palaestrio,
Omissam faciat concubinam, quando ei
Senis vicini cupiat uxor nubere.
Vltro abeat orat, donat multa. ipse in domo
Senis prehensus poenas pro moecho luit.

ARGVMENTVM II

Meretricem ingenuam deperibat mutuo
Atheniensis iuvenis; Naupactum is domo
legatus abiit. miles in eandem incidit,
deportat Ephesum invitam. servos Attici,
ut nuntiaret domino factum, navigat;
capitur, donatur illi captus militi.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

A soldier carries off a courtesan from Athens to Ephesus. Her lover's servant, intending to bring this news to his master, who is abroad on an embassy, is himself captured at sea and given as a gift to that same soldier. Having summoned his master from Athens, he secretly opens a passage in the party wall of the two houses so that the lovers may be allowed to meet. The girl's guard sees them as he is roaming over the roof. But he is hoaxed and humbugged into believing her to be another girl. Palaestrio also induces the soldier to give up his mistress on the score that the wife of the old gentleman next door yearns to marry him. The soldier begs the girl to leave him voluntarily, and lavishes presents on her. Then he himself is caught in the old gentleman's house and comes in for punishment as an adulterer.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

A young Athenian and a free-born courtesan were madly in love with each other; but he left home on an embassy to Naupactus. A soldier falls in with the girl, and against her will carries her off to Ephesus. The Athenian's servant sets sail to inform his master of this fact; he is captured, however, and as a captive is presented to that same soldier. He writes to his master to

ad erum, ut veniret Ephesum, scribit. advolat adulescens, atque in proximo devortitur apud hospitem paternum. medium parietem perfodit servos, commeatus clanculum qua foret amantum. geminam fingit mulieris sororem adesse. mox ei dominus aedium suam clientam sollicitandum ad militem subornat. capitur ille, sperat nuptias, dimittit concubinam et moechus vapulat.

PERSONAE

PYRGOPOLYNICES MILES
ARTOTROGVS PARASITVS
PALAESTRIO SERVVS
PERIPLECTOMENVS SENEX
SCELEDRVS SERVVS
PHILOCOMASIVM MVLIER
PLEVSICLES ADVLESCENS
LVCRIO PVER
ACROTELEVTIVM MERETRIX
MILPHIDIPPA ANCILLA
PVER
CARIO COCVS

come to Ephesus. The young fellow flies there, and puts up at the house next door with a friend of his father. The servant opens up the wall between the houses so that the lovers may have a private passage way. He pretends that the girl's twin sister has come. Then the master of the house provides Palaestrio with a protegée of his own to cajole the soldier. He is taken in, hopes to marry, dismisses his mistress, and is flogged as an adulterer.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PYRGOPOLYNICES, *a soldier.*
ARTOTROGUS, *his parasite.*
PALAESTRIO, *slave of Pleusicles.*
PERIPLECTOMENUS, *an old gentleman of Ephesus.*
SCELEDRUS, *slave of Pyrgopolynices.*
PHILOCOMASIUM, *a girl abducted by Pyrgopolynices.*
PLEUSICLES, *a young Athenian.*
LUCRIO, *slave of Pyrgopolynices.*
ACROTELEUTIUM, *a courtesan.*
MILPHIDIPPA, *her maid.*
A SLAVE BOY, *belonging to Periplectomenus.*
CARIO, *Periplectomenus's cook.*

ACTVS I

Pyrg. Curate ut splendor meo sit clupeo clarior
quam solis radii esse olim quom sudumst solent,
ut, ubi usus veniat, contra conserta manu
praestringat oculorum aciem in acie hostibus.
nam ego hanc machaeram mihi consolari volo,
ne lamentetur neve animum despondeat,
quia se iam pridem feriatam gestitem,
quae misera gestit fartem[1] facere ex hostibus.
sed ubi Artotrogus hic est?

Art. Stat propter virum
fortem atque fortunatum et forma regia;
tum bellatorem—Mars haud ausit dicere
neque aequiperare suas virtutes ad tuas.

Pyrg. Quemne ego servavi in campis Curculioniis,
ubi Bumbomachides Clutomistaridysarchides
erat imperator summus, Neptuni nepos?

Art. Memini. nempe illum dicis cum armis aureis,
cuius tu legiones difflavisti spiritu,
quasi ventus folia aut paniculum tectorium.

Pyrg. Istuc quidem edepol nihil est.

[1] *furtem* Skutsch : *gestitet fratrem* CDB^2.

Scene :—Ephesus. A street in which are the adjoining houses of Pyrgopolynices and Periplectomenus.

ACT I

ENTER *Pyrgopolynices* FROM HIS HOUSE, ATTENDED BY *Artotrogus* AND ORDERLIES, THE LATTER CARRYING A TREMENDOUS SHIELD.

rgopolynices (*to orderlies, as he struts back and forth, Artotrogus mimicking him at his heels*) Mind ye make my buckler's sheen outshine the wonted radiance of the sun in cloudless sky, that, when 'tis needed in the fray, its rays may dazzle the array of foes that face me. (*contemplating his sword*) Verily would I comfort this blade of mine, lest he lament and pine at lingering idle by my side so long, when he doth long, poor lad, to slash to shreds our foemen. (*halting*) But whereabout here is Artotrogus ?

otrogus (*popping out from behind, with a covert wink at the orderlies*) Here, sir, beside our hero bold and blest and of princely bearing ! While as a warrior—Mars would not presume to call himself your peer, or match his powers with yours.

g. (*sublimely reminiscent*) Who was the wight I succoured at Weevil Field, where the commander in chief was Battleboomski Mightimercenarimuddlekin, the grandson of Neptune ?

I remember, sir. Of course you mean that one with the golden armour whose legions you puffed away with a breath, much as the wind does with leaves, or a thatch roof ?

g. Oh, a mere nothing, that, really !

Art. Nihil hercle hoc quidemst
praeut alia dicam—quae tu numquam feceris.
periuriorem hoc hominem si quis viderit
aut gloriarum pleniorem quam illic est,
me sibi habeto, ego me mancupio dabo;
nisi unum, epityrum estur insanum bene.
Pyrg. Vbi tu es?
Art. Eccum. edepol vel elephanto in India,
quo pacto ei pugno praefregisti bracchium.
Pyrg. Quid, bracchium?
Art. Illud dicere volui, femur.
Pyrg. At indiligenter iceram.
Art. Pol si quidem
conisus esses, per corium, per viscera
perque os elephanti transmineret bracchium.
Pyrg. Nolo istaec hic nunc.
Art. Ne hercle operae pretium quidemst
mihi te narrare tuas qui virtutes sciam.
venter creat omnis hasce aerumnas: auribus
peraurienda sunt, ne dentes dentiant,
et adsentandumst quidquid hic mentibitur.
Pyrg. Quid illuc quod dico?
Art. Ehem, scio iam quid vis dicere.
factum hercle est, memini fieri.
Pyrg. Quid id est?
Art. Quidquid est.
Pyrg. Habes—
Art. Tabellas vis rogare? habeo, et stilum.

rt. Begad, sir! It really was a mere nothing compared with other deeds I could mention—(*aside*) that you never did. (*to audience, disgustedly, as the soldier stalks magnificently about*) If anyone ever saw a bigger liar and more colossal braggart than this fellow, he can have me for his own with full legal rights. (*reflectively*) But there's one thing about it—his olive compote does make elegant eating.

yrg. (*turning, expecting to find Artotrogus at his heels*) Where are you?

rt. (*hopping over behind him*) Here, sir! And that elephant in India, for instance! My word, sir! How your fist did smash his forearm to flinders!

yrg. Eh? Arm?

rt. His foreleg, I should say, sir.

yrg. 'Twas but a careless tap.

rt. Lord, yes, sir! If you had really made an effort, your arm would have clean transperforated the beast, hide, flesh, bone, and all.

yrg. Enough now of these trifles.

rt. Bless your soul, sir, it really isn't worth while to recount your daring deeds to me who know of them. (*to audience, as Pyrgopolynices resumes his parade*) It's my belly brings all these afflictions on me—I must 'ear him through with my ears, or my teeth will have nothing to teethe on. I've got to agree to any lie he tells.

rg. (*meditatively*) What was I about to say?

t. Aha, sir! I know what it was already! By Jove, sir, so you did! I remember you did!

rg. Did what?

t. (*somewhat embarrassed*) Er—whatever you did, sir.

rg. Have you——

t. Writing tablets, sir? Is that what you want? I have, sir, and a stilus, too. (*shows them*).

Pyrg. Facete advortis tuom animum ad animum meum.
Art. Novisse mores tuos me meditate decet
curamque adhibere, ut praeolat mihi quod tu velis.
Pyrg. Ecquid meministi?
Art. Memini: centum in Cilicia
et quinquaginta, centum in Scytholatronia,
triginta Sardos, sexaginta Macedones
[1]sunt homines quos tu occidisti uno die.
Pyrg. Quanta istaec hominum summast?
Art. Septem milia.
Pyrg. Tantum esse oportet. recte rationem tenes.
Art. At nullos habeo scriptos: sic memini tamen.
Pyrg. Edepol memoria es optuma.
Art. Offae monent.
Pyrg. Dum tale facies quale adhuc, assiduo edes,
communicabo semper te mensa mea.
Art. Quid in Cappadocia, ubi tu quingentos simul,
ni hebes machaera foret, uno ictu occideras?
Pyrg. At peditastelli quia erant, sivi viverent.
Art. Quid tibi ego dicam, quod omnes mortales sciunt,
Pyrgopolynicem te unum in terra vivere
virtute et forma et factis invictissumum?
amant ted omnes mulieres, neque iniuria,
qui sis tam pulcher; vel illae quae here pallio
me reprehenderunt.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *omnes* Studemund.

yrg. (*graciously*) Thou art expert in fitting thy mind to mine.

rt. It behooves me to study and understand your ways, sir, and to take care to scent your wishes before you speak.

yrg. (*with clearly assumed indifference*) So you remember, eh?

rt. Indeed I do, sir. (*calculating*) One hundred and fifty in Cilicia . . . . a hundred in . . . . Jugotheevia . . . . thirty Sardians . . . . . sixty Macedonians—that's the list of the men you slew in a single day, sir.

yrg. The sum total being what?

rt. Seven thousand, sir.

yrg. (*reflecting*) Yes, it should come to that. Your computation is correct.

rt. I have none of it written down, either, sir. Even so, I remember, just the same.

yrg. Upon my soul, you have a splendid memory.

rt. (*aside*) Victuals jog it.

yrg. Provided you conduct yourself as hitherto, you shall eat incessantly, and always share my table with me.

rt. (*reinvigorated*) And how about that time in Cappadocia, sir, when you would have slain five hundred men all at one stroke, if your sword had not been dull?

yrg. Ah, well, they were but beggarly infantry fellows, so I let them live.

rt. Why should I tell you, sir, what the whole world knows—that you are the one and only Pyrgopolynices on earth, peerless in valour, in aspect, and in doughty deeds? All the women love you, sir, and you can't blame them, when you're so handsome. Those girls, for instance, that caught me from behind by the cloak, only yesterday.

Pyrg. Quid eae dixerunt tibi?
Art. Rogitabant: "hicine Achilles est?" inquit mihi.
"immo eius frater" inquam "est." ibi illarum altera
"ergo mecastor pulcher est" inquit mihi
"et liberalis. vide caesaries quam decet.
ne illae sunt fortunatae quae cum isto cubant."
Pyrg. Itane aibant tandem?
Art. Quaen me ambae obsecraverint,
ut te hodie quasi pompam illa praeterducerem?
Pyrg. Nimiast miseria nimis pulchrum esse hominem.
Art. Immo itast.
molestae sunt: orant, ambiunt, exobsecrant
videre ut liceat, ad sese arcessi iubent,
ut tuo non liceat dare operam negotio.
Pyrg. Videtur tempus esse, ut eamus ad forum,
ut in tabellis quos consignavi hic heri
latrones, ibus denumerem stipendium.
nam rex Seleucus me opere oravit maxumo,
ut sibi latrones cogerem et conscriberem.
regi hunc diem mihi operam decretumst dare.
Art. Age eamus ergo.
Pyrg. Sequimini, satellites.

ACTVS II

Pal. Mihi ad enarrandum hoc argumentum est comitas,
si ad auscultandum vostra erit benignitas;

Pyrg. (*with laborious unconcern*) What did they say to you?

Art. They kept asking about you, sir. "Is he Achilles?" says one of 'em. "No, his brother," says I. "Goodness gracious! That's why he's such a fine, handsome gentleman," says the other one. "Just see what lovely hair he has. My! but the girls that cuddle him are lucky!"

Pyrg. (*giving his cloak a rakish hitch*) So they really said that, eh?

Art. Well, sir, didn't the both of them implore me to lead you past there to-day, just as if you were a parade?

Pyrg. (*trying to yawn*) It really is such an affliction to be so handsome.

Art. Yes, indeed, sir. The women are a nuisance, with their teasing, soliciting, exsupplicating me to let 'em see you, and sending for me so much that I can't attend to your affairs, sir.

Pyrg. (*with an effort*) Well, it seems to be time for us to go to the forum, so that I may pay the recruits whom I enlisted here yesterday. King Seleucus, you know, begged me most urgently to raise and enrol recruits for him. I have determined to devote this day to obliging the king.

Art. Come, then, sir, let us be going.

Pyrg. (*to orderlies*) Attend me, minions! (*sweeps off, Artotrogus and the orderlies mimicking his stately pace*).

ACT II

ENTER *Palaestrio* FROM THE HOUSE OF *Pyrgopolynices*.

Palaestrio (*to audience, pompously*) I intend to do you the courtesy of outlining the plot of this play, if you will do me the kindness of listening. However,

qui autem auscultare nolet, exsurgat foras,
ut sit ubi sedeat ille qui auscultare volt.
nunc qua adsedistis causa in festivo loco,
comoediai quam nos acturi sumus
et argumentum et nomen vobis eloquar.
Alazon Graece huic nomen est comoediae,
id nos Latine gloriosum dicimus.
hoc oppidum Ephesust; illest miles meus erus,
qui hinc ad forum abiit, gloriosus, impudens,
stercoreus, plenus periuri atque adulteri.
ait sese ultro omnis mulieres sectarier:
is deridiculost, quaqua incedit, omnibus.
itaque hic meretrices, labiis dum ductant eum,
maiorem partem videas valgis saviis.
nam ego hau diu apud hunc servitutem servio;
id volo vos scire, quo modo ad hunc devenerim
in servitutem ab eo cui servivi prius.
date operam, nam nunc argumentum exordiar.
erat erus Athenis mihi adulescens optumus;
is amabat meretricem acre[1] Athenis Atticis,
et illa illum contra; qui est amor cultu optumus.
is publice legatus Naupactum fuit
magnai rei publicai gratia.
interibi hic miles forte Athenas advenit,
insinuat sese ad illam amicam eri;[2]
occepit eius matri suppalparier
vino, ornamentis opiparisque obsoniis,
itaque intimum ibi se miles apud lenam facit.
ubi primum evenit militi huic occasio,
sublinit os illi lenae, matri mulieris,
quam erus meus amabat; nam is illius filiam

[1] *acre* Tyrrell: *matre* MSS.
[2] Corrupt (Leo): ⟨*mei*⟩ *eri* Lindsay.

he who does not care to listen may arise and leave, so that there may be a seat for him who does. (*pauses, with a glare ready for fugitives*) Now as to the reason for your assembling in this place of mirth, I shall acquaint you with the plot and name of the comedy we are about to act. The Greek name of this comedy is Alazon, a word which we translate as Braggart. This town is Ephesus. That soldier who left here for the forum is my master, a bragging, brazen, stercoraceous fellow, full of lies and lechery. He says that all the women insist on running after him. The fact is, wherever he struts, he is the laughing-stock of them all. Why, the harlots here make such faces at him, that most of them, you can see, have bowlegged lips. (*tries to laugh contagiously*)

Now I have not been serving long in his service, myself; and I want you to know how I came to be his servant and left my former service. Attention, please, for now I begin with the plot.

I had a master at Athens, a splendid young gentleman. He was madly in love with a courtesan in Athens, Athens in Attica, and she with him—which is the sweetest kind of love affair to have. Now he was sent as a public commissioner to Naupactus on a matter of public importance. This soldier, meanwhile, chancing to come to Athens, wormed his way into an acquaintance with that mistress of my master, and began to wheedle her mother with his wine and gewgaws and costly catering, till he got to be on very good terms with the old bawd there. But the moment his chance came our soldier played a game on the bawd—the mother of the girl my master loved

conicit in navem miles clam matrem suam,
eamque huc invitam mulierem in Ephesum advehit.
ubi amicam erilem Athenis avectam scio,
ego quantum vivos possum mihi navem paro,
inscendo, ut eam rem Naupactum ad erum nuntiem.
ubi sumus provecti in altum, fit quod di volunt,
capiunt praedones navem illam ubi vectus fui:
prius perii quam ad erum veni, quo ire occeperam.
ille qui me cepit dat me huic dono militi.
hic postquam in aedis me ad se deduxit domum,
video illam amicam erilem, Athenis quae fuit.
ubi contra aspexit me, oculis mihi signum dedit,
ne se appellarem; deinde, postquam occasio est,
conqueritur mecum mulier fortunas suas:
ait sese Athenas fugere cupere ex hac domu,
sese illum amare meum erum, Athenis qui fuit,
neque peius quemquam odisse quam istum militem.
ego quoniam inspexi mulieris sententiam,
cepi tabellas, consignavi, clanculum
dedi mercatori cuidam, qui ad illum deferat
meum erum, qui Athenis fuerat, qui hanc amaverat,
ut is huc veniret. is non sprevit nuntium;
nam et venit et is in proximo hic devertitur
apud suom paternum hospitem, lepidum senem;
isque illi amanti suo hospiti morem gerit
nosque opera consilioque adhortatur, iuvat.
itaque ego paravi hic intus magnas machinas,
qui amantis una inter se facerem convenas.
... unum conclave, concubinae quod dedit
miles, quo nemo nisi eapse inferret pedem,
in eo conclavi ego perfodi parietem,

—by spiriting away her daughter, clapping her aboard ship, and carrying her off to Ephesus here against her will.

As for me, when I learned my master's mistress had been carried away from Athens, I got me a ship as fast as I knew how, and embarked to take the news to my master at Naupactus. Once out at sea, the gods saw fit for pirates to capture the ship that carried me. There I was, dished, before I had reached the master I was bound for!

My captor made this soldier a present of me. On being taken to his house by him, whom did I see but that sweetheart of master's who had been at Athens! When she spied me in front of her, she signalled me with her eyes not to speak her name; and then, when a chance came, she told me how unhappy she was, saying she longed to escape from this house to Athens, loving that man who had been my master at Athens as she did, and loathing no one worse than that soldier.

When I perceived how she felt, I got some tablets, sealed a letter, and gave it on the sly to a certain merchant to carry to that master of mine who had lived at Athens and loved her, so as to get him here. The message was not disregarded by him, for here he is, and in this house next door, too, (*pointing*) stopping with a friend of his father's, a delightful old gentleman, who is seconding his guest in his love affair and giving us every encouragement and help in word and deed. In consequence, I have got up a splendid scheme inside here for letting the lovers meet and be together. You see the soldier gave his girl one room in which no one but herself was to set foot, and I dug a hole through the wall of this room, so

qua commeatus clam esset hinc huc mulieri;
et sene sciente hoc feci: is consilium dedit.
nam meus conservos est homo haud magni preti,
quem concubinae miles custodem addidit.
ei nos facetis fabricis et doctis dolis
glaucumam ob oculos obiciemus eumque ita
faciemus ut quod viderit ne viderit.
et mox ne erretis, haec duarum hodie vicem
suam et hinc et illinc mulier feret imaginem,
atque eadem erit, verum alia esse adsimulabitur.
ita sublinetur os custodi mulieris.
sed foris concrepuit hinc a vicino sene;
ipse exit: hic illest lepidus quem dixi senex.

II. 2.

Per. Ni hercle diffregeritis talos posthac quemque in tegulis
videritis alienum, ego vostra faciam latera lorea.
mi equidem iam arbitri vicini sunt, meae quid fiat domi,
ita per impluvium intro spectant. nunc adeo edico omnibus:
quemque a milite hoc videritis hominem in nostris tegulis,
extra unum Palaestrionem, huc deturbatote in viam.
quod ille gallinam aut columbam se sectari aut simiam
dicat, disperiistis ni usque ad mortem male mulcassitis.
atque adeo ut ne legi fraudem faciant aleariae,
adcuratote ut sine talis domi agitent convivium.

providing a secret passage for her from this house (*pointing*) into that one. And this with the old gentleman's knowledge—in fact, at his suggestion.

Now, the fellow-servant of mine that the soldier set on guard over the girl is no good at all. What with our clever hocus-pocus and canny flimflam, we shall throw dust in his eyes and make him fail to see what he does see. And just to keep you from confusion later on, this girl (*pointing to the soldier's house*) will soon take the parts of two girls, appearing as one from this house, and one from (*pointing to the house of Periplectomenus*) that—the same girl, mind you, but pretending to be another one. That is how her guard will be made game of. (*listening and looking*) But I hear a noise at our old neighbour's door! He is coming out, himself. (*to audience*) This is that delightful old gentleman I was speaking of. (*steps aside*)

cene 2. ENTER *Periplectomenus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Periplectomenus (*to slaves within*) By the Lord, if after this you don't break the legs of every outsider you see on our roof, I'll make rawhide of your ribs! The idea of my neighbours witnessing what goes on in my house by looking in through the skylight in that way! Now mark my words, all of you! Whoever you see from that soldier's house on our roof, with the one exception of Palaestrio, pitch him off into the street! And as for his saying he's chasing a hen, or a dove, or a monkey —you're dead men, if you don't cudgel him till he's a corpse. And furthermore, just to keep them from breaking the Dicing Act, see to it that when they give a party there's not a set of bones amongst 'em!

Pal. Nescio quid malefactum a nostra hic familiast, quantum audio:
ita hic senex talos elidi iussit conservis meis;
sed me excepit: nihili facio, quid illis faciat ceteris.
adgrediar hominem.
Per. Estne advorsum hic qui advenit Palaestrio?
Pal. Quid agis, Periplectomene?
Per. Hau multos homines, si optandum foret, nunc videre et convenire quam te mavellem.
Pal. Quid est? quid tumultuas cum nostra familia?
Per. Occisi sumus.
Pal. Quid negotist?
Per. Res palamst.
Pal. Quae res palamst?
Per. De tegulis modo nescio quis inspectavit vestrum familiarium per nostrum impluvium intus apud nos Philocomasium atque hospitem osculantis.
Pal. Quis homo id vidit?
Per. Tuos conservos.
Pal. Quis is homost?
Per. Nescio, ita abripuit repente sese subito.
Pal. Suspicor me periisse.
Per. Vbi abit, conclamo: "heus quid agis tu" inquam "in tegulis?"
ille mihi abiens ita respondit "se sectari simiam."
Pal. Vae mihi misero, quoi pereundumst propter nihili bestiam.
sed Philocomasium hicine etiam nunc est?
Per. Quom exibam, hic erat.

Pal. (*aside*) Someone from our house has been up to some mischief or other, I take it, since our old friend commands 'em to crush my fellow-servants' bones. He excepted me, though. Little I care what he does to the rest of 'em. I'll up to him. (*advances*)

Per. (*seeing him*) Isn't that Palaestrio coming towards me?

Pal. How goes it, Periplectomenus, sir?

Per. There aren't many men I had rather see and meet now than you, if I had my choice.

Pal. What's the matter? What are you squabbling with our people for, sir?

Per. We're done for!

Pal. What's the trouble?

Per. It's all out.

Pal. What's all out?

Per. Someone or other from your house just now looked in from the roof through our skylight and saw Philocomasium and my guest inside here kissing each other.

Pal. Who was it saw them?

Per. A fellow-servant of yours.

Pal. Who was he?

Per. I don't know. He darted off like a shot, all of a sudden.

Pal. (*dryly*) Methinks I am done for!

Per. I yelled at him as he went. "Hey!" says I, "What are you doing on the roof?" "Chasing a monkey," says he, and disappears.

Pal. It's damned hard luck to see myself done for all on account of a worthless beast! But Philocomasium—is she still here? (*pointing to Periplectomenus's house*)

Per. She was when I came out.

Pal. I sis, iube transire huc quantum possit, se ut videant domi
familiares, nisi quidem illa nos volt, qui servi sumus,
propter amorem suom omnes crucibus contubernales dari.
Per. Dixi ego istuc; nisi quid aliud vis.
Pal. Volo. hoc ei dicito:
profecto ut ne quoquam de ingenio degrediatur muliebri
earumque artem et disciplinam optineat colere.
Per. Quem ad modum?
Pal. Vt eum, qui hic se vidit, verbis vincat, ne is se viderit.
siquidem centiens hic visa sit, tamen infitias eat.
os habet, linguam, perfidiam, malitiam atque audaciam,
confidentiam, confirmitatem, fraudulentiam.
qui arguat se, eum contra vincat iureiurando suo: 190
domi habet animum falsiloquom, falsificum, falsiiurium,
domi dolos, domi delenifica facta, domi fallacias.
nam mulier holitori numquam supplicat, si quast mala:
domi habet hortum et condimenta ad omnis mores maleficos.
Per. Ego istaec, si erit hic, nuntiabo. sed quid est, Palaestrio,
quod volutas tute tecum in corde?
Pal. Paulisper tace,
dum ego mihi consilia in animum convoco et dum consulo
quid agam, quem dolum doloso contra conservo parem,
qui illam hic vidit osculantem, id visum ut ne visum siet.

al. Please go tell her to go over to our house, sir, as fast as she can, so that folks there can see that she's at home—that is, unless she wants her love affair to cause all us slaves to be made Companions of the Cross.

er. Consider her told. Anything else before I go?

al. Yes, sir. Tell her this—she must be sure not to depart one inch from women's ways, but abide strictly by their tactics and training.

er. How do you mean?

al. So as to persuade the servant that saw her he didn't see her. No matter if she were seen here a hundred times, she must deny it just the same. She's cheeky and glib and crooked, with plenty of shrewdness and nerve; she's full of intrepidity, indomitability, fraudulency. If anyone accuses her, she's to turn on him and out-swear him. She's stocked with smooth talk, smooth tricks, and smooth oaths, stocked with wiles, stocked with wheedling ways, stocked with humbug. I tell you, sir, a woman never applies to a coster-monger, if she's full of the devil; she has her own stock of garden stuff, and all the sauces, for dishing up every kind of deviltry.

r. I'll take this message to her, if she is here. (*seeing Palaestrio is lost in meditation*) But what are you communing with yourself about, Palaestrio?

l. Keep still a moment, sir, while I call my wits to council and confer as to what to do and how to take my turn at tricking that tricky fellow servant of mine that saw her kissing here, so as to make what was seen unseen.

Per. Quaere: ego hinc abscessero aps te huc interim.
illuc sis vide,
quem ad modum adstitit, severo fronte curans
cogitans.
pectus digitis pultat, cor credo evocaturust foras;
ecce avortit: nixus laevo in femine habet laevam
manum,
dextera digitis rationem computat, ferit femur
dexterum. ita vehementer icit: quod agat aegre
suppetit.
concrepuit digitis: laborat; crebro commutat
status,
eccere autem capite nutat: non placet quod
repperit.
quidquid est, incoctum non expromet, bene coctum
dabit.
ecce autem aedificat: columnam mento suffigit
suo.
apage, non placet profecto mi illaec aedificatio;
nam os columnatum poetae esse indaudivi barbaro,
cui bini custodes semper totis horis occubant.
euge, euscheme hercle astitit et dulice et comoe-
dice;
numquam hodie quiescet prius quam id quod petit
perfecerit.
habet opinor. age si quid agis, vigila, ne somno
stude,
nisi quidem hic agitare mavis varius virgis vigilias.
tibi ego dico. an heri maduisti? heus te adloquor,
Palaestrio:
vigila inquam, expergiscere inquam, lucet hoc
inquam.

[1] An allusion to the Roman (*barbaro*) poet Naevius, imprisoned for lampooning the aristocracy.
[2] His chains.

Per. Think it out. I'll step over here in the meanwhile. (*moves away and amusedly watches Palaestrio at his gesticulations*) Just look at him, how he stands there with bent brow, considering and cogitating. He's tapping his chest with his fingers. Intends to summon forth his intelligence, I suppose. Aha! Turns away! Rests his left hand on his left thigh, and reckons on the fingers of his right hand. Gives his right thigh a smack! A lusty whack—his plan of action is having a hard birth. Snaps his fingers! He's in distress. Constantly changes his position! Look there, though; he's shaking his head—that idea won't do! He won't take it out half baked, whatever it is, but give it to us done to a turn. Look, though! (*as Palaestrio rests his chin on his hand*) He's building—supporting his chin with a pillar. None of that! I don't fancy that sort of building, not for a minute. For I happen to have heard that a foreign poet[1] has a pillared face and a couple of custodians[2] always lying on him hour after hour. (*as Palaestrio takes a new attitude*) Glorious! A graceful pose, indeed! Just like the slaves in the comedies! Never will he rest this day till what he wants is all worked out. (*Palaestrio suddenly seems illumined*) He's got it, I do believe! (*aloud, impatiently, as Palaestrio's light seems to fail*) If you're going to do anything, do it! Wake up, don't settle down to a snooze—that is, unless you prefer to stand watch here pummeled to a piece of patchwork. I say, you! You didn't get drunk yesterday, did you? Hey! I'm talking to you, Palaestrio! Wake up, I tell you! Stir yourself, I tell you! It's morning, I tell you!

Pal. Audio.
Per. Viden hostis tibi adesse tuoque tergo obsidium? consule,
arripe opem auxiliumque ad hanc rem: propere hoc, non placide decet.
anteveni aliqua aut tu aliquosum circumduce exercitum,
coge in obsidium perduellis, nostris praesidium para;
interclude inimicis commeatum, tibi muni viam
qua cibatus commeatusque ad te et legiones tuas
tuto possit pervenire: hanc rem age, res subitaria est.[1]
tu unus si recipere hoc ad te dicis, confidentiast
nos inimicos profligare posse.
Pal. Dico et recipio ad me.
Per. Et ego impetrare dico id quod petis.
Pal. At te Iuppiter bene amet.
Per. Auden participare me quod commentu's?
Pal. Tace,
dum in regionem astutiarum mearum te induco, ut scias
iuxta mecum mea consilia.
Per. Salva sumes indidem.
Pal. Erus meus elephanti corio circumtentust, non suo,
neque habet plus sapientiai quam lapis.
Per. Ego istuc scio.
Pal. Nunc sic rationem incipisso, hanc instituam astutiam,

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 226–228:
reperi, comminiscere, cedo calidum consilium cito,
quae hic sunt visa ut visa ne sint, facta ut facta ne sient.
magnam illic homo rem incipissit, magna munit moenia.

al. (*still preoccupied*) I hear, sir.

er. Don't you see that the enemy are upon you and endangering your rear? Lay your plans![1] Get hold of help and support to meet the crisis. This is a time for doing, not dreaming! Steal a march on them in some way, or encircle 'em with your army somehow. Aid our men, and ambuscade our foemen! Cut off the enemy's supplies, secure your line of march so that stores and supplies can come to you and your troops in safety. Act! Quick action's called for! Just you say you'll take charge of operations yourself, and I'm confident we can overthrow our foes.

al. (*sublimely*) I do say so. I do take charge.

er. (*clapping him on the back*) And I say you will obtain what you want.

al. And you, sir, may God bless you!

er. Won't you impart your scheme to me?

al. (*magnificent*) Silence, sir, while I conduct you into the purlieus of my machinations, that you may know my plans as well as I.

er. You shall have them back from me intact.

al. Now, sir, my master is circumcompassed with an elephant's hide, not a human being's, and he has no more sense than a stone.

er. I know that, myself.

al. Now this is the way I'll work it, sir; here's the machination I'll set agoing. I'll say that Philoco-

[1] Vv. 226–228: Hit on something, use your wits, come, produce some plan of campaign piping hot, so that what's been seen will be unseen, and what's done undone. (*aside*) The fellow's at something big. It's a big barricade he's building.

ut Philocomasio huc sororem geminam germanam alteram
dicam Athenis advenisse cum amatore aliquo suo,
tam similem, quam lacte lactist; apud te eos hic devortier
dicam hospitio.

Per. Euge euge, lepide, laudo commentum tuom.

Pal. Vt si illic concriminatus sit advorsum militem
meus conservos, eam vidisse hic cum alieno oscularier,
eam arguam vidisse apud te contra conservom meum
cum suo amatore amplexantem atque osculantem.

Per. Immo optume.
idem ego dicam, si ex me exquiret miles.

Pal. Sed simillimas
dicito esse, et Philocomasio id praecipiendum est ut sciat,
ne titubet, si exquiret ex ea miles.

Per. Nimis doctum dolum.
sed si ambas videre in uno miles concilio volet,
quid agimus?

Pal. Facilest: trecentae possunt causae conligi:
"non domist, abiit ambulatum, dormit, ornatur, lavat,
prandet, potat: occupatast, operae non est, non potest,"
quantum vis prolationum, dum modo hunc prima via
inducamus, vera ut esse credat quae mentibimur.

Per. Placet ut dicis.

Pal. Intro abi ergo, et si isti est mulier, eam iube
cito domum transire, atque haec ei dice monstra praecipe,
ut teneat consilia nostra, quem ad modum exorsi sumus,
de gemina sorore.

masium's own twin sister has arrived from Athens with some lover of hers, and that she and Philocomasium are as much alike as two drops of milk. I'll say they're being entertained at your house here.

Per. Fine! Fine! Glorious! That's a great idea!

Pal. So if that fellow servant of mine goes to the soldier charging her with the fact that he saw her kissing a stranger here (*indicating Periplectomenus's house*) I'll rebut him, claiming that the fellow saw this sister at your house hugging and kissing her own lover.

Per. Wonderful, wonderful And I'll tell the same story, in case the soldier questions me.

Pal. But tell him they're absolutely alike, sir. And Philocomasium must be warned, so that she'll know about this and not make any slip, in case the soldier questions her.

Per. A very shrewd scheme, indeed! But if the soldier wants to see them both together, what then?

Pal. That's easy, sir. Hundreds of excuses can be evolved:—"She's not at home . . . she's out for a walk . . . she's asleep . . . dressing . . . bathing . . . dining . . . at a party . . . she's busy . . . not at leisure . . . it's impossible." You can put him off in any number of ways, so long as we get him started right—believing the lies we tell him.

Per. Yes, that sounds good.

Pal. Go in, then, sir, and if the girl's there, bid her go over home at once. And tell her about this, inform and instruct her fully, so that she'll understand this plan we're setting on foot, about her twin sister.

Per. Docte tibi illam perdoctam dabo.
numquid aliud?
Pal. Intro ut abeas.
Per. Abeo.
Pal. Et quidem ego ibo domum
atque hominem investigando operam huic dissimulabiliter dabo,
qui fuerit conservos qui hodie sit sectatus simiam.
nam ille non potuit quin sermone suo aliquem familiarium
participaverit de amica eri, sese vidisse eam
hic in proximo osculantem cum alieno adulescentulo.
novi morem: egomet tacere nequeo solus quod scio.
si invenio qui vidit, ad eum vineas pluteosque agam:
res paratast, vi pugnandoque hominem caperest certa res.
si ita non reperio, ibo odorans quasi canis venaticus,
usque donec persecutus volpem ero vestigiis.
sed fores crepuerunt nostrae, ego voci moderabor meae;
nam illic est Philocomasio custos meus conservos qui it foras.

II. 3.

Scel. Nisi quidem ego hodie ambulavi dormiens in tegulis,
certo edepol scio me vidisse hic proxumae viciniae
Philocomasium erilem amicam sibi malam rem quaerere.
Pal. Hic illam vidit osculantem, quantum hunc audivi loqui.
Scel. Quis hic est?
Pal. Tuos conservos. quid agis, Sceledre?
Scel. Te, Palaestrio, volup est convenisse.

Per. I'll give you a girl who's coached and coached completely. Anything else?

Pal. Just that you go in, sir.

Per. I am going. [EXIT.

Pal. And I'll go home, too, and do the old gentleman a good turn, surreptitiously, by tracking down that fellow servant of mine who chased the monkey to-day. For he couldn't have helped talking and letting someone of the household share his news about master's mistress, how he saw her and a strange young fellow kissing each other here next door. I know their way—"Why, I just can't keep a secret all to myself." If I find the chap that saw her, I'll at him with mantlet and siege-shed. I'm ready for action, determined to take him by storm and assault. If I don't discover him in that way, I'll go sniffing about like a hound till I've followed the fox up by his track. (*listening*) But our door creaked! I must lower my voice. (*Sceledrus appears in the doorway*) Aha! It's my fellow servant, Philocomasium's guard, that's coming out. (*steps back*)

Scene 3. ENTER *Sceledrus*, WORRIED AND PERPLEXED.

Scel. Now if I wasn't walking on the roof in my sleep to-day, I'm positive, positive, by gad, that I did see master's mistress, Philocomasium, next door here looking for trouble!

Pal. (*in a low tone*) He's the chap that saw her kissing, from what I heard him say!

Scel. (*hearing a voice*) Who's that?

Pal. (*advancing*) Your fellow servant. How goes it, Sceledrus?

Scel. Oh, Palaestrio, I'm awfully glad to meet you!

Pal. Quid iam? aut quid negotist? fac sciam.
Scel. Metuo—
Pal. Quid metuis?
Scel. Ne hercle hodie, quantum hic familiariumst, maxumum in malum cruciatumque insuliamus.
Pal. Tu sali solus, nam ego istam insulturam et desulturam nil moror.
Scel. Nescis tu fortasse, apud nos facinus quod natumst novom.
Pal. Quod id est facinus?
Scel. Impudicum.
Pal. Tute scias soli tibi, mihi ne dixis, scire nolo.
Scel. Non enim faciam quin scias. simiam hodie sum sectatus nostram in horum tegulis.
Pal. Edepol, Sceledre, homo sectatu's nihili nequam bestiam.
Scel. Di te perdant.
Pal. Te istuc aequom—quoniam occepisti, eloqui.
Scel. Forte fortuna per impluvium huc despexi in proxumum, atque ego illi aspicio osculantem Philocomasium cum altero nescio quo adulescente.
Pal. Quod ego, Sceledre, scelus ex te audio?
Scel. Profecto vidi.
Pal. Tutin?
Scel. Egomet duobus his oculis meis.
Pal. Abi, non verisimile dicis, neque vidisti.
Scel. Num tibi lippus videor?
Pal. Medicum istuc tibi meliust percontarier.

Pal. How is that? What is the matter? Let me know.
Sceled. (*looking about cautiously*) I'm afraid——
Pal. Afraid of what?
Sceled. Oh Lord! That all sorts of trouble and torture are what every one of us slaves here is in for to-day!
Pal. (*coldly*) In by yourself, then! No such innings or outings for me!
Sceled. I daresay you don't know about the horrible, unheard of thing that has happened at our house.
Pal. What is this horrible thing?
Sceled. It's shameless!
Pal. You keep your knowledge quite to yourself; don't tell me; I do not want to know.
Sceled. Well, I won't let you not know. I chased our monkey to-day on their roof. (*pointing to Periplectomenus's house*)
Pal. (*drily*) Gad, Sceledrus, then a useless man chased a worthless beast!
Sceled. You be damned!
Pal. (*vigorously*) The appropriate thing for you— (*mildly*) is to tell your tale, since you have begun.
Sceled. I just happened to happen to look down through the skylight into the house next door here, and there I spied Philocomasium and some young fellow, I don't know who, kissing each other.
Pal. (*horrified*) Sceledrus! What scandalous tale is this?
Sceled. I certainly did see her.
Pal. You yourself?
Sceled. I myself, with these two eyes of mine.
Pal. Oh, get out! A likely story! You saw no such thing!
Sceled. I don't seem blear-eyed to you, do I?
Pal. A doctor is the proper person to consult about that.

verum enim tu istam, si te di ament, temere hau tollas fabulam:
tuis nunc cruribus capitique fraudem capitalem hinc creas.
nam tibi iam ut pereas paratum est dupliciter, nisi supprimis
tuom stultiloquium.

Scel. Qui vero dupliciter?

Pal. Dicam tibi.
primumdum, si falso insimulas Philocomasium, hoc perieris;
iterum, si id verumst, tu ei custos additus eo perieris.

Scel. Quid fuat me, nescio: haec me vidisse ego certo scio.

Pal. Pergin, infelix?

Scel. Quid tibi vis dicam nisi quod viderim? 300
quin etiam nunc intus hic in proxumost.

Pal. Eho an non domist?

Scel. Vise, abi intro tute, nam ego mi iam nil credi postulo.

Pal. Certum est facere.

Scel. Hic te opperiar; eadem illi insidias dabo,
quam mox horsum ad stabulum iuvenix recipiat se a pabulo.
quid ego nunc faciam? custodem me illi miles addidit:
nunc si indicium facio, interii; si taceo, interii tamen,
si hoc palam fuerit. quid peius muliere aut audacius?
dum ego in tegulis sum, illaec sese ex hospitio edit foras;
edepol facinus fecit audax. hocine si miles sciat,

(*earnestly*) But for the love of Heaven, man, be in no hurry to father that fable! You are hatching a fatal affliction for your own heels and head by this now. Why, you have made double arrangements to do for yourself, unless you check your silly chatter.

cel. (*alarmed*) Double? Really? How so?

al. (*very superior*) I will tell you how so. In the first place, if you accuse Philocomasium falsely, this will do for you; secondly, if it is true, you were appointed her guard, and that will do for you.

cel. (*doggedly*) What'll become of me, I don't know; I certainly do know that this is what I saw.

al. You persist, you poor devil?

cel. What d'ye want me to tell you, unless what I did see? Why, even now she's in this house next door.

al. (*excitedly*) Hey? She's not at home?

cel. Look and see. Go inside, yourself, for I'm not asking to be believed in anything, now.

al. (*making for the door, madly*) Just what I will do!

[EXIT.

cel. I'll wait for you here. At the same time I'll waylay that heifer and see how soon she hies herself hitherward from pasture to stall. (*reflecting, gloomily*) What shall I do now? The soldier made me her guard. So if I disclose it, I'm a dead man; but if I keep mum, I'm a dead man still, once this gets out. Oh, what's worse or more audacious than a woman? While I was on the roof, she left her quarters and slipped out of doors. Good Lord! That was an audacious thing to do! If the soldier should find this out, by heaven, I do

credo hercle has sustollat aedis totas atque hunc in crucem.
hercle quidquid est, mussitabo potius quam inteream male;
non ego possum quae ipsa sese venditat tutarier.
Pal. Sceledre, Sceledre, quis homo in terra te alter est audacior?
quis magis dis inimicis natus quam tu atque iratis?
Scel. Quid est?
Pal. Iuben tibi oculos exfodiri, quibus id quod nusquam est vides?
Scel. Quid, nusquam?
Pal. Non ego tuam empsim vitam vitiosa nuce.
Scel. Quid negotist?
Pal. Quid negoti sit rogas?
Scel. Cur non rogem?
Pal. Non tu tibi istam praetruncari linguam largiloquam iubes?
Scel. Quam ob rem iubeam?
Pal. Philocomasium eccam domi, quam in proxumo vidisse aibas te osculantem atque amplexantem cum altero.
Scel. Mirumst lolio victitare te tam vili tritico.
Pal. Quid iam?
Scel. Quia luscitiosu's.
Pal. Verbero, edepol tu quidem caecus, non luscitiosu's. nam illa quidem certost[1] domi.
Scel. Quid domi?
Pal. Domi hercle vero.
Scel. Abi, ludis me, Palaestrio.
Pal. Tum mihi sunt manus inquinatae.

[1] *Certost* Goetz : Leo notes lacuna here.

[1] Darnel being bad for the eyes.

believe he'd set up this whole establishment, including yours truly, on a cross! By heaven, no matter what it is, I'll keep mum rather than die in misery! I can't keep watch of a wench that's always on the market.

RE-ENTER *Palaestrio.*

l. (*shocked*) Sceledrus, Sceledrus, where on earth is a more brazen man than you? Where is a man born under a more evil and more ireful star than yours?

el. (*blankly*) What's the matter?

l. Just tell someone to gouge out those eyes of yours, will you, that see things that never were.

el. What? Never were?

l. Not a rotten nut would I give for your life.

el. (*worried*) What's wrong?

l. You ask what's wrong?

el. Why shouldn't I ask?

l. Have that twaddling tongue of yours lopped off, will you?

el. Why so?

l. Why, there Philocomasium is, at home! And you said you saw her and some man kissing and hugging each other next door here!

el. (*scornful*) It's a wonder you live on darnel[1] when wheat comes so cheap.

l. What do you mean?

el. Because you're bleary-eyed.

l. By gad, you ropesend, it is blind you are, not bleary-eyed! She certainly is at home, I tell you.

el. At home, indeed!

l. Yes, by gad, at home!

el. Get out! You're fooling me, Palaestrio!

l. (*contemptuous*) Then my hands have got dirty.

Scel. Qui dum?
Pal. Quia ludo luto.
Scel. Vae capiti tuo.
Pal. Tuo istuc, Sceledre, promitto fore,
nisi oculos orationemque aliam commutas tibi.
sed fores concrepuerunt nostrae.
Scel. At ego ilico observo foris;
nam nihil est qua hinc huc transire ea possit nisi recto ostio.
Pal. Quin domi eccam. nescio quae te, Sceledre, scelera suscitant. 330
Scel. Mihi ego video, mihi ego sapio, mihi ego credo plurumum:
me homo nemo deterrebit, quin ea sit in his aedibus.
hic obsistam, ne imprudenti huc ea se subrepsit mihi.
Pal. Meus illic homo est, deturbabo iam ego illum de pugnaculis.
vin iam faciam, ut stultividum esse tu te [1] fateare?
Scel. Age face.
Pal. Neque te quicquam sapere corde neque oculis uti?
Scel. Volo.
Pal. Nempe tu istic ais esse erilem concubinam?
Scel. Atque arguo.
eam me vidisse osculantem hic intus cum alieno viro.
Pal. Scin tu nullum commeatum hinc esse a nobis?
Scel. Scio.
Pal. Neque solarium neque hortum, nisi per impluvium?

[1] *esse tu te* Goetz: Leo notes lacuna here.

el. How so!

al. Because I am fooling with filth.

el. You be hanged!

al. That will be your fate, Sceledrus, I promise you, unless you contrive to change your eyes and effusions. (*listening*) But our door creaked!

el. Well, I'm going to keep watch here on this door, (*standing in front of Periplectomenus's house*) for there's absolutely no way for her to cross from here to here (*pointing to the soldier's house*) except straight through the door.

al. But look, man, she's at home! I wonder what scoundrelism possesses you, Sceledrus!

el. I see for myself, I think for myself, and it's myself I trust most. No man alive shall make me believe she's not in this house. I'll plant myself here (*blocking Periplectomenus's door*) so that she won't sneak over without my noticing.

al. (*aside*) I've got him! Now I'll hurl him down from his ramparts! (*aloud*) See here, do you want me to make you yourself admit that you are fool-eyed?

el. (*defiant*) Go on, make me.

al. And that you have not one scrap of sense or eyesight?

el. Prove it.

al. So you say master's girl is in there, eh?

el. (*his eyes still glued on the door*) Yes, and I claim that I saw her and some stranger kissing each other inside here.

al. You know there is no passage from our house to this?

el. I know that.

al. And no balcony, no garden, no way of crossing over, except through the skylight?

Scel. Scio.
Pal. Quid nunc? si ea domist, si facio, ut eam exire hinc videas domo,
dignun es verberibus multis?
Scel. Dignus.
Pal. Serva istas fores,
ne tibi clam se subterducat istinc atque huc transeat.
Scel. Consilium est ita facere.
Pal. Pede ego iam illam huc tibi sistam in viam.
Scel. Agedum ergo face. volo scire, utrum egon id quod vidi viderim
an illic faciat, quod facturum dicit, ut ea sit domi.
nam ego quidem meos oculos habeo nec rogo utendos foris.
sed hic illi subparasitatur semper, hic eae proxumust,
primus ad cibum vocatur, primo pulmentum datur;
nam illic noster est fortasse circiter triennium,
neque cuiquam quam illi in nostra meliust famulo familia.
sed ego hoc quod ago, id me agere oportet, hoc observare ostium.
sic obsistam. hac quidem pol certo verba mihi numquam dabunt.

II. 4.

Pal. Praecepta facito ut memineris.
Phil. Totiens monere mirumst.
Pal. At metuo ut satis sis subdola.
Phil. Cedo vel decem, edocebo

cel. I know that.

al. Well now—if she's at home, if I let you see her come out of our house here, do you deserve a good hard hiding?

cel. I do.

al. (*going toward the house of Pyrgopolynices*) Watch that door, so that she won't slip out from there on the sly and cross to our house.

cel. Just what I intend to do.

al. I shall soon have her standing here before you in the street. [EXIT.

cel. (*alarmed at Palaestrio's confidence*) Well, go on and do it, then. I want to know whether I saw what I did see, or if he can prove what he says he'll prove, that she's at home. I tell you what, I've got eyes of my own and I'm not asking other folks for the loan of any. (*querulously*) But this chap is for ever currying favour with her; he's her right-hand man, he's first to be called to meals, and first to get his belly full. Why, it's only three years or so, perhaps, that he's been in our family, and no servant in master's service has a softer time of it. But I must mind what I'm about and watch this door. Here's how I'll block it. (*stands facing it, legs and arms outspread*) Now, by heaven, they'll never fool me, that's sure!

ene 4. ENTER *Palaestrio* AND *Philocomasium* FROM *Pyrgopolynices's* HOUSE.

l. (*aside to Philocomasium*) See you remember instructions.

il. (*aside to Palaestrio*) It's a wonder you warn me so often.

l. Well, I'm afraid you won't be artful enough.

il. (*smiling*) Why, give me even half a score of

minime malas ut sint malae, mihi solae quod superfit.

Pal. Age nunciam insiste in dolos; ego abs te procul recedam.
quid ais tu, Sceledre?

Scel. Hanc rem gero. habeo auris, loquere quidvis.

Pal. Credo ego istoc extemplo tibi esse eundum actutum extra portam,
dispessis manibus, patibulum quom habebis.

Scel. Quamnam ob rem?

Pal. Respice dum ad laevam: quis illaec est mulier?

Scel. Pro di immortales,
eri concubinast haec quidem.

Pal. Mihi quoque pol ita videtur.
age nunciam, quando lubet—

Scel. Quid agam?

Pal. Perire propera.

Phil. Vbi iste est bonus servos, qui probri me maxumi innocentem
falso insimulavit?

Pal. Em tibi, hic mihi dixit tibi quae dixi.

Phil. Tun me vidisse in proxumo hic, sceleste, ais osculantem?

Pal. Atque cum alieno adulescentulo dixit.

Scel. Dixi hercle vero.

Phil. Tun me vidisti?

Scel. Atque his quidem hercle oculis.

Phil. Carebis, credo,
qui plus vident quam quod vident.

Scel. Numquam hercle deterrebor quin viderim id quod viderim.

Phil. Ego stulta et mora multum,
quae cum hoc insano fabuler, quem pol ego capitis perdam.

perfectly guileless girls, and I'll teach them guile with what I have to spare.

Pal. Come then, now's the time to work your dodges. I'll drop back a bit. (*does so*) Well, Sceledrus?

Scel. (*without moving*) I'm at this job. I have ears; say what you want.

Pal. (*noting his position*) You'll soon have to trudge out beyond the gate in that attitude, I take it—arms outspread, with your gibbet on your shoulders.

Scel. (*still eyeing the door*) So? What for?

Pal. Here, man, look to your left! Who is that lady?

Scel. (*turning, with a start and a gasp*) Ye immortal gods! Why . . . it's . . . master's . . . mistress!

Pal. (*dryly*) Egad! So it seems to me, too. Come on now, when you like——

Scel. (*shaking*) What shall I do?

Pal. Make haste to meet your end.

Phil. (*wrathfully*) Where is that worthy slave who falsely accused an innocent woman of such dreadful conduct?

Pal. (*pointing to the dumfounded Sceledrus*) There you are, ma'am! He told me what I told you.

Phil. You say you saw me in the next house here kissing, you wretch?

Pal. You and some young stranger, so he told me, ma'am. (*grins maliciously at Sceledrus*)

Scel. (*growing stubborn*) Yes, by heaven, so I did!

Phil. You saw me? Me?

Scel. Indeed I did, by heaven, and with these eyes!

Phil. Eyes which you will part with, I warrant, since they see more than they do see.

Scel. I won't be scared out of having seen what I did see, never, by heaven!

Phil. What a silly fool I am to waste my breath on this lunatic, who shall be given short shrift, I vow!

Scel. Noli minitari: scio crucem futuram mihi sepulcrum;
ibi mei sunt maiores siti, pater, avos, proavos, abavos.
non possunt mihi minaciis tuis hisce oculi exfodiri.
sed paucis verbis te volo, Palaestrio. opsecro te, unde exit haec?
Pal. Vnde nisi domo?
Scel. Domo?
Pal. Me viden?
Scel. Te video.
nimis mirumst facinus, quo modo haec hinc huc transire potuit;
nam certo neque solariumst apud nos neque hortus ullus.
neque fenestra nisi clatrata; nam certe ego te hic intus vidi.
Pal. Pergin, sceleste, intendere hanc arguere?
Phil. Ecastor ergo
mi hau falsum evenit somnium, quod noctu hac somniavi.
Pal. Quid somniasti?
Phil. Ego eloquar. sed amabo advortite animum.
hac nocte in somnis mea soror geminast germana visa
venisse Athenis in Ephesum cum suo amatore quodam;
ei ambo hospitio huc in proxumum mihi devortisse visi.
Pal. Palaestrionis somnium narratur. perge porro.
Phil. Ego laeta visa, quia soror venisset, propter eandem suspicionem maximam sum visa sustinere.
nam arguere in somnis me meus mihi familiaris visust,
me cum alieno adulescentulo, quasi nunc tu, esse osculatam,

Scel. Enough of your threatening! I know the cross will be my tomb. There's where my ancestors rest—father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather. These eyes can't be dug out for me by any threats of yours. But I want a few words with you, Palaestrio. (*draws him aside*) For the Lord's sake, where did she come from?

Pal. Where else but from home?

Scel. From home?

Pal. (*solicitous*) You can see me?

Scel. (*curtly*) Yes, I can see you. (*pondering*) It's awfully queer how she could cross from here to here; for we certainly have no balcony, and no garden, and no window that isn't grated. (*to Philocomasium*) I certainly did see you inside here.

Pal. Still at it, you scoundrel? You persist in accusing her?

Phil. (*in ingenuous wonderment*) Goodness me! Then that dream I dreamt last night has come true for me!

Pal. What did you dream, ma'am.

Phil. I'll tell you all about it. But both of you be attentive, please. Well, last night in my sleep my own twin sister seemed to have come from Athens to Ephesus with a certain lover of hers; they both seemed to have come on a visit, stopping in this house next door.

Pal. (*aside*) Thus dreamed Palaestrio. (*aloud, excitedly*) Go on, go on!

Phil. I seemed glad to have my sister come, but owing to her I seemed to be subjected to a perfectly dreadful suspicion. For in my dream, it seemed that my own servant charged me, me, just as (*to Sceledrus, resentfully*) you are doing, with having kissed some

quom illa osculata mea soror gemina esset suompte amicum.
id me insimulatam perperam falsum esse somniavi.

Pal. Satin eadem vigilanti expetunt quae in somnis visa memoras?
eu hercle praesens somnium. abi intro et comprecare.
narrandum ego istuc militi censebo.

Phil. Facere certum est,
neque me quidem patiar probri falso impune insimulatam.

Scel. Timeo quid rerum gesserim, ita dorsus totus prurit.

Pal. Scin te periisse?

Scel. Nunc quidem domi certo est. certa res est
nunc nostrum observare ostium, ubi ubist.

Pal. At, Sceledre, quaeso,
ut at id exemplum somnium quam simile somniavit
atque ut tu suspicatus es eam vidisse osculantem.

Scel. Nescio quid credam egomet mihi iam, ita quod vidisse credo
me id iam non vidisse arbitror.

Pal. Ne tu hercle sero, opinor,
resipisces: si ad erum haec res prius devenerit,[1] peribis pulchre.

Scel. Nunc demum experior, mi ob oculos caliginem opstitisse.

Pal. Dudum edepol planum est id quidem, quae hic usque fuerit intus.

Scel. Nihil habeo certi quid loquar: non vidi eam, etsi vidi.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): "*prevenit* P *ut vid.*" Lindsay.

strange young man, when it was that twin sister of mine kissing her own lover. This was my dream—that I was falsely accused, wrongfully.

Pal. (*much impressed*) So on waking, the same things befel you that you speak of dreaming about, ma'am? Well, well, by Jove! What a pat dream! In with you, ma'am, and pray! I would suggest, ma'am, that you tell the soldier about this.

Phil. (*emphatically*) Indeed I will; I'll not be falsely accused of shameful conduct and (*with a vindictive glance at Sceledrus*) let the insult pass unpunished!

[EXIT INTO SOLDIER'S HOUSE.

Scel. (*aside, much worried*) I'm afraid I've gone and done it, the way my whole back itches.

Pal. You realise that you are done for?

Scel. (*with conviction*) Well, now she's at home, for sure. (*wavering*) This much is sure—I'm going to watch our door now, wherever she is. (*plants himself in front of it*)

Pal. But upon my soul, Sceledrus, how that dream she dreamed did correspond to your suspicion that you saw her kissing!

Scel. I don't know what to believe my own self in, now, for what I . . . believe I saw, I'm . . . thinking now I didn't see.

Pal. Gad, man, I fancy you will be too late in coming to! Once this matter reaches master's ears, you are finely finished!

Scel. Yes, there must have been a mist over my eyes; at last I realise it.

Pal. Lord! That was evident before—she having been inside here all along.

Scel. (*scratching his head*) I can't say anything for sure. I didn't see her, and yet I did.

Pal. Ne tu edepol stultitia tua nos paene perdidisti :
dum te fidelem facere ero voluisti, absumptu's paene.
sed fores vicini proxumi crepuerunt. conticiscam.

II. 5.

Phil. Inde ignem in aram, ut Ephesiae Dianae laeta laudes
gratesque agam eique ut Arabico fumificem odore amoene,
quom me in locis Neptuniis templisque turbulentis
servavit, saevis fluctibus ubi sum adflictata multum.
Scel. Palaestrio, o Palaestrio.
Pal. O Sceledre, Sceledre, quid vis?
Scel. Haec mulier, quae hinc exit modo, estne erilis concubina
Philocomasium, an non est ea?
Pal. Hercle opinor, ea videtur.
sed facinus mirum est, quo modo haec hinc huc transire potuit,
si quidem east.
Scel. An dubium tibi est eam esse hanc?
Pal. Ea videtur.
Scel. Adeamus, appellemus. heus, quid istuc est, Philocomasium?
quid tibi istic in istisce aedibus debetur, quid negotist?
quid nunc taces? tecum loquor.
Pal. Immo edepol tute tecum;
nam haec nil respondet.
Scel. Te adloquor, viti probrique plena,
quae circum vicinos vagas.

Pal. Man alive! You surely sent us all to smash, almost, by your stupidity. Your wanting to show yourself master's faithful servant has almost been your ruination. (*listening*) But our neighbour's door creaked! No more now!

Scene 5. ENTER *Philocomasium* FROM *Periplectomenus's* HOUSE.

Phil. (*in an artificial voice, to servant within*) Put fire upon the altar that I may give glad praise and thanks to Ephesian Diana and offer her the grateful odour of Arabian incense, since she saved me in Neptune's realm and blustering abode where I was so buffeted about by the angry billows.

Scel. (*who has been listening and staring at her*) Palaestrio! Oh, Palaestrio!

Pal. (*mimicking him*) Oh, Sceledrus, Sceledrus! What d'ye want?

Scel. This woman (*pointing*) just coming out from here—is she master's mistress, Philocomasium, or isn't she?

Pal. (*looking at her, amazed*) By Jove, I think so! She seems to be! But it's a marvel how she could pass from here (*pointing*) to here, if it really is she!

Scel. You don't doubt her being our girl, surely?

Pal. (*cautious*) She seems to be.

Scel. Let's go up and hail her! (*advancing*) Hey there! What does this mean, Philocomasium? What right have you in that house? What's your business there? What are you silent for? I'm talking to you.

Pal. (*hanging back*) Gad, no! To yourself; for she makes no reply.

Scel. (*glaring at her*) It's you I'm talking to, you shameless slut, roaming about amongst our neighbours.

Phil. Quicum tu fabulare?
Scel. Quicum nisi tecum?
Phil. Quis tu homo es, aut mecum quid est negoti?
Scel. Me rogas homo qui sim?
Phil. Quin ego hoc rogem quod nesciam?
Pal. Quis ego sum igitur, si hunc ignoras?
Phil. Mihi odiosus, quisquis es, et tu et hic.
Scel. Non nos novisti?
Phil. Neutrum.
Scel. Metuo maxume.
Pal. Quid metuis?
Scel. Enim ne nos nosmet perdiderimus uspiam; nam nec te neque me novisse ait haec.
Pal. Persectari hic volo, 430
Sceledre, nos nostri an alieni simus, ne dum quispiam
nos vicinorum imprudentis aliquis immutaverit.
Scel. Certe equidem noster sum.
Pal. Et pol ego. quaeris tu, mulier, malum. tibi ego dico, heus, Philocomasium.
Phil. Quae te intemperiae tenent, qui me perperam perplexo nomine appelles?
Pal. Eho, quis igitur vocare?
Phil. Diceae nomen est.
Scel. Iniuria es, falsum nomen possidere, Philocomasium, postulas; ἄδικος es tu, non δικαία, et meo ero facis iniuriam.

Phil. (*with chill composure*) To whom are you babbling, sir?

Scel. To you—who else?

Phil. And who are you, sir, or what is your business with me?

Scel. You ask me who I am?

Phil. Why should I not ask what I do not know?

Pal. Who am I, then, if you don't recognize him?

Phil. (*surveying him frigidly*) An annoyance to me, sir, whoever you are—you and he, both.

Scel. You don't know us?

Phil. Neither of you. (*walks away*)

Scel. (*to Palaestrio aside, nervously*) I'm frightfully afraid——

Pal. Afraid of what?

Scel. Why, that we've lost our identity somewhere; for this woman says she doesn't know you, or me, either.

Pal. (*earnestly*) Sceledrus, I want to investigate here and now whether we are ourselves or other people. Why, maybe some neighbour has transformed us meanwhile without our knowing it.

Scel. (*after cogitation*) I am certainly myself, anyhow.

Pal. (*looking himself over*) And so am I, by Jove! (*to Philocomasium, severely*) Madam, you're looking for trouble! (*she pays no attention*) I say, you! Hey! Philocomasium!

Phil. (*indignant*) Sir, what sort of fit have you got, to address me so absurdly by a coined name?

Pal. (*open-mouthed*) Eh? Eh? What is your name, then?

Phil. Dicea.

Scel. You false creature, trying to trump up a name for yourself, Philocomasium! It's Lie-cea you are, not Dicea, and you're playing false by my master!

Phil. Egone?
Scel. Tune
Phil. Quae heri Athenis Ephesum adveni vesperi cum meo amatore, adulescente Atheniensi?
Pal. Dic mihi, quid hic tibi in Epheso est negoti? 440
Phil. Geminam germanam meam hic sororem esse indaudivi, eam veni quaesitum.
Scel. Mala es.
Phil. Immo ecastor stulta multum, quae vobiscum fabuler.
abeo.
Scel. Abire non sinam te.
Phil. Mitte.
Scel. Manifestaria es.
non omitto.
Phil. At iam crepabunt mihi manus, malae tibi, nisi me omittis.
Scel. Quid, malum, astas? quin tenes altrinsecus?
Pal. Nil moror negotiosum mi esse tergum. qui scio an ista non sit Philocomasium atque alia eius similis sit?
Phil. Mittis me an non mittis?
Scel. Immo vi atque invitam ingratiis, nisi voluntate ibis, rapiam te domum.
Phil. Hosticum hoc mihi domicilium est, Athenis domus est Atticis; ego istam domum 450
neque moror neque vos qui homines sitis novi neque scio.
Scel. Lege agito: te nusquam mittam, nisi das firmatam fidem,

hil. I?

el. Yes, you.

hil. When I arrived at Ephesus from Athens just last evening with the Athenian gentleman who loves me?

al. (*more respectful*) Tell me this, ma'am—what are you doing here in Ephesus?

hil. I heard it rumoured that my own twin sister was here, and I came to look for her.

el. You're a bad one!

hil. (*disdainfully*) Oh, no, merely a very silly one, goodness me, yes! to be chattering with you two! (*turns away*) I am going.

el. (*seizing her*) I won't let you go!

hil. (*struggling*) Let me loose!

el. You're caught in the act! I won't let you loose!

hil. Well, my hands and your face will soon smack, unless you do let me loose! (*slaps him*)

el. (*to Palaestrio, angrily*) What the devil are you standing by for? Why don't you grab her on the other side?

al. (*warily*) I have no desire to get my back into difficulties. How do I know but that she is not Philocomasium, and only someone else that looks like her?

hil. Will you let me loose, or not?

el. No! And unless you go home willingly, I'll use force and drag you home despite you, willy nilly!

hil. This (*indicating Periplectomenus's house*) is my home while I am abroad here; and my real home is at Athens in Attica. As for that home of yours, I want nothing to do with it, and with you men I have not the slightest acquaintance.

el. (*tightening his grip*) Go to law about it. I shan't let you loose at all, unless I have your word of

te huc, si omisero, intro ituram.
Phil. Vi me cogis, quisquis es.
do fidem, si omittis, isto me intro ituram quo iubes.
Scel. Ecce omitto.
Phil. At ego abeo missa.
Scel. Muliebri fecit fide.
Pal. Sceledre, manibus amisisti praedam. tam east quam potis
nostra erilis concubina. vin tu facere hoc strenue?
Scel. Quid faciam?
Phil. Ecfer mihi machaeram huc intus.
Scel. Quid facies ea?
Pal. Intro rumpam recta in aedis: quemque hic intus videro
cum Philocomasio osculantem, eum ego obtruncabo extempulo.
Scel. Visanest ea esse?
Pal. Immo edepol plane east.
Scel. Sed quo modo dissimulabat.
Pal. Abi, machaeram huc ecfer.
Scel. Iam faxo hic erit.
Pal. Neque eques neque pedes profectost quisquam tanta audacia,
qui aeque faciat confidenter quicquam quam mulier facit.
ut utrubique orationem docte divisit suam,
ut sublinitur os custodi cauto, conservo meo.
nimis beat quod commeatus transtinet trans parietem.
Scel. Heus, Palaestrio, machaera nihil opust.

honour that you'll go inside here, (*indicating the soldier's house*) if I do.

hil. (*struggling again*) This is violence, sir, whoever you are! (*subsiding*) Well, I give you my word to go inside there, where you say, if you let me loose.

el. (*releasing her*) There! Loose you are!

hil. (*darting into Periplectomenus's door*) Well, now that I am let go, I'm—going! (*slams the door*)

el. (*bitterly*) Kept her word like a woman!

al. You let your prize slip through your fingers, Sceledrus! She is our master's girl, sure as can be. (*reflecting, then ferociously*) D'ye want to handle this like a man of spirit?

el. (*cautiously*) What shall I do?

al. (*more ferocious*) Go in here and get me a sabre!

el. What'll you do with it?

al. (*beside himself*) I'll burst headlong into the house! And whomsoever here within I see Philcomasium kissing, I'll slay him on the spot!

el. (*dubious*) So you think it was she?

al. Think? No, by heaven! 'Twas plainly she!

el. But how she did pretend!

al. Be off! Bring me a sabre!

el. (*badly frightened*) Yes, yes, in a minute!

[EXIT INTO *Pyrgopolynices's* HOUSE.

al. (*chuckling*) There's certainly no one, cavalry or infantry, audacious enough to do a thing as coolly as a woman does it. The skilful way she did get off the lines of both parts! And my fellow servant, that wary watchman—the ass she made of him! Oh, it's glorious—that passage perforating the wall!

RE-ENTER *Sceledrus*, WITH MIXED EMOTIONS.

el. (*awkwardly*) I say, Palaestrio, there's no need of a sabre.

Pal. Quid iam, aut quid est?
Scel. Domi eccam erilem concubinam.
Pal. Quid domi?
Scel. In lecto cubat.
Pal. Edepol ne tu tibi malam rem repperisti, ut praedicas.
Scel. Quid iam?
Pal. Quia hanc attingere ausu's mulierem hinc ex proxumo.
Scel. Magis hercle metuo.
Pal. Sed numquam quisquam faciet quin soror istaec sit gemina huius: eam pol tu osculantem hic videras.
Scel. Id quidem palam est eam esse, ut dicis; quid propius fuit,
quam ut perirem, si elocutus essem ero?
Pal. Ergo, si sapis,
mussitabis: plus oportet scire servom quam loqui.
ego abeo a te, ne quid tecum consili commisceam,
atque apud hunc ero vicinum; tuae mihi turbae non placent.
erus si veniet, si me quaeret, hic ero: hinc me arcessito.

II. 6.

Scel. Satin abiit ille neque erile negotium
plus curat, quasi non servitutem serviat?
certo illa quidem hic nunc intus est in aedibus,
nam egomet cubantem eam modo offendi domi.
certum est nunc observationi operam dare.
Per. non hercle hisce homines me marem, sed feminam
vicini rentur esse servi militis:

Pal. How is that? What is the matter?

Scel. There she is—master's mistress—at home!

Pal. At home, indeed!

Scel. Lying on her couch!

Pal. Good Lord! You surely have made a mess for yourself, from what you tell me.

Scel. How so?

Pal. By daring to lay hands on the lady from next door here.

Scel. (*glum*) Oh Lord! I'm awfully afraid I have!

Pal. But no one can ever make her anything but our girl's twin sister. Yes, by gad, it was her you saw kissing here.

Scel. You're right, it's clear enough she was the one. Oh! wasn't I within an inch of being done for, if I'd told master?

Pal. (*very coldly*) Well then, if you are wise, you will keep mum. A servant ought to know more than he tells. I am going to leave you, so as not to be at all mixed up in your manœuvres, and drop in at our neighbour's here. This muddle of yours likes me not. If master comes and wants me, here is where I shall be; come here and get me.

[EXIT INTO *Periplectomenus's* HOUSE.

cene 6.

cel. (*sullenly*) So the fellow's gone, eh, and pays no more attention to master's affairs than if he wasn't slaving it in slavery? Well, our wench is surely in the house here now, for I myself just now found her on her couch at home. Now I'll get down to my watchman's work, that's sure.

ENTER *Periplectomenus,* FUMING, FROM HIS HOUSE.

er. By the Lord, these fellows take me for a female, not a man, these servants of the soldier next door

ita me ludificant. meamne hic invitam hospitam,
quae heri huc Athenis cum hospite advenit meo,
tractatam et ludificatam, ingenuam et liberam?
Scel. Perii hercle, hic ad me recta habet rectam viam.
metuo, illaec mihi res ne malo magno fuat,
quantum hunc audivi facere verborum senem.
Per. Accedam ad hominem. tun, Sceledre, hic, scelerum caput,
meam ludificavisti hospitam ante aedis modo?
Scel. Vicine, ausculta quaeso.
Per. Ego auscultem tibi?
Scel. Expurigare volo me.
Per. Tun te expuriges,
qui facinus tantum tamque indignum feceris?
an quia latrocinamini, arbitramini
quidvis licere facere vobis, verbero?
Scel. Licetne?
Per. At ita me di deaeque omnis ament,
nisi mihi supplicium virgeum de te datur
longum diutinumque, a mane ad vesperum,
quod meas confregisti imbricis et tegulas,
ibi dum condignam te sectatu's simiam,
quodque inde inspectavisti meum apud me hospitem
amplexum amicam, quom osculabatur, suam,
quodque concubinam erilem insimulare ausus es
probri pudicam meque summi flagiti,
tum quod tractavisti hospitam ante aedis meam:
nisi mihi supplicium stimuleum de te datur,
dedecoris pleniorem erum faciam tuom,
quam magno vento plenumst undarum mare.

—the way they trifle with me! A lady that I am entertaining, who came here from Athens yesterday with my guest, to be bandied about and made game of, willy nilly? A free and freeborn lady! (*comes toward soldier's house*)

Scel. (*aside, in terror*) Oh Lord, I'm done for! He's making straight for me, straight! I'm afraid I've got into a frightful fix by this affair, from what I heard the old fellow say!

Per. (*aside*) I'll up to him! (*aloud, violently*) Hey, Sceledrus! You fount of scoundrelism, are you the man that made game of my guest here in front of my house just now?

Scel. (*cringing*) Good neighbour, listen, I beg you!

Per. I listen to you?

Scel. I want to clear myself, sir.

Per. You clear yourself, after such a deed, such a despicable deed? Just because you people are soldiers of fortune, d'ye fancy you may do whatever you like, you whipping-post?

Scel. (*humbly*) May I speak, sir?

Per. But so help me all the powers above, if I am not given the punishment of you by a good long thrashing, lasting from dawn till dusk, for having smashed my gutters and tiles when you chased that monkey that matches yourself, and for having spied from there on my guest in my house embracing and kissing his own sweetheart, and for having dared to charge that pure-minded mistress of your master's with immodesty and me with unspeakable infamy, and, finally, for having manhandled my guest before my house—if I am not given the punishment of you at the end of a knout, your master shall be covered with more disgrace than the sea with waves in a hurricane!

Scel. Ita sum coactus, Periplectomene, ut nesciam
utrum me expostulare priu'[1] tecum aequiust—
nisi si istaec non est haec neque haec istast, mihi
me expurigare tibi videtur aequius;
sicut etiam nunc nescio quid viderim:
itast ista huius similis nostrai tua,
siquidem non eadem est.
Per. Vise ad me intro, iam scies.
Scel. Licetne?
Per. Quin te iubeo; et placide noscita.
Scel. Ita facere certum est.
Per. Heus, Philocomasium, cito
transcurre curriculo ad nos, ita negotiumst.
post, quando exierit Sceledrus a nobis, cito
transcurrito ad vos rursum curriculo domum.
nunc pol ego metuo ne quid infuscaverit.
si hic non videbit mulierem—aperitur foris.
Scel. Pro di immortales, similiorem mulierem
magisque eandem, ut pote quae non sit eadem,
non reor
deos facere posse.
Per. Quid nunc?
Scel. Commerui malum.
Per. Quid igitur? eanest?
Scel. Etsi east, non est ea.
Per. Vidistin istam?
Scel. Vidi, et illam et hospitem,
complexam atque osculantem.
Per. Eanest?
Scel. Nescio.

[1] *expostulare* Ritschl: *postulare* MSS: *priu' tecum aequiust* Lindsay: *prius tecum aequiost*, or *aequomst* P.

cel. (*in a pathetic state*) I'm brought to such a pass, sir, that I don't know whether I ought first to argue the matter out with you; unless, if that one isn't this one or this one isn't that one, you think I ought to apologize, instead. I mean I don't know even now, sir, what I did see; that lady of yours is so like ours, supposing she's not the same one, sir.

Per. Go into my house and look. You soon will know.

cel. May I, sir?

Per. May? I command you. And look her over at your leisure.

cel. (*gratefully*) Indeed I will, sir. [EXIT.

Per. (*calling at the soldier's door*) Hey, Philocomasium! Quick! Run a race over to our house! It's imperative! Then when Sceledrus has gone, quick, run another race to your house! (*aside*) Heavens! Now I'm afraid she'll make a mull of it. If he doesn't see the wench here—— (*listening*) the door's opening.

RE-ENTER *Sceledrus*.

cel. Ye immortal gods! One woman more like another, and more the same, considering she's not the same, I don't believe the gods themselves can make!

Per. What now?

cel. I've earned a thrashing, sir.

Per. Well, then? Is she this one? (*waving toward the soldier's house*)

cel. She is, and yet she isn't, sir.

Per. But you saw that one?

cel. I saw . . . her and your guest, sir, and she was hugging and kissing him.

Per. But is she this one?

cel. I don't know, sir.

Per. Vin scire plane?
Scel. Cupio.
Per. Abi intro ad vos domum
continuo, vide sitne istaec vostra intus.
Scel. Licet,
pulchre admonuisti. iam ego ad te exibo foras.
Per. Numquam edepol hominem quemquam ludificarier
magis facete vidi et magis miris modis.
sed eccum egreditur.
Scel. Periplectomene, te opsecro
per deos atque homines perque stultitiam meam
perque tua genua—
Per. Quid opsecras me?
Scel. Inscitiae
meae et stultitiae ignoscas. nunc demum scio
me fuisse excordem, caecum, incogitabilem.
nam Philocomasium eccam intus.
Per. Quid nunc, furcifer?
vidistin ambas?
Scel. Vidi.
Per. Erum exhibeas volo.
Scel. Meruisse equidem me maxumum fateor malum,
et tuae fecisse me hospitae aio iniuriam;
sed meam esse erilem concubinam censui,
cui me custodem erus addidit miles meus.
nam ex uno puteo similior numquam potis
aqua aquai sumi quam haec est atque ista hospita.
et me despexe ad te per impluvium tuom
fateor.
Per. Quid ni fateare, ego quod viderim?
et ibi osculantem meum hospitem cum ista hospita
vidisti?

er. Do you want to know for sure?

cel. Oh, but I do, sir!

er. Well, go into your own house this minute and see if that girl of yours is there.

cel. (*happily*) So I will, sir. That's a fine suggestion. I'll be back with you directly, sir. [EXIT.

er. (*laughing*) Bless my soul! I never did see anyone more neatly and more amazingly mystified. (*as the door opens*) Ah, but here he comes!

RE-ENTER *Sceledrus*, VERY MISERABLE.

cel. (*grovelling at Periplectomenus's feet*) Sir, I beseech you by gods and men, and by my own stupidity, and by your knees———

er. (*coldly*) Why do you beseech me?

cel. To pardon my senselessness and stupidity, sir. Now at last I realize I've been a blind, brainless blockhead. Why, there's Philocomasium inside, sir!

er. Well now, you gallowsbird? You have seen 'em both, eh?

el. Yes, sir.

er. (*sternly*) You will please produce your master.

el. I admit I deserve an awful thrashing, sir, indeed I do, and acknowledge that I did your lady guest an injury; but I mistook her for master's mistress who was put in my charge, sir, by my master, the soldier. For, sir, you couldn't draw two drops of water from the same well more like each other than she's like that guest of yours, sir. And I admit I peeped down through the skylight into your house, too, sir.

r. Admit it, indeed! When I saw you do it! And there you saw my guests kissing each other, eh?

Scel. Vidi (cur negem quod viderim?),
sed Philocomasium me vidisse censui.
Per. Ratun istic me hominem esse omnium minimi preti,
si ego me sciente paterer vicino meo
eam fieri apud me tam insignite iniuriam?
Scel. Nunc demum a me insipienter factum esse arbitror,
cum rem cognosco; at non malitiose tamen
feci.
Per. Immo indigne; nam hominem servom suos
domitos habere oportet oculos et manus
orationemque.
Scel. Egone si post hunc diem
muttivero, etiam quod egomet certo sciam,
dato excruciandum me: egomet me dedam tibi;
nunc hoc mi ignosce quaeso.
Per. Vincam animum meum,
ne malitiose factum id esse aps te arbitrer.
ignoscam tibi istuc.
Scel. At tibi di faciant bene.
Per. Ne tu hercle, si te di ament, linguam comprimes
posthac, etiam illud quod scies nesciveris
nec videris quod videris.
Scel. Bene me mones,
ita facere certum est. sed satine oratu's?
Per. Abi.
Scel. Numquid nunc aliud me vis?
Per. Ne me noveris.
Scel. Dedit hic mihi verba. quam benigne gratiam
fecit, ne iratus esset. scio quam rem gerat:
ut miles cum extemplo a foro adveniat domum,

cel. Yes, sir—why should I deny what I saw?—but I thought it was Philocomasium I saw.

er. (*his indignation rising again*) So rating me as the lowest rascal living, then, if I knowingly allowed my neighbour to receive such an infamous injury in my own house?

cel. Now at last I do think I've acted like an idiot, sir, now that I understand the matter; but just the same, sir, I didn't do it maliciously.

er. No, presumptuously! For a beggarly slave ought to have his eyes, and hands, and tongue, too, under control.

cel. (*fervently*) Oh, sir, if after to-day I ever breathe a word, even of what I myself know for certain, have me tortured! I'll give myself up to you. Now do please pardon me this time.

er. (*reluctantly*) I shall constrain myself to believe that you did not do this maliciously. You are pardoned.

cel. Oh, the Lord love you, sir!

er. (*still stern*) And as for you, by heaven, if the Lord is to love you, you will certainly hold your tongue in the future, and not know even what you do know, or see what you do see.

cel. That's good advice, sir, and I intend to follow it. (*worried by Periplectomenus's sternness*) But have I begged your pardon enough, sir?

er. (*gruffly*) Off with you!

cel. (*solicitously*) There's nothing else you want with me now, sir?

er. (*turning away*) Yes—no further acquaintance.

cel. (*aside, sourly*) He was bluffing me. How nice and kind of him to give up being angry with me! I know what he's up to: the minute the soldier comes home from the forum, I'm to be nabbed at

domi comprehendar. una hic et Palaestrio
me habent venalem : sensi et iam dudum scio.
numquam hercle ex ista nassa ego hodie escam petam ;
nam iam aliquo aufugiam et me occultabo aliquot dies,
dum haec consilescunt turbae atque irae leniunt.
nam uni satis populo impio merui mali.[1]

Per. Illic hinc abscessit. sat edepol certo scio,
occisam saepe sapere plus multo suem :
quoin id adimatur ne id quod vidit viderit.
nam illius oculi atque aures atque opinio
transfugere ad nos. usque adhuc actum est probe ;
nimium festivam mulier operam praehibuit.
redeo in senatum rusum ; nam Palaestrio
domi nunc apud me est, Sceledrus nunc autemst foris :
frequens senatus poterit nunc haberier.
ibo intro, ne, dum absum, alter sorti defuat.

III. 1.

Pal. Cohibete intra limen etiam vos parumper, Pleusicles,
sinite me prius perspectare, ne uspiam insidiae sient
concilium quod habere volumus. nam opus est nunc tuto loco,
unde inimicus ne quis nostri spolia capiat consili.
nam bene consultum inconsultum est, si id inimicis usuist,

[1] Leo brackets following v., 585:
verum tamen de me quidquid est, ibo hinc domum.

home. He and Palaestrio are combining to sell me: I felt that, I saw that, some time ago. By gad, I'll never nibble at the bait in that trap, not I! No indeed, I'll flit somewhere now and lie low for a few days while this storm dies down and their wrath subsides. For I've earned enough punishment to do for a whole godless nation.[1] [EXIT.

Per. (*looking after him*) He has decamped. (*laughing*) Bless my soul! I'm positive that a stuck pig often has much better brains than that fellow—to be diddled out of seeing what he did see! Why, his eyes, ears, and ideas have all deserted to our side. So far we have done finely. The way that wench romped through her part! Well, I'll return to the senate chamber, Palaestrio now being at my house, while Sceledrus is now away. Now is our chance for a full session. I'll go in, so that by reason of my absence, the second member may not miss the drawing for appointments.[2] [EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.

ACT III

ENTER *Palaestrio* FROM THE HOUSE OF *Periplectomenus.*

Pal. (*very importantly to Pleusicles within*) You folks stay inside for a few moments more, Pleusicles, and let me reconnoitre first, so as to prevent any ambuscade of the council we want to hold. For we need a safe place now, where no enemy can appropriate our plans. A well-laid plan is ill-laid, if it helps your enemies, and if it does help

[1] V. 585: But no matter what comes to me, I'm going home, just the same.

[2] As in the case of two consuls.

neque potest quin, si id inimicis usuist, obsit tibi;[1]
quippe qui, si rescivere inimici consilium tuom,
tuopte tibi consilio occludunt linguam et constringunt manus,
atque eadem quae illis voluisti facere, illi faciunt tibi.
sed speculabor, ne quis aut hinc aut ab laeva aut dextera
nostro consilio venator adsit cum auritis plagis.
sterilis hinc prospectus usque ad ultumam est plateam probe.
evocabo. heus Periplectomene et Pleusicles, progredimini.
Per. Ecce nos tibi oboedientes.
Pal. Facilest imperium in bonis.
sed volo scire: eodem consilio, quod intus meditati sumus,
gerimus rem?
Per. Magis non potest esse ad rem utibile.
Pal. Immo[2]
quid tibi, Pleusicles?
Pl. Quodne vobis placeat, displiceat mihi?
quis homo sit magis meus quam tu es?
Pal. Loquere lepide et commode.
Per. Pol ita decet hunc facere.
Pl. At hoc me facinus miserum macerat
meumque cor corpusque cruciat.
Per. Quid id est quod cruciat? cedo.
Pl. Me tibi istuc aetatis homini facinora puerilia
obicere, neque te decora neque tuis virtutibus;

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 602–603:
nam bene consultum consilium surripitur saepissime,
si minus cum cura aut cautella locus loquendi lectus est.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here: *i modo* Lindsay.

them it's bound to hinder you.[1] Naturally, if your enemies have become acquainted with your plans, they tie your tongue and bind your hands with plans of your own making, and the very things you wanted to do to them, they do to you. (*aside*) But I'll spy about and see there's no one here, or at the left or right, to pursue our plans with long-eared nets. (*makes an elaborate survey of the neighbourhood*) Ah, a beautiful barren prospect to the very end of the street! I'll call 'em out. (*imperiously*) Hey! Periplectomenus! Pleusicles! Come along!

ENTER *Periplectomenus* AND *Pleusicles*.

Per. (*smiling*) Here, sir. Ours to obey!

Pal. (*patronizingly*) Good men are easy to command. But I wish to know this: are we to carry out the same plan we considered inside?

Per. It couldn't be better adapted to our purpose.

Pal. No, but—but what do you think, Pleusicles?

Pl. Can I be dissatisfied with what satisfies you two? Who's more a man after my own heart than you are?

Pal. Very pleasant and becoming remarks, sir.

Per. (*smiling at Pleusicles*) The kind he ought to make, by Jove!

Pl. (*to Periplectomenus, apologetically*) But, sir, this matter does make me awfully miserable; it's a torture to me, soul and body.

Per. (*cheerily*) What's a torture to you? Out with it!

Pl. For me to be throwing on to you, a man of your years, sir, these juvenile concerns so unbefitting

[1] Vv. 602–603: For a well-planned plan is very frequently filched, if your place of conference is chosen with insufficient care or caution.

ea te expetere ex opibus summis mei honoris gratia
mihique amanti ire opitulatum atque ea te facere facinora,
quae istaec aetas fugere facta magis quam sectari solet:
eam pudet me tibi in senecta obicere sollicitudinem.
Pal. Novo modo tu homo amas, siquidem te quicquam quod faxis pudet;
nihil amas, umbra es amantis magis quam amator, Pleusicles.
Pl. Hancine aetatem exercere mei me amoris gratia?
Per. Quid ais tu? itane tibi ego videor oppido Acherunticus?
tam capularis, tamine tibi diu videor vitam vivere?
nam equidem haud sum natus annos praeter quinquaginta et quattuor,
clare oculis video, pernix sum manibus, pedibus mobilis.
Pal. Si albicapillus hic, videtur neutiquam ab ingenio senex.
inest in hoc emussitata sua sibi ingenua indoles.
Pl. Pol id quidem experior ita esse ut praedicas, Palaestrio;
nam benignitas quidem huius oppido adulescentula est.
Per. Immo, hospes, magis cum periclum facies, magis nosces meam
comitatem erga te amantem.
Pl. Quid opus nota noscere?
Per. Vt apud te exemplum experiundi habeas, ne quaeras foris—
nam nisi qui ipse amavit, acgre amantis ingenium inspicit:
et ego amoris aliquantum habeo umorisque etiam in corpore,

you and your noble character; for me to look to you to help me with all your might, out of regard for me, and to have you aiding me in my love affair, and doing these things that men of your years more often shun than seek. I'm ashamed, sir, to throw this burden on you in your old age.

A new kind of lover you are, if you're actually ashamed of anything you do! You are not in love, you're no lover, you're only the shadow of a lover, Pleusicles!

But to harass him, at his age, with my love affair? (*a trifle piqued*) How is this? You take me for a regular old Death's-head, eh? So I seem to be such coffin contents, eh, to be living such a very long life, do I? See here, my lad, I'm not over fifty-four, and I'm still keen-sighted, quick-handed, and nimble-footed.

(*to Pleusicles, reprovingly*) His hair may be white, sir, but not a sign of age does he show in spirit. He keeps precisely the same noble nature he was born with.

That's perfectly true, Palaestrio, and, upon my soul, I'm proving it. Why, his friendliness is as youthful as can be.

(*entirely mollified*) Ah, well, my dear boy, the more you test me, the more you'll be convinced of my good will toward you in your affair.

What need of conviction when I am convinced, sir?

I want you to prove it by your own experience, not at second hand. (*with a knowing air*) For unless a man has been in love himself, he can hardly see inside a lover's heart. Now I, I still have some fervour and freshness in my carcass,

neque dum exarui ex amoenis rebus et voluptariis.
vel cavillator facetus vel conviva commodus
item ero, neque ego oblocutor sum alteri in convivio:
incommoditate abstinere me apud convivas commodo
commemini et meae orationis iustam partem persequi
et meam partem itidem tacere, quom aliena est oratio;
minime sputator, screator sum, itidem minime mucidus:
post Ephesi sum natus, non enim in Apulis; non sum Animulas.

Pal. O lepidum senem, in se si quas memorat virtutis habet,
atque equidem plane educatum in nutricatu Venerio.

Per. Plus dabo quam praedicabo ex me venustatis tibi.
neque ego umquam alienum scortum subigito in convivio,
neque praeripio pulpamentum neque praevorto poculum,
neque per vinum umquam ex me exoritur discidium in convivio:
si quis ibi est odiosus, abeo domum, sermonem segrego;
Venerem, amorem amoenitatemque accubans exerceo.

Pal. Tui quidem edepol omnis mores ad venustatem valent;[1]
cedo tris mi hominis aurichalco contra cum istis moribus.

Pl. At quidem illuc aetatis qui sit non invenies alterum

I'm not yet dried up for all that charms and ravishes. You'll find I can crack a good joke, too, or prove a tactful guest at table, and not one of those contrariwisers of another guest. Tactlessness at table is a thing I tax my memory to avoid. I take my fair share of talking, and my share of silence, too, when someone else has the floor. I'm none of your spitting, hawking, sniffling fellows, either, not I. In short, sir, I was born in Ephesus, not in Apulia; I'm no Animulian.[1]

(*to Pleusicles with patient enthusiasm*) Ah, sir, what a delightful old gentleman he is, if he has all those virtues he speaks of! It's perfectly plain that he was nursed and reared by the Graces.

(*much pleased*) And you will find me better at showing my graciousness than at making a show of it. (*warming up again*) I never make free with another guest's girl at a party, or appropriate the titbits, or grab the loving cup out of turn, or start a quarrel over the wine at a party, not I, never! If anyone there annoys me, I take myself home, cut off the conversation. At table I go in for graciousness, love, and gladsomeness.

By gad, sir, all your ways are bound to beget graciousness. Show me three such men, and I'll pay their weight in gold[2] for 'em.

But not one other man of his age can you find

[1] Animula was a small town in Apulia.

[2] *Aurichalcum* (*orichalcum*) "mountain copper" frequently = *aurum* in Plautus.

[1] *Tui—valent* Camerarius: *tu—vacet* B.

lepidiorem ad omnis res nec qui amicus amico sit magis.
Per. Tute me ut fateare faciam esse adulescentem moribus,
ita apud omnis comparebo tibi res bene factis frequens.
opusne erit tibi advocato tristi, iracundo? ecce me;
opusne leni? leniorem dices quam mutum est mare,
liquidiusculusque ero quam ventus est favonius.
vel hilarissimum convivam hinc indidem expromam tibi,
vel primarium parasitum atque obsonatorem optumum;
tum ad saltandum non cinaedus malacus aequest atque ego.
Pal. Quid ad illas artis optassis, si optio eveniat tibi?
Pl. Huius pro meritis ut referri pariter possit gratia,
tibique, quibus nunc me esse experior summae sollicitudini.
at tibi tanto sumptui esse mihi molestumst.
Per. Morus es.
nam in mala uxore atque inimico si quid sumas, sumptus est,
in bono hospite atque amico quaestus est quod sumitur
et quod in divinis rebus sumptumst, sapienti lucrumst.
deum virtute est te unde hospitio accipiam apud me comiter:
es, bibe, animo obsequere mecum atque onera te hilaritudine.
liberae sunt aedis, liber sum autem ego: mei volo vivere.

more completely delightful, or more a friend to his friend.

(*basking in their praise*) I'll make you admit yourself that I'm still a young fellow in my ways, I'll show myself so brimful of kindnesses to you in every situation. D'ye need a legal counsellor, severe and fiery? Behold me! (*illustrates*) Or one of mild demeanour? You'll pronounce me milder than the silent sea, and I'll be dulceter than a zephyr. And from the self-same source (*tapping his chest*) I'll produce for you the gayest of dinner guests, or a peerless parasite, yes, and an incomparable caterer. And as for dancing, there's no professional (*pirouetting*) can step it so seductively as I.

(*to Pleusicles, hiding an unwilling yawn*) With all those talents, sir, what more would you choose, if a choice were given you?

(*earnestly*) The power to show sufficient gratitude to balance his deserts and yours, to both of whom I'm clearly an object of such solicitude. (*to Periplectomenus*) But, sir, it troubles me to put you to all this expense.

(*clapping him on the shoulder*) Silly lad! Why, if you spend anything on a bad wife and an enemy, that's expense; money spent on a good guest and friend is money made, and money spent on divine worship a wise man counts clear gain. Thank God, I have the means to entertain you in my home agreeably; eat, drink, do as you please in my company, and enjoy yourself to the full. This is Liberty Hall, and I have my own liberty, too. I like to live my own life. Why—thank

nam mihi, deum virtute dicam, propter divitias meas
licuit uxorem dotatam genere summo ducere;
sed nolo mi oblatratricem in aedis intro mittere.
Pal. Cur non vis? nam procreare liberos lepidumst onus.
Per. Hercle vero liberum esse tete, id multo lepidiust.
Pal. Tu homo et alteri sapienter potis es consulere et tibi.
Per. Nam bona uxor suave ductust, si sit usquam gentium
ubi ea possit inveniri; verum egone eam ducam domum,
quae mihi numquam hoc dicat "eme, mi vir, lanam, unde tibi pallium
malacum et calidum conficiatur tunicaeque hibernae bonae,
ne algeas hac hieme" (hoc numquam verbum ex uxore audias),
verum prius quam galli cantent quae me e somno suscitet,
dicat "da, mi vir, kalendis meam qui matrem munerem,
da qui faciam condimenta,[1] da quod dem quinquatribus
praecantrici, coniectrici, hariolae atque haruspicae;
flagitiumst, si nil mittetur quae supercilio spicit;
tum plicatricem clementer non potest quin munerem;
iam pridem, quia nihil abstulerit, suscenset ceriaria;
tum opstetrix expostulavit mecum, parum missum sibi;

[1] re.' ondimenta Ritschl: *condi atdan* CD.

God I may say so—I'm a rich man and could have taken a wife of wealth and station; but I have no desire to admit a she-yapper into my house.

l. Why not, sir? Getting children is a delightful duty, you know.

r. I'll take oath that getting the joys of freedom is much more delightful.

l. You, sir, are a man who can give good counsel to another, and to yourself, as well.

r. Yes, yes, it's all very pleasant to marry a good wife—if there were any spot on earth where you could find one; but am I to bring home a woman who'd never say to me: "Husband mine, do buy me some wool to make a soft, warm cloak for you, and some nice, heavy tunics so that you won't be cold this winter." Nothing like that would you ever hear from a wife, but before cockcrow she'd wake me up with: "Husband mine, give me some money for a present for mother at the Matrons' Festival[1]; give me some money to make preserves; give me some money to give to the sorceress at the festival of Minerva,[2] and to the dream interpreter, and the clairvoyant and the soothsayer. It's a shame if I don't send something to that woman that tells your fortune from your eyebrows. And then the modiste—I must tip her, in common decency. And, oh, for ever so long the cateress has been angry at getting nothing. The midwife, too—she protested to me

[1] Celebrated by matrons, in honour of Mars, on March 1st.

[2] The *Quinquatrus Maiores*, held from March 19th to 23rd.

quid? nutrici non missuru's quicquam, quae vernas alit?"
haec atque horum similia alia damna multa mulierum
me uxore prohibent, mihi quae huius similes sermones serat.
Pal. Di tibi propitii sunt, nam hercle si istam semel amiseris
libertatem, haud facile in eundem rusum restitues locum.
Pl. At illa laus est, magno in genere et in divitiis maxumis
liberos hominem educare, generi monumentum et sibi.
Per. Quando habeo multos cognatos, quid opus est mihi liberis?
nunc bene vivo et fortunate atque ut volo atque animo ut lubet.
mea bona in morte cognatis didam, inter eos partiam.[1]
prius quam lucet adsunt, rogitant noctu ut somnum ceperim.[2]
sacrificant: dant inde partem mihi maiorem quam sibi,
abducunt ad exta; me ad se ad prandium, ad cenam vocant;
ille miserrumum se retur, minimum qui misit mihi.
illi inter se certant donis, egomet mecum mussito:
bona mea inhiant, me certatim nutricant et munerant.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 708:
ei apud me aderunt, me curabunt, visent quid agam, ecquid velim.
[2] Leo brackets following v., 710:
eos pro liberis habebo, qui mihi mittunt munera.

for sending her so little. What? Will you send nothing to the nurse that cares for the slaves born under your own roof?" These ruinous outlays of the women, and a lot more like 'em, keep me from taking a wife to torment me with talk like that.

al. The gods are kind to you, sir, for, by gad, once you let go of that liberty of yours, you won't readily restore it to its old place.

l. But it's a praiseworthy thing, sir, for a man of a great family, and of very great wealth, to rear children as a memorial to his family and himself.

er. Seeing I have plenty of relatives, what do I need of children? As it is, I live comfortably and happily, doing as I like and indulging my inclinations. My property, at my death, goes to my relatives, to be shared amongst 'em.[1] (*chuckling*) They're at my house before daybreak, asking if I passed a restful night.[2] They offer sacrifice, and give me a larger part of it than they give themselves; they take me to the sacrificial feast; they invite me to their houses to lunch, to dinner; the most depressed man amongst 'em is the one that has sent me least. Why, they're all in an endowment competition—and I murmuring to myself: "It's my property they're gaping for, but it's me they're competing to support and endow."

[1] V. 708: They will be at my house, look after me, come to see how I'm doing, if there's anything I want.

[2] V. 710: I'll have for children those people who send me presents.

Pal. Nimis bona ratione nimiumque ad te te et tuam vitam habes:
et tibi sunt gemini et trigemini, si te bene habes, filii.
Per. Pol si habuissem, satis cepissem miseriarum e liberis:
continuo excruciarer animi: si ei forte fuisset febris,
censerem emori; cecidissetve ebrius aut de equo uspiam,
metuerem ne ibi diffregisset crura aut cervices sibi.
Pal. Huic homini dignum est divitias esse et diu vitam dari,
qui et rem servat et se bene habet suisque amicis usui est.
Pl. O lepidum caput. ita me di deaeque ament, aequom fuit
deos paravisse, uno exemplo ne omnes vitam viverent;
sicut merci pretium statuit qui est probus agoranomus:
quae probast mers, pretium ei statuit, pro virtute ut veneat,
quae improbast, pro mercis vitio dominum pretio pauperat,
itidem divos dispertisse vitam humanam aequom fuit:
qui lepide ingeniatus esset, vitam ei longinquam darent,
qui improbi essent et scelesti, is adimerent animam cito.
si hoc paravissent, et homines essent minus multi mali
et minus audacter scelesta facerent facta, et postea,
qui homines probi essent, esset is annona vilior.

al. Ah, sir, you know what's what, all right, and how to enjoy life! If you enjoy yourself, why, that's as good as twins or triplets.

er. Heavens! If I had had children, misery enough they'd have brought me! I should be in torment directly. If my son happened to have a fever, I'd think he was dying; or if he had got drunk and had a fall, or been thrown from his horse somewhere, I'd be afraid it had broken his legs or neck for him.

al. (*to Pleusicles*) Here, sir, is a man that merits his money and many a long year of life; he keeps an eye on his property, enjoys himself, and benefits his friends.

l. A perfectly delightful creature! So help me Heaven, the gods should have provided that we shouldn't all live lives allotted on the same principle. Just as a good market-inspector fixes the price of merchandise—fixing such a price on the good merchandise as to make it sell according to its merits, and paring down the owner's price on the bad according to its demerits—that's the way the gods should have allotted human life. The man of delightful characteristics should be granted a long life, while wicked scoundrels should be made to give up the ghost with despatch. If they had so provided, bad men would be less abundant, and would do their scoundrelly deeds less boldly, and furthermore, for the good man the cost of living would come down.

Per. Qui deorum consilia culpet, stultus inscitusque sit,
quique eos vituperet. nunc istis rebus desisti decet.
nunc volo opsonare, ut, hospes, tua te ex virtute et mea
meae domi accipiam benigne, lepide et lepidis victibus.
Pl. Nihil me paenitet iam quanto sumptui fuerim tibi;
nam hospes nullus tam in amici hospitium devorti potest,
quin, ubi triduom continuom fuerit, iam odiosus siet;
verum ubi dies decem continuos sit, east odiorum Ilias:
tam etsi dominus non invitus patitur, servi murmurant.
Per. Serviendae servituti ego servos instruxi mihi,
hospes, non qui mi imperarent quibusve ego essem obnoxius:
si illis aegrest mihi quod volup est, meo remigio rem gero,
tamen id quod odiost faciundumst cum malo atque ingratiis.
nunc, quod occepi, opsonatum pergam.
Pl. Si certumst tibi,
commodulum obsona, ne magno sumptu: mihi quidvis sat est.
Per. Quin tu istanc orationem hinc veterem atque antiquam amoves?[1]
proletario sermone nunc quidem, hospes, utere;
nam ei solent, quando accubuere, ubi cena adpositast, dicere:
"quid opus fuit hoc, hospes, sumptu tanto nostra gratia?

er. (*in kindly reproof*) A man who found fault with the divine scheme of things, and censured the powers above would be a silly ignoramus. Enough now of all this. Now I must do some marketing, guest mine, so as to entertain you in my home as befits us both, courteously, delightfully—and with delightful things to eat.

l. I have put you to quite enough expense already, sir. Why, no guest can accept the hospitality of a friend like this without becoming an affliction after a three days' stay; but after a ten days' stay he becomes a whole Iliad of afflictions. Even though the master is no unwilling sufferer, the servants grumble.

er. (*genially*) I have schooled my servants to do me servant's service, my friend, not to give me orders or keep me under their thumbs. If they dislike what pleases me, I steer my own course—if a task's an "affliction," they must do it, just the same, to the tune of a thrashing, willy nilly. (*going*) Now for the marketing I mean to do.

l. Well, if market you must, do be reasonable about it, sir, don't be extravagant; anything is enough for me.

er. (*turning on him amiably*) Oh, do dispense with that hackneyed, ancient twaddle, won't you? Really, my friend, now you're falling into the cant of the common run of guests. Why, when they're placed and dinner put on the table, it's the regular thing for them to say: "Host, host! What need of all this extravagance just for us? Good heavens,

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[1] Leo brackets following *nam.*

insanivisti hercle, nam idem hoc hominibus sat erat decem."
quod eorum causa obsonatumst culpant et comedunt tamen.

Pal. Fit pol illud ad illud exemplum. ut docte et perspecte sapit.

Per. Sed eidem homines numquam dicunt, quamquam adpositumst ampliter:
"iube illud demi; tolle hanc patinam; remove pernam, nil moror;
aufer illam offam porcinam, probus hic conger frigidus,
remove, abi aufer" neminem eorum haec adseverare audias,
sed procellunt se et procumbunt dimidiati, dum appetunt.

Pal. Bonus bene ut malos descripsit mores.

Per. Haud centesimam partem dixi atque, otium rei si sit, possum expromere.

Pal. Igitur id quod agitur ei[1] hic primum praeverti decet.
nunc hoc animum advortite ambo. mihi opus est opera tua,
Periplectomene; nam ego inveni lepidam sycophantiam,
qui admutiletur miles usque caesariatus atque uti
huic amanti ac Philocomasio hanc ecficiamus copiam,
ut hic eam abducat habeatque.

Per. Dari istanc rationem volo.

Pal. At ego mi anulum dari istunc tuom volo.

Per. Quam ad rem usui est?

Pal. Quando habebo, igitur rationem mearum fabricarum dabo.

you were crazy! Why, this would do for ten men!" They cavil at the way you market for them—and yet consume it all.

Pal. (*to Pleusicles*) By gad, sir, that's just what they do do! What a clever, sagacious philosopher he is!

Per. (*gratified*) But no matter how high the table is heaped, these same men never say: "Have that dish taken off . . . remove this platter . . . away with the ham, I don't care for any . . . off with that pork . . . this conger eel will be fine, cold—out with it, be off, take it away!" No such sentiments would you hear from a one of 'em, but down they flop, hanging their upper halves over the table, grabbing for food.

Pal. (*still patient and polite*) A good man's description of bad manners, sir!

Per. Oh, I haven't told you a hundredth part of the things I could bring up, if there were time for it.

Pal. (*grasping his chance*) Then the matter in hand—that ought to have our first thought, sir. Now turn your attention here, you two gentlemen. I must have your help, Periplectomenus; for I've hit on a delightful ruse for clipping our long-haired soldier close, and giving our lover here a chance to carry Philocomasium off and keep her for himself.

Per. Let's have that scheme of yours.

Pal. Well, sir, let me have that ring of yours. (*pointing*)

Per. What can you use it for?

Pal. When I get it, then you shall hear the scheme I've devised, sir.

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[1] [*ei*] *hic* Bothe.

Per. Vtere, accipe.
Pal. Accipe a me rusum rationem doli,
quam institui.
Pl. Perpurigatis damus tibi ambo operam auribus.
Pal. Erus meus ita magnus moechus mulierum est, ut neminem
fuisse aeque neque futurum credo.
Pl. Credo ego istuc idem.
Pal. Isque Alexandri praestare praedicat formae suam,
itaque omnis se ultro sectari in Epheso memorat mulieres.
Per. Edepol qui tę de isto multi cupiunt[1] non mentirier,
sed ego ita esse ut dicis teneo pulchre. proin, Palaestrio,
quam potis tam verba confer maxime ad compendium.
Pal. Ecquam tu potes reperire forma lepida mulierem,
cui facetiarum cor pectusque sit plenum et doli?
Per. Ingenuamne an libertinam?
Pal. Aequi istuc facio, dum modo
eam des quae sit quaestuosa, quae alat corpus corpore,
cuique sapiat peetus; nam cor non potest, quod nulla habet.
Per. Lautam vis an quae nondum sit lauta?
Pal. Sic consucidam,
quam lepidissimam potis quamque adulescentem maxume.
Per. Habeo eccillam meam clientam, meretricem adulescentulam.
sed quid ea usus est?
Pal. Vt ad te eam iam deducas domum
itaque eam huc ornatam adducas, ex matronarum modo,

Use it, (*handing him the ring*) here you are!
And here in return is the scheme I've thought out, to swindle him. (*pauses, reflecting*)
Our ears are open and at your service.
Now my master is a woman-chaser such as never was, or will be, I believe.
(*heartily*) I believe the same.
He holds himself a handsomer man than Alexander, and tells how all the women in Ephesus therefore insist on running after him.
(*cynically*) There's many a husband who heartily wishes the fellow really were so seductive. But I am perfectly aware he's what you say. So be as brief as possible, Palaestrio.
Can you find some delightful looking wench, sir, with a mind and wit crammed full of cleverness and wiles?
(*thinking*) Freeborn or a freedwoman?
That's immaterial, so long as you give me one who's after money, whose body is her bodily support, and who's ready of wit: she can't be ready of mind, as a matter of fact, for no woman has one.
D'ye want a swell wench, or one that hasn't yet swelled out?
Oh, you know—a fine juicy bit, just as delightful and young as can be.
(*after a moment*) Aha! I have her! A client of mine, a beauty of a courtesan! But what do you need her for?
You are to take her home to your house at once, sir, and bring her here all got up like a married woman—the usual head-dress . . . hair done high

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *nunc* Acidalius.

capite compto, crinis vittasque habeat, adsimuletque se
tuam esse uxorem: ita praecipiundum est.
Pl. Erro quam insistas viam.
Pal. At scietis. sed ecquae ancillast illi?
Per. Est prime cata.
Pal. Ea quoque opus est. ita praecipito mulieri atque ancillulae,
ut simulet se tuam esse uxorem et deperire hunc militem,
quasique hunc anulum faveae suae dederit, ea porro mihi,
militi ut darem, quasique ego ei rei sim interpres.
Per. Audio;
ne me surdum esse arbitrare, si audes. ego recte meis
auribus utor.[1]
Pal. Ei dabo, aps tua mi uxore dicam delatum et datum,
ut sese ad eum conciliarem; ille eiusmodi est: cupiet miser,
qui nisi adulterio studiosus rei nulli aliaest improbus.
Per. Non potuit reperire, si ipsi Soli quaerendas dares,
lepidiores duas ad hanc rem quam ego. habe animum bonum.
Pal. Ergo adcura, sed propere opus est. nunc tu ausculta, Pleusicles.
Pl. Tibi sum oboediens.
Pal. Hoc facito, miles domum ubi advenerit,
memineris ne Philocomasium nomines.
Pl. Quem nominem?
Pal. Diceam.

[1] Leo notes hopeless lacuna here.

. . . in ribbons [1]—and she's to pretend she's your wife; she must be so instructed.

I fail to see where you're bound for.

Well, you will see. (*to Periplectomenus*) But has she a maid?

Yes, and a precious sly one.

(*with increasing importance and imperiousness*) She is needed, too. Give the wench and her maid these instructions: the mistress is to pretend that she's your wife, and dying for this soldier, and that she gave this ring to her petling of a maid who turned it over to me to give the soldier, I being the go-between in the affair.

(*sharply*) I hear you. Please do not assume that I am deaf. I have full use of my ears.

(*less consequential*) I shall give it to him, sir, saying it was sent by your wife and given to me so that I might bring her and him together. This is the sort he is—he'll be crazy for her, poor fool, for adultery is the rascal's leading interest.

(*genial again*) Why, if you gave old Sol the job of hunting for 'em, he couldn't find two more delightful wenches for this purpose than I can. Rest easy.

See to it, then, sir, but we need them quickly. (EXIT *Periplectomenus*). Now you listen here, Pleusicles.

I am your obedient servant.

Mind this—when the soldier comes home, remember not to call Philocomasium by her own name.

What am I to call her?

Dicea.

[1] Roman matrons and *meretrices* were to be differentiated by their coiffure.

Pl. Nempe eandem quae dudum constitutast.
Pal. Pax, abi.
Pl. Meminero. sed quid meminisse id refert, rogo ego te tamen.
Pal. Ego enim dicam tum quando usus poscet; interea tace.
ut nunc etiam hic agat ac tu tum partis defendas tuas.
Pl. Ego eo intro igitur.
Pal. Et praecepta sobrie ut cures face.

III. 2.

quantas res turbo, quantas moveo machinas.
eripiam ego hodie concubinam militi,
si centuriati bene sunt maniplares mei.
sed illum vocabo. heus Sceledre, nisi negotiumst,
progredere ante aedis, te vocat Palaestrio.
Luc. Non operaest Sceledro.
Pal. Quid iam?
Luc. Sorbet dormiens.
Pal. Quid, sorbet?
Luc. Illud, stertit, volui dicere.
sed quia consimile est, quom stertas, quasi sorbeas—
Pal. Eho an dormit Sceledrus intus?
Luc. Non naso quidem,
nam eo magnum clamat. tetigit calicem clanculum,
dum misit nardum in amphoram, cellarius.
Pal. Eho tu sceleste, qui illi suppromu's, eho—

Oh yes, the same name we recently agreed upon.
l. Enough! Be off with you!
. (*going*) I'll remember. But just the same, I want to know what's the use of remembering.
l. Well, I shall tell you when occasion demands; meanwhile hold your tongue, so that he, too, (*with a wave in the direction Periplectomenus went*) may do his job at once and you play your part later on.
. I'm going inside, then. [EXIT.
l. (*calling after him*) And be sure you follow instructions sensibly.

ene 2.

What a mix-up I'm making! What machines I'm setting in motion. I'll get the soldier's girl away from him to-day, if only my troops are rightly trained. But I'll call that chap. (*shouting at the soldier's door*) Hey! Sceledrus! Step out here, if you're not too busy! It's Palaestrio calling you!

ENTER *Lucrio*, UNSTEADILY.

c. (*tipsily*) Sceledrus is . . . not at . . . leisure.
l. Eh? How's that?
c. He's . . asleep and . . . swigging.
l. What? Swigging?
c. Snoring, I . . . meant . . . to say. But seeing snoring is . . . much the same as . . . swigging—
l. (*indignant*) Ha! Sceledrus asleep inside there?
c. Not with his . . . nose . . . anyhow, for that's . . . raising an awful . . . racket. He nabbed a . . . nip on the sly, when he . . . put some . . . nard in an . . . amphora, he being the . . . butler.
l. Ha! You rascal! You're his under-butler, so see here——

Luc. Quid vis?
Pal. Qui lubitum est illi condormiscere?
Luc. Oculis opinor.
Pal. Non te istuc rogito, scelus.
procede huc. periisti iam, nisi verum scio.
prompsisti tu illi vinum?
Luc. Non prompsi.
Pal. Negas?
Luc. Nego hercle vero, nam ille me vetuit dicere; 830
neque equidem heminas octo exprompsi in urceum
neque illic calidum exbibit in prandium.
Pal. Neque tu bibisti?
Luc. Di me perdant, si bibi,
si bibere potui.
Pal. Quid iam?
Luc. Quia enim obsorbui;
nam nimis calebat, amburebat gutturem.
Pal. Alii ebrii sunt, alii poscam potitant.
bono subpromo et promo cellam creditam.
Luc. Tu hercle idem faceres, si tibi esset credita:
quoniam aemulari non licet, nunc invides. 840
Pal. Eho an umquam prompsit antehac? responde, scelus.
atque ut tu scire possis, ego dico tibi:
si falsa dices, Lucrio, excruciabere.
Luc. Ita vero? ut tu ipse me dixisse delices,
post e sagina ego eiciar cellaria,
ut tibi, si promptes, alium subpromum pares.

c. What d'ye want?

l. How has he thought fit to go to sleep?

c. With his . . . eyes, I suppose. (*turns away*)

l. I'm not asking you that, you villain! Step up here! (*Lucrio obeys*) You're a dead man this minute, unless I know the truth! Did you draw wine for him?

c. I did . . . not.

l. You deny it?

c. Why, of course I . . . deny it, for he . . . forbade me to . . . admit it. And I didn't draw him off eight . . . half-pints into a . . . pitcher, not I, and he didn't . . . drink it off . . . hot for lunch . . . either.

l. And you didn't drink, yourself, either?

c. May I be . . . damned, if I drank, if I . . . could have drunk!

l. Eh? How's that?

c. Because I . . . gulped it down. Why, it was so . . . blessed hot, it . . . scorched my gullet.

l. (*enviously*) Some folks get gloriously drunk, while others are always bibbing vinegar and water. A fine under-butler and butler the storeroom's entrusted to!

c. Lord! You'd be doing . . . the same, yourself, if it had been . . . entrusted to you. Now that you can't . . . imitate us, you . . . envy us.

l. See here! Did he ever draw wine before? Answer me, you villain! And just to give you warning, I tell you this—if you tell any lies, Lucrio, you'll be lying on a cross.

c. Oh yes! Just to give you a . . . chance to tattle . . . what I told, and . . . after I'm ousted from my . . . storeroom . . . gorging, get another under-butler for . . . yourself, if you get the butler's job.

Pal. Non edepol faciam. age eloquere audacter mihi.
Luc. Numquam edepol vidi promere. verum hoc erat:
mihi imperabat, ego promebam postea.
Pal. Hoc illi crebro capite sistebant cadi.
Luc. Non hercle tam istoc valide cassabant cadi;
sed in cella erat paulum nimis loculi lubrici,
ibi erat bilibris aula sic propter cados,
ea saepe deciens complebatur: vidi eam
plenam atque inanem fieri, plenam maxume;
ubi bacchabatur aula, cassabant cadi.
Pal. Abi, abi intro iam. vos in cella vinaria
bacchanal facitis. iam hercle ego erum adducam
a foro.
Luc. Perii, excruciabit me erus, domum si venerit,
quom haec facta scibit, quia sibi non dixerim.
fugiam hercle aliquo atque hoc in diem extollam
malum.
ne dixeritis, obsecro, huic, vostram fidem.
Pal. Quo te agis?
Luc. Missus sum aliquo: iam huc revenero.
Pal. Quis misit?
Luc. Philocomasium.
Pal. Abi, actutum redi.
Luc. Quaeso tamen tu meam partem, infortunium
si dividetur, me absente accipito tamen.

al. No I won't, upon my word. Come now, speak out boldly to me.

ac. I never saw . . . him draw any wine, upon my . . . word. But it was . . . this way: he'd give me . . . orders, and then I'd draw it.

al. That's why the casks there continually kept standing on their heads.

ac. Lord, no! That wasn't why the . . . casks cut such . . . capers. But there was a . . . little spot in the . . . storeroom that was awfully . . . slippery, and there, standing . . . so (*illustrating*) near the . . . casks, was a . . . two-quart jar, and this jar often . . . filled itself up . . . ten times over. I've seen it get . . . full and empty . . . especially . . . full. And when the jar got to . . . carousing, the . . . casks got to cutting . . . capers.

al. (*angrily*) Be off, be off inside with you now! It's you chaps do the carousing in the wine room. I'll bring master from the forum this instant, by Jove!

ac. (*aside*) I'm done for! Master'll . . . torture me, once he comes . . . home and finds this out, because I . . . didn't tell him. I'll run away somewhere, by . . . gad, and postpone . . . my punishment for a while. (*to audience*) Don't tell him, for . . . heaven's sake! (*staggers away*)

al. Where are you off to?

ac. I've been . . . sent somewhere: I'll be . . . back here soon.

al. Who sent you?

ac. Philocomasium.

al. Be off, and come directly back.

ac. Just the . . . same, if there's any . . . trouble doled out, and I'm . . . away, you please take my . . . share, just the . . . same. [EXIT.

Pal. Modo intellexi quam rem mulier gesserit :
quia Sceledrus dormit, hunc subcustodem suom
foras ablegavit, dum ab se huc transiret. placet.
sed Periplectomenus quam ei mandavi mulierem
nimis lepida forma ducit. di hercle hanc rem
adiuvant.
quam digne ornata incedit, haud meretricie.
lepide hoc succedit sub manus negotium.

III. 3.

Per. Rem omnem tibi, Acroteleutium, tibique una,
Milphidippa,
domi demonstravi in ordine. hanc fabricam falla-
ciasque
minus si tenetis, denuo volo percipiatis plane ;
satis si intellegitis, aliud est quod potius fabulemur.
Acr. Stultitia atque insipientia mea istaec sit, mi
patrone,
me ire in opus alienum aut ibi meam operam
pollicitari,
si ea in opificina nesciam aut mala esse aut fraudu-
lenta.
Per. At melius est monerier.
Acr. Meretricem commoneri,
quam sane magni referat, nihil clam est. quin
egomet ultro,
postquam adbibere auris meae tuae oram orationis,
tibi dixi, miles quem ad modum potis sit deasciari.
Per. At nemo solus satis sapit. nam ego multos saepe
vidi
regionem fugere consili prius quam repertam
haberent.
Acr. Si quid faciendum est mulieri male atque malitiose,

al. Well, now I understand what the wench has been at: Sceledrus being asleep, she has got rid of this under-guard of hers, while she crossed over to our house. Good! (*looking down the street*) But here comes Periplectomenus with the woman I commissioned him to get—and a delightful looking creature she is! By gad, the gods are with us in this! What a ladylike dress and walk! Nothing like a courtesan! Ah, this affair is shaping itself delightfully!

Scene 3. ENTER *Periplectomenus, Acroteleutium* AND *Milphidippa.*

Per. I explained everything to you at home, from beginning to end, Acroteleutium, and to you as well, Milphidippa. In case you don't fully grasp this game of ours to gull him, I want you to begin again and school yourselves completely. If you do understand it, we had better turn to another topic.

Acr. (*lightly*) A silly goose I'd be, patron mine, to undertake another person's work or promise to work for him, if once in the workshop I didn't know how to be sly or tricky.

Per. But it's better to admonish you.

Acr. (*laughing*) Everyone appreciates the immense value of admonishing a courtesan! Why, my ears had barely begun to drink in your discourse, when I myself volunteered to tell you how the soldier could be trimmed.

Per. Still, no one knows enough, alone. Why, I've often seen many a man avoid the neighbourhood of good advice before he really came near it.

Acr. If a woman has anything mischievous and malicious

ea sibi immortalis memoriast meminisse et sempiterna;
sin bene quid aut fideliter faciundum eisdem veniat,
obliviosae extempulo fiunt, meminisse nequeunt.
Per. Ergo istuc metuo, quom venit vobis faciundum utrumque:
nam id proderit mihi, militi, male quod facietis ambae.
Acr. Dum nescientes quod bonum faciamus, ne formida.
Per. Mala mulier mers est.
Acr. Ne pave, peioribus conveniunt.
Per. Ita vos decet. consequimini.
Pal. Cesso ego illis obviam ire?
venire salvom gaudeo, lepide hercle ornatus incedis.
Per. Bene opportuneque obviam es, Palaestrio. em tibi adsunt
quas me iussisti adducere et quo ornatu.
Pal. eu, noster esto.
Palaestrio Acroteleutium salutat.
Acr. Quis hic amabo est,
qui tam pro nota nominat me?
Per. Hic noster architectust.
Acr. Salve, architecte.
Pal. Salva sis. sed dic mihi, ecquid hic te oneravit praeceptis?
Per. Probe meditatam utramque duco.
Pal. Audire cupio quem ad modum; ne quid peccetis paveo.

to do, she remembers it with a memory that's unremitting and immortal; but if the same women have occasion to do anything good or loyal, they suddenly become forgetful, and simply can't remember.

er. That's why I'm afraid of your forgetting, you two having occasion to do both things, you see; for in doing the soldier a mischief, you girls do me a service.

cr. (*smiling*) So long as we're unaware of doing good, you needn't fear.

er. (*heartily*) Women are worthless wares.

cr. (*encouragingly*) Don't be alarmed; they all fit in with women still more worthless.

er. The proper thing for you two! (*proceeding toward his house*) Come along.

al. (*aside*) I must hurry up to meet them. (*approaching*) Glad to see you safely here, sir, and, by Jove, you're delightfully arrayed (*indicating the girls*) for your stroll!

er. Good! A timely meeting, Palaestrio! Here they are! Here are the girls you bade me bring, and arrayed to order.

al. Splendid, sir! You're the man for me! (*with a courtly air*) Palaestrio presents his compliments to Acroteleutium.

cr. (*to Periplectomenus, with dignity*) Who is this man, pray, who accosts me by name as if he knew me?

er. This is our master-builder.

cr. Good day, master-builder.

al. And good day to you. But tell me, has this gentleman crammed you full of instructions?

er. They're two well-prepared wenches I bring you.

al. I'm anxious to hear how they are prepared. (*to girls*) I dread your making some mistake.

Per. Ad tua praecepta de meo nihil his novom adposivi.
Acr. Nempe ludificari militem tuom erum vis?
Pal. Exlocuta es.
Acr. Lepide et sapienter, commode et facete res paratast.
Pal. Atque huius uxorem volo te esse adsimulare.
Acr. Fiet.
Pal. Quasi militi animum adieceris, simulare.
Acr. Sic futurum est.
Pal. Quasique ea res per me interpretem et tuam ancillam ei curetur.
Acr. Bonus vates poteras esse, nam quae sunt futura dicis.
Pal. Quasique anulum hunc ancillula tua abs te detulerit ad me,
quem ego militi porro darem tuis verbis.
Acr. Vera dicis.
Per. Quid istis nunc memoratis opust quae commeminere?
Acr. Meliust.
nam, mi patrone, hoc cogitato, ubi probus est architectus,
bene lineatam si semel carinam conlocavit,
facile esse navem facere, ubi fundata, constitutast,
nunc haec carina satis probe fundata, bene statutast,
atque architecto adsunt fabri ad eam rem haud imperiti.
si non nos materiarius remoratur, quod opus qui det
(novi indolem nostri ingeni), cito erit parata navis.
Pal. Nempe tu novisti militem meum erum?
Acr. Rogare mirumst.
populi odium quidni noverim, magnidicum, cincinnatum,
moechum unguentatum.

Per. I have added nothing new of my own to your instructions.

Cr. You want your master, the soldier, to be fooled, I understand?

Pal. You've said it.

Cr. It is all arranged, delightfully and shrewdly, properly and neatly.

Pal. And I want you to pretend to be this gentleman's wife.

Cr. His wife I'll be.

Pal. And to pretend that you're smitten with the soldier.

Cr. I shall be smitten.

Pal. And that this matter is being managed for him through me, as go-between, and your maid.

Cr. You could have made a fine clairvoyant, for what you say will all come true.

Pal. And that your maid brought me this ring from you to pass on to the soldier in your name.

Cr. Quite correct.

Per. What's the use of all that repetition of things they remember?

Cr. It's better so. For consider this, my dear patron, —when you have a fine master-builder, and he has once laid down the keel true to line, building your ship is easy when that's all laid and set. Now this keel of ours is laid finely as can be and well set, and the master-builder has workmen for this job that are not unskilled. If we're not delayed by the timber-dealer with our raw material —I know what our powers promise—our ship will be ready in no time.

Pal. No doubt you know the soldier, my master?

Cr. It's a wonder you ask. How could I help knowing such a general nuisance, such a boastful, frizzle-pated, perfumed lady-killer?

Pal. Num ille te nam novit?
Acr. Numquam vidit:
qui noverit me quis ego sim?
Pal. Nimis lepide fabulare;
eo pote fuerit[1] lepidius pol fieri.
Acr. Potin ut hominem
mihi des, quiescas cetera? ni ludificata lepide
ero, culpam omnem in me imponito.
Pal. Age igitur intro abite,
insistite hoc negotium sapienter.
Acr. Alia cura.
Pal. Age, Periplectomene, has nunciam duc intro; ego
ad forum illum
conveniam atque illi hunc anulum dabo, atque
praedicabo
a tua uxore mihi datum esse eamque illum deperire.
hanc ad nos, quom extemplo a foro veniemus,
mittitote,
quasi clanculum ad eum missa sit.
Per. Faciemus. alia cura.
Pal. Vos modo curate, ego illum probe iam oneratum
huc acciebo.
Per. Bene ambula, bene rem geras. egone hoc si
efficiam plane,
ut concubinam militis meus hospes habeat hodie
atque hinc Athenas avehat, si hodie hunc dolum
dolamus,
quid tibi ego mittam muneris!
Acr. Datne ab se mulier operam?
Per. Lepidissume et compsissume.
Acr. Confido confuturum.
ubi facta erit conlatio nostrarum malitiarum,
haud vereor ne nos subdola perfidia pervincamur.

[1] *pote fuerit* Lindsay: *potiverim* MSS.

al. (*anxiously*) But he doesn't know you, does he?

cr. Never having seen me, how should he know who I am?

al. How delightfully you do talk! What we do to him can be made all the more delightful!

cr. Can't you leave the man to me, and feel easy as to the rest? If I fail to make a delightful fool of him, lay all the blame on me.

al All right, then, you girls go inside, and set yourselves to work on this with all your wits.

cr. (*easily*) Leave that to us.

al. Come, Periplectomenus, take these girls inside at once; I'll meet our man at the forum and give him this ring, making out that it was given me by your wife and that she's dying for him. The moment we get back from the forum, send this girl (*indicating Milphidippa*) to us as though she were a secret messenger to him.

er. We will. Leave it to us.

al. Only you manage your part; I'll fetch him here already stuffed in fine shape. [EXIT.

er. (*calling after him*) A good walk to you—and do a good job! (*to Acroteleutium*) If I make a real success of this, and my guest gets the soldier's girl to-day and carries her off to Athens, and if we do turn this trick, such a present as I'll send you!

cr. Is the girl herself (*nodding toward the soldier's house*) helping us?

er. Oh, delightfully, toutafaitly!

cr. I trust things will turn out well. When we've lumped together our talents for mischief, I have no fear of our being beaten at artful wiles.

Per. Abeamus ergo intro, haec uti meditemur cogitate,
ut accurate et commode hoc quod agendumst exsequamur,
ne quid, ubi miles venerit, titubetur.
Acr. Tu morare.

ACTVS IV

Pyrg. Volup est, quod agas, si id procedit lepide atque ex sententia;
nam ego hodie ad Seleucum regem misi parasitum meum,
ut latrones quos conduxi hinc ad Seleucum duceret,
qui eius regnum tutarentur, mihi dum fieret otium.
Pal. Quin tu tuam rem cura potius quam Seleuci, quae tibi
condicio nova et luculenta fertur per me interpretem.
Pyrg. Immo omnis res posteriores pono atque operam do tibi.
loquere: auris meas profecto dedo in dicionem tuam.
Pal. Circumspice dum, ne quis nostro hic auceps sermoni siet.
nam hoc negoti clandestino ut agerem mandatumst mihi.
Pyrg. Nemo adest.
Pal. Hunc arrabonem amoris primum a me accipe.
Pyrg. Quid hic? unde est?
Pal. A luculenta atque festiva femina,
quae te amat tuamque expetessit pulcram pulcritudinem;
eius nunc mi anulum ad te ancilla porro ut deferrem dedit.

cr. Well, then, let's go inside to practice and think over our parts, so that we can put the job through carefully and properly, and make not a single slip when the soldier comes.

cr. It's you that delay us. [EXEUNT.

ACT IV

ENTER *Pyrgopolynices* AND *Palaestrio.*

yrg. Ah, it is a great pleasure to have your affairs proceed in just such a delightful fashion as you wish. My own case, now—to-day I sent my parasite to King Seleucus so that he might conduct to Seleucus the mercenaries whom I hired to protect his kingdom while I take a rest.

al. Come, sir, attend to your own business rather than Seleucus's. Such a love affair as I'm commisioned to submit to you, sir, a new one, a dazzling one!

yrg. (*condescendingly*) Oh, well, everything else shall be secondary, and you shall have my attention. Speak. I surrender my ears to your suzerainty, by all means.

al. (*mysteriously*) Look about, then, sir, and see that no one is here to catch our conversation. For I was instructed to do this business secretly.

yrg. (*majestically surveying the neighbourhood*) No one is here.

al. (*producing Periplectomenus's ring*) First, sir, take this as a token of her affection.

yrg. (*taking it*) What have we here? Whence comes it?

al. From a dazzling and delectable lady, sir, who loves you, and longs to enjoy your beauteous beauty. And now she has sent me her ring by her maid, for me to hand over to you, sir.

Pyrg. Quid ea? ingenuan an festuca facta e serva liberast?

Pal. Vah, egone ut ad te ab libertina esse auderem internuntius,
qui ingenuis satis responsare nequeas quae cupiunt tui?

Pyrg. Nuptan est an vidua?

Pal. Et nupta et vidua.

Pyrg. Quo pacto potis nupta et vidua esse eadem?

Pal. Quia adulescens nuptast cum sene.

Pyrg. Euge.

Pal. Lepida et liberali formast.

Pyrg. Cave mendacium.

Pal. Ad tuam formam illa una dignast.

Pyrg. Hercle pulchram praedicas. sed quis east?

Pal. Senis huius uxor Periplectomeni ex proxumo;
ea demoritur te atque ab illo cupit abire: odit senem. 970
nunc te orare atque obsecrare iussit, ut eam copiam sibi potestatemque facias.

Pyrg. Cupio hercle equidem, si illa volt.

Pal. Quae cupit?

Pyrg. Quid illa faciemus concubina, quae domist?

Pal. Quin tu illam iube abs te abire quo lubet: sicut soror
eius huc gemina venit Ephesum et mater, accersuntque eam.

[1] A rod was used in a form of manumission.

yrg. (*examining the ring and trying to hide his elation*) What about her? Is she freeborn, or some slave set free by the rod?[1]

al. Tush, sir! Would I dare be an envoy to you from a freedwoman, when you are unable to make adequate response to the freeborn ladies who crave for you?

yrg. Is she married or unmarried?

al. Married and unmarried, both, sir.

yrg. How can the same woman be both married and unmarried?

al. Because she's the young wife of an old husband, sir.

yrg. Excellent!

al. Oh, she's delightful, sir, and every inch a lady!

yrg. No lies, my man!

al. Sir, she's the one woman worthy of comparison with you.

yrg. (*genuinely surprised*) By Jove, what a beauty she must be! But who is she?

al. The wife of old Periplectomenus here next door, sir. She's simply perishing for you, sir, and longs to leave him; she hates the old fellow. And now she has ordered me to beg and beseech you to grant her the opportunity and privilege of being yours.

rg. (*forgetting his indifference*) By Jove, I certainly long to have her, if she wishes it. (*slips on the ring*)

l. Wishes it, sir? Longs for it!

rg. What shall we do with that wench at home?

l. Why, sir, tell her to leave you and go where she likes—here's her twin sister, for instance, come to Ephesus with her mother, and they are after her.

Pyrg. Eho tu, an venit Ephesum mater eius?
Pal. Aiunt qui sciunt.
Pyrg. Hercle occasionem lepidam, ut mulierem excludam foras.
Pal. Immo vin tu lepide facere?
Pyrg. Loquere et consilium cedo.
Pal. Vin tu illam actutum amovere, a te ut abeat per gratiam?
Pyrg. Cupio.
Pal. Tum te hoc facere oportet. tibi divitiarum adfatimst:
iube sibi aurum atque ornamenta, quae illi instruxti mulieri,
dono habere, abire,[1] auferre abs te quo lubeat sibi.
Pyrg. Placet ut dicis; sed ne et istam amittam et haec mutet fidem
vide modo.
Pal. Vah delicatu's, quae te tamquam oculos amet.
Pyrg. Venus me amat.
Pal. St tace, aperitur foris, concede huc clanculum.
haec celox illiust, quae hinc egreditur, internuntia,[2]
quae anulum istunc attulit quem tibi dedi.
Pyrg. Edepol haec quidem bellulast.
Pal. Pithecium haec est prae illa et spinturnicium.

980

[1] *abire*, Goetz: Leo notes lacuna here.
[2] Leo brackets following v., 987:
Pyrg. *Quae haec celox?*
Pal. *Ancillula illiust, quae hinc egreditur foras.*

rg. Eh? What? Her mother has come to Ephesus?
l. So say those who know, sir.
rg. By Jove! A delightful opportunity to get the girl out of my house!
l. But listen, sir. Do you want to do it in a delightful way?
rg. Speak, out with your advice.
l. Do you want to put her out at once, sir, and yet have her part with you pleasantly?
rg. I long to!
l. Then this is what you should do, sir. You have any amount of money: bid her keep the jewels and finery you fitted her out with for a present and take them and go away where she likes.
rg. A good suggestion! But just look out that I do not let her go, only to have this other one break faith.
l. Tut, tut, sir! You're joking! When she loves you as her very eyes.
rg. (*complacently*) It is Venus who loves me!
l. (*listening*) Sh-h! Keep still, sir! The door's opening! Step aside here out of sight! (*pulls him back*)

ENTER *Milphidippa* INTO *Periplectomenus's* DOORWAY.

This is her despatch-boat coming out, her go-between,[1] who brought me that ring I gave you, sir.
rg. (*ogling her*) A pretty little piece, upon my soul!
l. Oh, sir, she's nothing but a little baboon, a miserable dodo chick, beside her mistress! (*as*

[1] v. 987:
g. Despatch boat—what do you mean?
. It's her little maid who's coming outside.

viden tu illam oculis venaturam facere atque aucupium auribus?

IV. 2.

Milph. Iam est ante aedis circus ubi sunt ludi faciundi mihi.
dissimulabo, hos quasi non videam neque esse hic etiamdum sciam.
Pyrg. Tace, subauscultemus ecquid de me fiat mentio.
Milph. Numquis nam hic prope adest qui rem alienam potius curet quam suam,
qui aucupet me quid agam, qui de vesperi vivat suo?
eos nunc homines metuo, mihi ne obsint neve opstent uspiam,
domo si bitat, dum huc transbitat, quae huius cupiens corporist,
quae amat hunc hominem nimium lepidum et nimia pulchritudine,
militem Pyrgopolynicem.
Pyrg. Satin haec quoque me deperit?
meam laudat speciem. edepol huius sermo haud cinerem quaeritat.
Pal. Quo argumento?
Pyrg. Quia enim loquitur laute et minime sordide.
Pal. Quippini? istaec de te loquitur: nihil attrectat sordidi.
Pyrg. Tum autem illa ipsa est nimium lepida nimisque nitida femina.
hercle vero iam adlubescit primulum, Palaestrio.
Pal. Priusne quam illam oculis tuis videas?
Pyrg. Video id quod credo tibi.

[1] So having time for other matters.

she peers about and listens) D'ye see her playing the hunter with her eyes and bird-catcher with her ears, sir?

ene 2.

lph. (*aside, coming out from the doorway and seeing them*) The circus where I must do my tricks is in front of the house now. I'll pretend not to see them, or to know they're here yet.

rg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) Hush! Let us listen quietly and see if any mention is made of me.

lph. (*aloud, looking everywhere save in their direction*) Is there anyone near, I wonder, that minds other people's business more than his own, to spy out my doings—someone that doesn't have to earn his supper?[1] They're the people I'm afraid of now, that they'll hamper me or hinder somewhere, if mistress leaves her home, on her way across here, longing to lie in the arms of the man she loves—that, oh, so delightful, oh, so handsome soldier, Pyrgopolynices!

rg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) So this wench is dying for me, too, eh? She admires my looks. Upon my soul, her words need no ashes.[2]

l. How do you make that out, sir?

rg. Why, because what she says is so elegant and polished.

l. And why not? She speaks of you, sir: she has a polished subject.

rg. Moreover, her mistress is a most delightful and elegant woman. Upon my soul, Palaestrio, I do begin to fancy her a bit already.

l. Before you've set eyes on her, sir?

rg. My confidence in you amounts to seeing her.

[2] Used for polishing.

tum haec celocula autem absentem subigit me ut amem.

Pal. Hercle hanc quidem
nil tu amassis; mi haec desponsast: tibi si illa hodie nupserit,
ego hanc continuo uxorem ducam.

Pyrg. Quid ergo hanc dubitas conloqui?

Pal. Sequere hac me ergo.

Pyrg. Pedisequos tibi sum.

Milph. Vtinam, cuius causa foras
sum egressa, eius conveniundi mihi potestas evenat.

Pal. Erit, et tibi exoptatum optinget, bonum habe animum, ne formida;
homo quidamst qui scit, quod quaeris ubi sit.

Milph. Quem ego hic audivi?

Pal. Socium tuorum conciliorum et participem consiliorum.

Milph. Tum pol ego id quod celo hau celo.

Pal. Immo et celas et non celas.

Milph. Quo argumento?

Pal. Infidos celas: ego sum tibi firme fidus.

Milph. Cedo signum, si harunc Baccharum es.

Pal. Amat mulier quaedam quendam.

Milph. Pol istuc quidem multae.

Pal. At non multae de digito donum mittunt.

Milph. Enim cognovi nunc, fecisti modo mi ex proclivo planum.
sed hic numquis adest?

Pal. Vel adest vel non.

Milph. Cedo te mihi solae solum.

Besides, this little despatch-boat inclines me to love, even in absence.

il. Not to love *her*, sir, by gad, no! This girl is engaged to me: if the mistress marries you to-day, the maid becomes my wife directly.

yrg. Then why so backward in speaking to her?

il. (*stepping forward*) This way, then, sir.

yrg. (*at his heels*) I am your footman.

Filph. Oh, for a chance to meet the man I came out to see! (*Palaestrio steps back again and pulls back the soldier*)

al. (*in a melodramatic tone*) You shall have it, and what you pray for will come to pass. Be of good heart, have no fear; there is a certain man who knows the whereabouts of what you seek.

Filph. (*alarmed, apparently not seeing them*) Who is it I heard here?

al. (*mysteriously, from his hiding place*) A colleague in your councils, and a sharer of your counsels.

Filph. Goodness me! Then my secret is no secret!

al. Oh, no! A secret and no secret, both.

Filph. How can that be?

al. Secrets you keep from the untrustworthy: me you can trust entirely.

Filph. Give me the watchword, if you belong to our Bacchantes.

al. A certain woman loves a certain man.

Filph. Goodness me, many women do that!

al. But not many send a present from off their fingers.

Filph. Ah, now I know, now you have made the rough places plain! (*anxiously, as Palaestrio steps out and comes toward her, waving the soldier back*) But is anyone about here?

al. (*reassuringly*) Oh, quite as you please.

Filph. I want you all alone.

Pal. Brevin an longinquo sermoni?
Milph. Tribus verbis.
Pal. Iam ad te redeo.
Pyrg. Quid ego? hic astabo tantisper cum hac forma et factis frustra?
Pal. Patere atque asta, tibi ego hanc do operam.
Pyrg. Propera, expectando excrucior.
Pal. Pedetemptim (tu hoc scis) tractari satiust hasce huius modi mercis.
Pyrg. Age age ut tibi maxume concinnumst.
Pal. Nullumst hoc stolidius saxum. redeo ad te. quid me voluisti?
Milph. Quo pacto hoc Ilium accedi velis, ut ferrem abs te consilium.
Pal. Quasi hunc depereat—
Milph. Teneo istuc.
Pal. Conlaudato formam et faciem et virtutis commemorato.
Milph. Ad eam rem habeo omnem aciem, tibi uti dudum iam demonstravi.
Pal. Tu cetera cura et contempla et de meis venator verbis.
Pyrg. Aliquam mihi partem hodie operae des denique, tandem ades, remeligo.
Pal. Adsum, impera, si quid vis.
Pyrg. Quid illaec narrat tibi?
Pal. Lamentari ait illam, miseram cruciari et lacrimantem se adflictare,

al. For a short or long talk?

Milph. A couple of words.

al. (*aside, to Pyrgopolynices*) I'll soon be back with you sir.

yrg. (*petulant*) What of me? Am I to stand about here, meanwhile, so handsome and heroic all for naught?

al. (*returning to him*) Be patient, sir, and do stand here; it's your affair that busies me.

yrg. (*somewhat mollified*) Hurry! This waiting racks me!

al. It's best to go slow with wares of this sort, sir,—you know that.

yrg. (*trying to compose himself*) All right, all right, act as you think most fitting.

al. (*aside*) The fellow's as stupid as a stone. (*rejoining Milphidippa*) Here I am again! What did you want of me?

Milph. Some advice as to how you want this Troy to be attacked.

al. Pretend she's dying for him——

Milph. I understand that.

al. Praise his handsome person, and talk about his doughty deeds.

Milph. I'm all armed for that, as I already showed you some time ago.

al. See to the rest yourself, look sharp, and catch your cue from me.

yrg. (*calling to Palaestrio*) Give me some slight part in this to-day. Come here sometime, you clog!

al. (*hurrying back to him*) Here I am, sir, command me, state your wish.

yrg. What is she telling you?

al. She says her mistress is moaning, in torment, poor thing, and all worn out with crying, because she

quia tis egeat, quia te careat. ob eam rem huc ad te missast.

Pyrg. Iube adire.

Pal. At scin quid tu facias? facito fastidi plenum, quasi non lubeat; me inclamato, quia sic te volgo volgem.

Pyrg. Memini et praeceptis parebo.

Pal. Vocon ergo hanc quae te quaerit?

Pyrg. Adeat, si quid volt.

Pal. Si quid vis, adi, mulier.

Milph. Pulcher, salve.

Pyrg. Meum cognomentum commemoravit. di tibi dent quaecumque optes.

Milph. Tecum aetatem exigere ut liceat—

Pyrg. Nimium optas.

Milph. Non me dico, sed eram meam, quae te demoritur.

Pyrg. Multae aliae idem istuc cupiunt, quibus copia non est. 1040

Milph. Ecastor haud mirum, si te habes carum, hominem tam pulchrum et praeclarum virtute et forma et factis.
deus dignior fuit quisquam homo qui esset?

Pal. Non hercle humanust ergo— nam volturio plus humani credo est.

Pyrg. Magnum me faciam nunc quom illaec me sic conlaudat.

Pal. Viden tu ignavum, ut sese infert?

wants you, sir, and you're not with her. That's why she has sent her to you.

Pyrg. (*eagerly*) Bid her approach!

Pal. But you know what you should do, sir? Be full of disdain, as if you disliked the situation; blow me up for making you common fare for common folks this way.

Pyrg. I remember and will accept your advice.

Pal. (*loudly*) Shall I call the woman that seeks you, then, sir?

Pyrg. (*loudly*) Let her approach, if she wishes anything.

Pal. (*calling to Milphidippa*) Approach, woman, if you wish anything.

Milph. (*coming up, much awed*) Oh, sir! O marvel!

Pyrg. (*aside*) Marvel! Ah, she spoke my surname. (*aloud, graciously*) May God grant whatever you desire, woman.

Milph. (*adoringly*) Permission to pass a lifetime with you, sir—

Pyrg. (*drawing himself up*) You desire too much.

Milph. (*hastily*) I don't mean for myself, sir, but for my mistress, who's perishing for you.

Pyrg. Many other women long for that same thing, but they cannot be accommodated.

Milph. Mercy me, sir, it's no wonder you do set store by yourself—a man so handsome and so famous for his bravery and beauty and daring deeds! Was ever any man more worthy to be a god?

Pal. (*aside, to Milphidippa*) By Jove, as a matter of fact, he's not human at all—for I do believe there's more humanity in a vulture!

Pyrg. (*aside*) I must make myself important, now that she praises me so. (*parades around*)

Pal. (*aside to Milphidippa*) D'ye see the booby, how he struts? (*aloud, to Pyrgopolynices*) Oh, sir, do

quin tu huic responde, haec illaec est ab illa quam dudum dixi.

Pyrg. Qua ab illarum? nam ita me occursant multae: meminisse haud possum.

Milph. Ab illa quae digitos despoliat suos et tuos digitos decorat.
nam hunc anulum ab tui cupienti huic detuli, hic ad te porro.

Pyrg. Quid nunc tibi vis, mulier? memora.

Milph. Vt quae te cupit, eam ne spernas,
quae per tuam nunc vitam vivit: sit necne sit, spes in te uno est.

Pyrg. Quid nunc volt?

Milph. Te compellare et complecti et contrectare.
nam nisi tu illi fers suppetias, iam illa animum despondebit.
age, mi Achilles, fiat quod te oro, serva illam pulchram pulchre,
exprome benignum ex te ingenium, urbicape, occisor regum.

Pyrg. Eu hercle odiosas res. quotiens hoc tibi, verbero, ego interdixi,
meam ne sic volgo pollicitere operam?

Pal. Audin tu, mulier?
dixi hoc tibi dudum, et nunc dico: nisi huic verri adfertur merces,
non hic suo seminio quemquam porclenam impertiturust.

Milph. Dabitur quantum ipsus preti poscet.

Pal. Talentum Philippi huic opus auri est;
minus ab nemine accipiet.

Milph. Eu ecastor nimis vilest tandem.

Pyrg. Non mihi avaritia umquam innatast: satis habeo divitiarum,
plus mi auri mille est modiorum Philippi.

answer this wench: she's the one from that woman I spoke of a while ago.

Pyrg. (*bored*) From which one? So many come to my mind, you know: I cannot remember.

Milph. From the one who despoils her own fingers and decks yours, sir. (*pointing to the ring*) For I brought him (*indicating Palaestrio*) this ring from a lady who pines for you, sir, and he passed it on to you.

Pyrg. Well, woman, what wish you now? Speak.

Milph. For you not to scorn a lady who longs for you, sir, who now lives but in your life. In you alone rests her hope, whether she is to survive or perish.

Pyrg. Well, what is her wish?

Milph. To converse with you, sir, to clasp you in her arms, caress you. Ah, sir, unless you bring her succour, she will soon be broken-hearted. (*seizing his hand*) Oh, my Achilles, come, grant my prayer, graciously save that gracious lady, draw forth from the wells of your mercy, O capturer of cities and slayer of kings! (*Palaestrio nearly collapses*)

Pyrg. (*pushing her away*) A fine to-do! Lord, Lord, this is so tiresome! (*to Palaestrio*) How many times have I forbidden you, you villain, to promise my services in this fashion to the common crowd?

Pal. Do you hear, woman? I told you this before, and I tell you again: this boar must receive compensation, or he won't consort with every little sowlet.

Milph. (*humbly*) He'll be given any sum he asks for.

Pal. He must have two hundred pounds; he will take less from no one.

Milph. Splendid! But, mercy me, though, that's too cheap!

Pyrg. Greed was never a trait of mine. I have wealth enough; I have more than a thousand pecks of golden sovereigns.

Pal. Praeter thensauros.
tum argenti montes, non massas habet. Aetna
mons non aeque altos.[1]
Milph. Eu ecastor hominem periurum.
Pal. Vt ludo?
Milph. Quid ego? ut sublecto?
sed amabo, mitte me actutum.
Pal. Quin tu huic respondes aliquid,
aut facturum aut non facturum?
Milph. Quid illam miseram animi excrucias,
quae numquam male de te meritast?
Pyrg. Iube eampse exire huc ad nos.
dic me omnia quae volt facturum.
Milph. Facis nunc ut te facere aequom, 1070
quom, quae te volt, eandem tu vis,
Pal. Non insulsum huic ingenium.
Milph. Quomque me oratricem haud sprevisti sistique
exorare ex te.
quid est? ut ludo?
Pal. Nequeo hercle equidem risu meo moderari.
Milph.[2] Ob eam causam huc abs te avorti.
Pyrg. Non edepol tu scis, mulier,
quantum ego honorem nunc illi habeo.
Milph. Scio, et istuc illi dicam.
Pal. Contra auro alii hanc vendere potuit operam.
Milph. Pol istuc tibi credo.
Pal. Meri bellatores gignuntur, quas hic praegnatis fecit,
et pueri annos octingentos vivont.
Milph. Vae tibi, nugator.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *Aetina non aeque altast* Loewe.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here; *hahahae* Studemund.

al. Besides his stores of treasure. And then his silver —no mere masses, but mountains of it! Higher than Mount Aetna!

Milph. (*aside to Palaestrio*) Splendid! Mercy me, what a liar!

al. (*aside to Milphidippa*) How do I play the game?

Milph. And how about me as a little wheedlums? (*to Pyrgopolynices*) But please, please, sir, do hurry and send me back.

al. Why don't you give her some answer, sir, yes or no?

Milph. Why torment that poor heartsick lady, sir, who has never deserved ill of you?

yrg. (*overcoming his repugnance*) Tell her to come out here to us herself. Say I will do all she wishes. (*parades again*)

Milph. (*overjoyed*) Now you act as you ought to act, sir, in wanting the woman who wants you—

al. (*aside*) There's nothing green about this girl!

Milph. —and in. not scorning me when I plead for her, and in granting my plea. (*aside to Palaestrio*) Well? How do I play the game?

al. (*aside to Milphidippa*) Ye gods! I simply can't keep from laughing!

Milph. (*aside to Palaestrio*) That's why I turned away from you.

yrg. Upon my soul, girl, you have no idea how great an honour I am now showing your mistress.

Milph. Yes I have, sir, and I'll tell her so.

al. He could sell this favour to another woman for his weight in gold.

Milph. Dear me, I believe that, all right.

al. Sheer warriors are born of the women he makes pregnant, and his sons live eight hundred years.

Milph. (*aside to Palaestrio*) Shame on you, you wag!

Pyrg. Quin mille annorum perpetuo vivont, ab saeclo ad saeclum.

Pal. Eo minus dixi, ne haec censeret me advorsum se mentiri.

Milph. Perii, quot hic ipse annos vivet, cuius filii tam diu vivont?

Pyrg. Postriduo natus sum ego, mulier, quam Iuppiter ex Ope natust.

Pal. Si hic pridie natus foret quam ille est, hic haberet regnum in caelo.

Milph. Iam iam sat, amabo, est. sinite abeam, si possum, viva a vobis.

Pal. Quin ergo abis, quando responsumst?

Milph. Ibo atque illam huc adducam, propter quam opera est mihi. numquid vis?

Pyrg. Ne magis sim pulcher quam sum, ita me mea forma habet sollicitum.

Pal. Quid hic nunc stas? quin abis?

Milph. Abeo.

Pal. Atque adeo, audin?[1] dicito docte et cordate, ut cor ei saliat—
Philocomasio dic, si est istic, domum ut transeat: hunc hic esse.

Milph. Hic cum mea era est, hinc clam nostrum hunc sermonem sublegerunt.

Pal. Lepide factumst: iam ex sermone hoc gubernabunt doctius porro.

[1] Leo brackets following *tu*.

yrg. As a matter of fact, they live right on for a thousand years, from one generation to another.

al. I understated it, sir, for fear she might suppose I was lying to her.

Milph. (*open-mouthed*) Heaven save us! How many years will he live himself, when his sons live so long?

Pyrg. My girl, I was born on the day after Ops was delivered of Jupiter.

Pal. If he had been born the day before Jupiter, it's he would be reigning in Heaven.

Milph. (*overcome*) Enough, enough, now, I pray you! Let me leave your presence, if I may, alive!

Pal. Why don't you leave, then, seeing you have your answer?

Milph. (*to Pyrgopolynices*) I'll go and get the lady in whose behalf I'm acting, sir. Is there anything else you wish, sir?

Pyrg. (*with a sigh*) That I may be no handsomer than I am! Ah yes, my beauty is an endless source of trouble to me.

Pal. (*to the rapt Milphidippa*) Why do you stand here now? Why don't you go?

Milph. (*reluctantly withdrawing her gaze from the soldier*) I am going.

Pal. (*following her toward the door*) Yes, and furthermore—are you listening? In telling her, show some acuteness and art, so as to make her heart dance within her—(*in a lower tone*) if Philocomasium is there, tell her to go over to our house: say he's here.

Milph. (*in a low tone*) She is here (*indicating Periplectomenus's house*) with my mistress; they've been overhearing our conversation from under cover here.

Pal. Delightful! Now they'll steer a better course later on, from hearing us.

Milph. Remorare, abeo.—
Pal. Neque te remoror neque tango neque te—taceo.

IV. 3.

Pyrg. Iube maturare illam exire huc. iam istic rei praevortemur.
Quid nunc mi es auctor ut faciam, Palaestrio,
de concubina? nam nullo pacto potest
prius haec in aedis recipi quam illam amiserim.
Pal. Quid me consultas quid agas? dixi equidem tibi
quo id pacto fieri possit clementissime.
aurum atque vestem muliebrem omnem habeat sibi,
quae illi instruxisti: sumat, habeat, auferat;
dicasque tempus maxume esse, ut eat domum:
sororem geminam adesse et matrem dicito,
quibus concomitata recte deveniat domum.
Pyrg. Qui tu scis eas adesse?
Pal. Quia oculis meis
vidi hic sororem esse eius.
Pyrg. Convenitne eam?
Pal. Convenit.
Pyrg. Ecquid fortis visast?
Pal. Omnia
vis optinere.
Pyrg. Vbi matrem esse aiebat soror?
Pal. Cubare in navi lippam atque oculis turgidis
nauclerus dixit, qui illas advexit, mihi.
is ad hos nauclerus hospitio devortitur.

Milph. (*loudly, affecting impatience*) You're delaying me; I'm going.

Pal. (*amorously, as she leaves*) I'm neither delaying you, nor touching you, nor—enough said.

[EXIT *Milphidippa.*

Scene 3.

Pyrg. (*calling after her*) Bid her make haste and come out here. This affair shall have our primary attention now. (*struts about, then worriedly*) Palaestrio, what do you now recommend that I do regarding my mistress? For it is perfectly impossible for this lady to be received into my house before I get rid of her.

Pal. Why consult me about what to do, sir? I've told you, you know, how the matter can be handled most considerately. All the jewellery and clothes you fitted her out with, let her keep. Let her take 'em, keep 'em, carry 'em off; and tell her it's just the time for her to go home: say her twin sister and her mother are here and she can reach home quite comfortably in their company.

Pyrg. How do you know they are here?

Pal. Because I saw her sister here with my own eyes, sir.

Pyrg. Have they met?

Pal. Yes, sir.

Pyrg. (*lickerishly*) A fine, strapping wench? Eh, what?

Pal. (*reprovingly*) You want to get hold of everything, sir.

Pyrg. Where did the sister say her mother was?

Pal. She's abed on board the ship, sir, with her eyes all sore and swollen, according to the skipper who brought them here. He's stopping with these neighbours of ours. (*nodding toward Periplectomenus's house*)

Pyrg. Quid is? ecquid fortis?
Pal. Abi sis hinc, nam tu quidem
ad equas fuisti scitus admissarius,
qui consectare qua maris qua feminas.
hoc age nunc.
Pyrg. Istuc quod das consilium mihi,
te cum illa verba facere de ista re volo;
nam cum illa sane congruos sermo tibi.
Pal. Qui potius quam tute adeas, tuam rem tute agas?
dicas uxorem tibi necessum ducere;
cognatos persuadere, amicos cogere.
Pyrg. Itan tu censes?
Pal. Quid ego ni ita censeam? 1120
Pyrg. Ibo igitur intro. tu hic ante aedis interim
speculare, ut, ubi illaec prodeat, me provoces.
Pal. Tu modo istuc cura quod agis.
Pyrg. Curatum id quidemst.
quin si voluntate nolet, vi extrudam foras.
Pal. Istuc cave faxis; quin potius per gratiam
bonam abeat abs te. atque illaec quae dixi dato,
aurum, ornamenta quae illi instruxisti ferat.
Pyrg. Cupio hercle.
Pal. Credo te facile impetrassere.
sed abi intro. noli stare.
Pyrg. Tibi sum oboediens.
Pal. Numquid videtur demutare alio atque uti 1130
dixi esse vobis dudum hunc moechum militem?
nunc ad me ut veniat usust Acroteleutium aut
ancillula eius aut Pleusicles. pro Iuppiter,

Pyrg. How about him? A fine, strapping lad, is he?

Pal. Oh, now, now, sir! You've certainly been a rare stallion, that's sure, the way you run after everything, male and female. Do get down to business now, sir!

Pyrg. (*deciding not to be angry*) As to that advice you give me—I want you to discuss the matter with her yourself; for you are an ideal person to parley with her.

Pal. How is that better than going to her yourself, sir, and managing your own affair yourself? Say it's necessary for you to marry; your relatives urge it, your friends force it upon you.

Pyrg. (*reluctant*) That is your opinion?

Pal. Of course it is, sir.

Pyrg. (*gathering himself together*) I will go inside, then. You keep watch in front of the house, meanwhile, so as to call me out when the other one comes out.

Pal. (*reassuringly*) Just you see to your part of the business, sir.

Pyrg. (*with affected ease*) Oh, that is seen to. Why, if she declines to go of her own free will, I shall put her out by force.

Pal. Oh, sir, don't do that! No, no, do let her leave you on good terms. And give her those things I spoke of; let her take away the jewellery and finery you furnished her with.

Pyrg. Lord! I only hope she will!

Pal. I think you'll easily prevail upon her, sir. But do go in, sir. Don't keep standing here.

Pyrg. I am yours to command. [EXIT SLOWLY INTO HOUSE.

Pal. (*blithely, to audience*) Does this wenching warrior seem to fall at all short of what I told you he was a while ago? Now for Acroteleutium to appear, or that little maid of hers, or Pleusicles! (*Peri-*

satine ut Commoditas usquequaque me adiuvat?
nam quos videre exoptabam me maxume,
una exeuntis video hinc e proxumo.

IV. 4.

Acr. Sequimini, simul circumspicite, ne quis adsit arbiter.
Milph. Neminem pol video, nisi hunc quem volumus conventum.
Pal. Et ego vos.
Milph. Quid agis, noster architecte?
Pal. Egone architectus? vah.
Milph. Quid est?
Pal. Quia enim non sum dignus prae te, ut figam palum in parietem.
Acr. Heia vero.
Pal. Nimis facete nimisque facunde malast.
ut lepide deruncinavit militem.
Milph. At etiam parum.
Pal. Bono animo es: negotium omne iam succedit sub manus;
vos modo porro, ut occepistis, date operam adiutabilem.
nam ipse miles concubinam intro abiit oratum suam,
ab se ut abeat cum sorore et matre Athenas.
Pl. Eu, probe.
Pal. Quin etiam aurum atque ornamenta, quae ipse instruxit, mulieri
omnia dat dono, a se ut abeat: ita ego consilium dedi.
Pl. Facile istuc quidemst, si et illa volt et ille autem cupit.
Pal. Non tu scis, quom ex alto puteo sursum ad summum escenderis,

plectomenus's door opens) Oh Jupiter! The timely aid I'm getting everywhere! Why I see the very people I particularly yearned to see, all coming out of the house next door here.

Scene 4. ENTER *Acroteleutium* CAUTIOUSLY, WITH *Milphidippa*, AND *Pleusicles*.

Acr. (*to her companions*) Come along, and look around at the same time to see there's no one here to spy on us.

Milph. Not a soul do I see, I vow, except the man we want to meet.

Pal. And I you.

Milph. How goes it, master-builder?

Pal. I the master-builder? Bosh!

Milph. What makes you say that?

Pal. Why, because compared with you I'm not fit to pound a peg in a wall!

Acr. Oh, come now, really!

Pal. Oh, she's the smoothest rogue! How delightfully she did trim the warrior!

Milph. Not enough yet, though.

Pal. Cheer up! The whole affair is shaping itself well now; only keep on giving it a helping hand, as you have so far. Our soldier, you know, has gone inside to (*chuckling*) entreat his mistress to leave him and go to Athens with her sister and mother.

Pl. Fine! Splendid!

Pal. More than that, he's made her a present of all the jewellery and finery he fitted her out with, as an inducement to leave him: that was my suggestion.

Pl. Her leaving is easy enough, if she wishes it, while he's crazy for it.

Pal. Don't you know, sir, it's when you've climbed out of a deep well, right up to the top, that at the top

maxumum periclum inde esse ab summo ne rusum cadas?
nunc haec res apud summum puteum geritur: si praesenserit
miles, nihil ecferri poterit huius: nunc cum maxume
opust dolis: domi esse ad eam rem video silvai satis,
mulieres tres, quartus tute es, quintus ego, sextus senex;
quod apud nos fallaciarum sex situmst, certo scio
oppidum quodvis, si detur, posse expugnari dolis.
date modo operam.

Acr. Id nos ad te, si quid velles, venimus.

Pal. Lepide facitis. nunc hanc tibi ego impero provinciam.

Acr. Impetrabis, imperátor, quod ego potero, quod voles.

Pal. Militem lepide, et facete et laute ludificarier volo.

Acr. Voluptatem mecastor mi imperas.

Pal. Scin quem ad modum?

Acr. Nempe ut adsimulem me amore istius differri.

Pal. Tenes.

Acr. Quasique istius causa amoris ex hoc matrimonio abierim, cupiens istius nuptiarum.

Pal. Omne ordine.
nisi modo unum hoc: hasce esse aedis dicas dotalis tuas,
hinc senem aps te abiisse, postquam feceris divortium:
ne ille mox vereatur intro ire in alienam domum.

Acr. Bene mones.

Pal. Sed ubi ille exierit intus, istinc te procul
ita volo adsimulare, prae illius forma quasi spernas tuam

the danger's greatest of your falling down again? We have our affair at the top of the well now: if the soldier gets suspicious, it'll all escape us. Now's the time when we most need to be artful. I see we have at hand enough material for our siege—three women, you, sir, for a fourth, me for a fifth, and the old gentleman for a sixth; with the stratagems we six have to draw on, I know for sure that whatever city should be assigned us can be captured by our arts. Only give me your attention.

cr. That's why we are here, to learn your wishes.

al. Delightful of you! Now this is the mission I command (*to Acroteleutium*) you to undertake.

cr. Your desires shall be compassed, commander mine, to the best of my ability.

al. I desire our soldier to be delightfully, cleverly, and superbly swindled.

cr. Goodness me! Your command is a pleasure.

al. You know how?

cr. By pretending that I'm rent with passion for him, of course.

al. Precisely.

cr. And that this passion has made me divorce my husband (*with a nod toward Periplectomenus's house*) in my longing to marry him.

al. Quite correct. There's only one more point, though—say that this house (*indicating that of Periplectomenus*) is part of your dowry, and the old man left you and went away after you divorced him. We mustn't have our warrior timid about entering another man's house later on.

cr. A good suggestion!

al. But when he comes out, I want you to stay there at a distance and pretend to scorn your own beauty in comparison with his, and to be awed

quasique eius opulentitatem reverearis, et simul
formam, amoenitatem illius, faciem, pulchritudinem
conlaudato. satin praeceptumst?

Acr. Teneo. satinest, si tibi
meum opus ita dabo expolitum, ut improbare non
queas?

Pal. Sat habeo. nunc tibi vicissim quae imperabo ea
discito.
quom extemplo hoc erit factum, ubi intro haec
abierit, ibi tu ilico
facito uti venias ornatu huc ad nos nauclerico;
causeam habeas ferrugineam, et scutulam ob oculos
laneam,
palliolum habeas ferrugineum (nam is colos thalas-
sicust),
id conexum in umero laevo, exfafillato bracchio,
praecinctus aliqui: adsimulato quasi gubernator
sies:
atque apud hunc senem omnia haec sunt, nam is
piscatores habet.

Pl. Quid? ubi ero exornatus quin tu dicis quid
facturus sim?

Pal. Huc venito et matris verbis Philocomasium
arcessito,
ut, si itura sit Athenas, eat tecum ad portum cito,
atque ut iubeat ferri in navim si quid imponi
velit.
nisi eat, te soluturum esse navim: ventum operam
dare.

Pl. Satis placet pictura. perge.

Pal. Ille extemplo illam hortabitur
ut eat, ut properet, ne morae sit matri.

Pl. Multimodis sapis.

Pal. Ego illi dicam, ut me adiutorem, qui onus feram
ad portum, roget.

by his opulence, and you must be full of praise, too, of his lovely person and handsome face. Are you coached enough?

Yes indeed. Will it be enough if I produce a piece of work so finished that you can't find a fault in it?

Quite enough. Now, sir, (*turning to Pleusicles*) it is your turn to learn my commands. Just as soon as all this is done and she (*indicating Acroteleutium*) has gone inside, you are to come to us here at once, in shipmaster's togs: wear a broad-brimmed, rust-coloured hat, a woollen patch over your eyes, and a short, rust-coloured cloak—that's the maritime shade—this to be fastened on your left shoulder, with an arm stuck out; and contrive to be all tight and trim. You're to pretend to be the master of a ship. The old gentleman has all these things, for some of his slaves are fishermen.

Well? Why don't you tell me what to do when I'm in those togs?

Come here for Philocomasium, in her mother's name, and tell her if she intends to go to Athens to hurry to the harbour with you, and to order anything she wants put aboard to be carried to the ship. Say that if she's not going, you will cast off directly, there being a fair wind.

A very pleasing picture! Proceed.

The soldier will promptly urge her to go, to hurry up, so as not to keep her mother waiting.

There's no limit to your foresight!

I'll tell her to ask for my assistance in carrying her luggage to the harbour. And to the harbour

ille iubebit me ire cum illa ad portum. ego adeo, ut tu scias,
prorsum Athenas protinus abibo tecum.
Pl. Atque ubi illo veneris,
triduom servire numquam te, quin liber sis, sinam.
Pal. Abi cito atque orna te.
Pl. Numquid aliud?
Pal. Haec ut memineris.
Pl. Abeo.—
Pal. Et vos abite hinc intro actutum; nam illum huc sat scio
iam exiturum esse intus.
Acr. Celebre apud nos imperium tuomst.
Pal. Agite abscedite ergo. ecce autem commodum aperitur foris.
hilarus exit: impetravit. inhiat quod nusquam est miser.

IV. 5.

Pyrg. Quod volui ut volui impetravi, per amicitiam et gratiam,
a Philocomasio.
Pal. Quid tam intus fuisse te dicam diu?
Pyrg. Numquam ego me tam sensi amari quam nunc ab illa muliere.
Pal. Quid iam?
Pyrg. Vt multa verba feci, ut lenta materies fuit.
verum postremo impetravi ut volui: donavi dedi
quae voluit, quae postulavit; te quoque ei dono dedi.
Pal. Etiam me? quo modo ego vivam sine te?
Pyrg. Age, animo bono es,

he'll order me to go with her. And then, sir,—let me tell you this—I'm straightway off with you, bound straight for Athens.

(*heartily*) Yes, and when you arrive there I'll never let you slave it three days longer without setting you free.

Quick now, sir, be off and put on your togs.

(*turning to go*) Anything else?

Yes—remember all this.

I'm off. [EXIT INTO *Periplectomenus's* HOUSE.

(*to the girls*) You be off inside, too, this instant, for I know well enough our soldier will soon be coming out.

Your commands are sacred to us, sir.

(*grinning*) Come, come, clear out, then. [EXEUNT.

(*glancing at the soldier's house*) But look! There's the door opening just at the proper time! Out he comes in fine feather! His prayer is granted! Gaping after a fantasy, poor fool!

ene 5. ENTER *Pyrgopolynices.*

Well, Philocomasium has granted my wish just as I wished, in all friendliness and good will.

What on earth kept you in there so long, sir?

(*very smug*) I never realized till now how much that woman loved me.

How is that, sir?

How I did have to talk and talk! What stubborn stuff she was to deal with! However, I finally gained my point in the way I wished: I granted her, gave her, all she wished, all she asked for. I gave you to her, also, as a gift.

(*taken off his guard*) Me, too? (*quickly*) Oh, how can I live without you, sir?

(*sympathetic*) Come, come, be of good cheer! I

eidem ego te illim liberabo. nam si possem ullo modo
impetrare ut abiret, ne te abduceret, operam dedi;
verum oppressit.
Pal. Deos sperabo teque. postremo tamen
etsi istuc mi acerbumst, quia ero te carendum est optimo,
saltem id volup est, quom ex virtute formae evenit tibi
mea opera super hac vicina, quam ego nunc concilio tibi.
Pyrg. Quid opust verbis? libertatem tibi ego et divitias dabo,
si impetras.
Pal. Reddam impetratum.
Pyrg. At gestio.
Pal. At modice decet:
moderare animo, ne sis cupidus. sed eccam ipsam, egreditur foras.

IV. 6.

Milph. Era, eccum praesto militem.
Acr. Vbi est?
Milph. Ad laevam.
Acr. Video.
Milph. Aspicito limis[1], ne ille nos se sentiat videre.
Acr. Video. edepol nunc nos tempus est malas peioris fieri.
Milph. Tuomst principium.
Acr. Obsecro, tute ipsum convenisti? ne parce vocem, ut audiat.
Milph. Cum ipso pol sum locuta, placide, ipsi dum libitum est mihi, otiose, meo arbitratu.[2]

[1] Leo brackets following *oculis*.
[2] Leo brackets following *ut volui*.

shall obtain your release from her, trust me. As a matter of fact, I endeavoured in every way to gain her consent to go without taking you with her; but she was too much for me.

ul. (*trying to resign himself*) My hopes will rest in heaven and you, sir. But at any rate, sir, bitter though it is to me to be deprived of such a wonderful master as you, this at least is a joy to me—that your own irresistible beauty, and my efforts, have brought you this affair with our neighbour whom I'm now securing for you.

rg. Enough said. You shall be a free man, and a wealthy one, if you carry it through.

ul. Carried through it shall be, sir.

rg. But I'm aching for her!

ul. Gently, sir, gently! Get yourself under control, and don't be too eager. (*pointing*) Aha, though! There she is coming out. (*they step back*)

ene 6. ENTER *Milphidippa* AND *Acroteleutium.*

lph. (*seeing them; aside to Acroteleutium*) There's the soldier all ready for you, ma'am!

r. (*looking about, covertly*) Where?

lph. To the left.

r. I see him.

lph. Look at him sideways so that he won't realize we see him.

r. (*doing so*) I see him. Well, well! Now's the time for two bad girls to become still worse.

lph. You must lead off.

r. (*aloud, awed*) Oh heavens! You met him, yourself? (*aside to Milphidippa*) Don't spare your voice; make him hear us.

ph. (*proudly*) I talked with him in person, ma'am. I did indeed, calmly, ma'am, just as long as I liked, quite at my ease, quite as I saw fit.

Pyrg. Audin quae loquitur?
Pal. Audio. quam laeta est, quia ted adiit.
Acr. O, fortunata mulier es.
Pyrg. Vt amari videor.
Pal. Dignu's.
Acr. Permirum ecastor praedicas, te adiisse atque exorasse;
per epistulam aut per nuntium, quasi regem, adiri eum aiunt.
Milph. Namque edepol vix fuit copia adeundi atque impetrandi.
Pal. Vt tu inclitu's apud mulieres.
Pyrg. Patiar, quando ita Venus volt.
Acr. Veneri pol habeo gratiam, eandemque et oro et quaeso,
ut eius mihi sit copia quem amo quemque expetesso
benignusque erga me ut siet, quod cupiam ne gravetur. 1230
Milph. Spero ita futurum, quamquam illum multae sibi expetessunt:
ille illas spernit segregat ab se omnis, extra te unam.
Acr. Ergo iste metus me macerat, quod ille fastidiosust,
ne oculi eius sententiam mutent, ubi viderit me,
atque eius elegantia meam extemplo speciem spernat.
Milph. Non faciet, bonum animum habe.[1]
Pyrg. Vt ipsa se contemnit.
Acr. Metuo, ne praedicatio tua nunc meam formam exsuperet.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): ⟨*modo*⟩ *bonum* Leo.

yrg. (*aside to Palaestrio, complacently*) You hear what she says?

al. I do, sir. How happy she is at having approached you!

cr. Oh, you fortunate woman!

yrg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) How the women do seem to love me!

al. You deserve it, sir.

cr. My goodness! That is a most amazing story that you had access to him and prevailed upon him. Why, they say he is addressed only by dispatch or envoy, just like a king.

Tilph. No doubt, for, dear me, such a time as I had approaching him and winning his consent!

al. (*aside to the soldier*) How renowned you are, sir, amongst the ladies!

yrg. (*devoutly*) I must resign myself, since such is the will of Venus.

cr. Ah, I offer thanks to Venus, and beg and entreat her that I may win the man I love and yearn for, and that he may be gracious to me, and not grudge me my desire.

Tilph. I hope it will be so, ma'am, although there are many women that yearn for him: but he scorns them, spurns them all, ma'am, except you alone.

cr. (*despairingly*) Ah, that, that disdain of his, is just what makes me suffer so from fear that his eyes may make him change his mind, on seeing me, and that a man of his fine taste may spurn my poor attractions instantly.

Tilph. No he won't, ma'am; do cheer up.

yrg. How little she thinks of her own charms!

cr. I fear me your description flattered such beauty as I have.

Milph. Istuc curavi, ut opinione illius pulchrior sis.
Acr. Si pol me nolet ducere uxorem, genua amplectar
atque obsecrabo; alio modo, si non quibo impetrare,
consciscam letum: vivere sine illo scio me non
posse.
Pyrg. Prohibendam mortem mulieri video. adibon?
Pal. Minime;
nam tu te vilem feceris, si te ultro largiere:
sine ultro veniat; quaeritet, desideret, exspectet
sine: perdere istam gloriam vis, quam habes?
cave sis faxis.
nam nulli mortali scio obtigisse hoc, nisi duobus,
tibi et Phaoni Lesbio, tam mulier se ut amaret.
Acr. Eo intro, aut tu illum huc evoca foras, mea
Milphidippa.
Milph. Immo opperiamur, dum exeat aliquis.
Acr. Durare nequeo,
quin eam intro.
Milph. Occlusae sunt foris.
Acr. Exfringam.
Milph. Sana non es.
Acr. Si amavit umquam aut si parem sapientiam habet
ac formam,
per amorem si quid fecero, clementi animo ignoscet.
Pal. Vt, quaeso, amore perditast tuo misera.
Pyrg. Mutuom fit.
Pal. Tace, ne audiat.

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[1] Said to be the lover of Sappho.

Milph. I took care he shouldn't fancy you as pretty as you are, ma'am.

Acr. If he's unwilling to take me for his wife, I vow I'll clasp his knees and implore his pity. Otherwise—if I cannot prevail upon him—I will do myself to death; for I know I can never live without him.

Pyrg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) I must not let the woman die, surely. Shall I approach her?

Pal. By no means, sir. Why, you'll cheapen yourself, if you lavish yourself, unasked. Let her come to you, unasked; let her do the seeking and pining and waiting. Do you want to lose that reputation that you have? Please, sir, don't do it. For I am sure that no mortal man save two—yourself and Lesbian Phaon[1]—has had the fortune to be so loved by woman.

Acr. (*with desperate resolution*) Milphidippa dear, call him out here, or else I'll go in to him.

Milph. No, no, ma'am! Let's wait till somebody comes out.

Acr. (*vehemently*) I can't contain myself! I must go in!

Milph. The doors are closed.

Acr. I'll break them open.

Milph. You're mad, ma'am!

Acr. (*wildly*) If he has ever loved, or if he has an understanding equal to his beauty, he will be compassionate and pardon me for what I shall have done through the love of him! (*advances toward the soldier's house*)

Pal. (*aside to Pyrgopolynices*) For mercy's sake, sir, how desperately the poor creature does dote on you!

Pyrg. (*feverish*) And I on her!

Pal. Hush, sir! She mustn't hear you!

Milph. Quid astitisti obstupida? cur non pultas?
Acr. Quia non est intus quem ego volo.
Milph. Qui scis?
Acr. Scio pol ego, olfacio; nam odore nasum sentiat, si intus sit.
Pal. Hariolatur.
Pyrg. Quia me amat, propterea Venus fecit eam ut divinaret.
Acr. Nescio ubi hic prope adest quem expeto videre: olet profecto.
Pyrg. Naso pol iam haec quidem plus videt quam oculis.
Pal. Caeca amore est.
Acr. Tene me obsecro.
Milph. Quor?
Acr. Ne cadam.
Milph. Quid ita?
Acr. Quia stare nequeo, ita animus per oculos meos meus defit.
Milph. Militem pol tu aspexisti.
Acr. Ita.
Milph. Non video. ubi est?
Acr. Videres pol, si amares.
Milph. Non edepol tu illum magis amas, quam ego amem, si per te liceat.
Pal. Omnes profecto mulieres te amant, ut quaeque aspexit.

Milph. (*as Acroteleutium suddenly halts*) Why have you stopped there, ma'am, stupefied? Why don't you knock?

Acr. (*as in a trance*) Because he whom I want is not within.

Milph. How do you know?

Acr. I know, ah Heavens, I know! I can smell. Yes, yes, my nose would detect it from the odour, were he within!

Pal. (*aside to Pyrgopolynices*) She has second sight, sir.

Pyrg. Because she loves me, she is therefore endowed by Venus with powers of divination.

Acr. (*sniffing delicately*) Somewhere hereabout is the man I yearn to see! I smell him, I do, I do!

Pyrg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) Upon my soul, the woman actually sees better with her nose than eyes!

Pal. Love blinds her, sir.

Acr. (*catching sight of the soldier*) Hold me, hold me, for heaven's sake! (*about to swoon*)

Milph. (*supporting her*) Why?

Acr. (*weakly*) Or I'll fall!

Milph. What for?

Acr. Because I cannot stand—so do my senses fail me by reason of my eyes!

Milph. (*after a moment of mystification*) Heavens! You've spied the soldier! (*looks about*)

Acr. Yes!

Milph. I don't see him. Where is he?

Acr. Ah me! You would see him, if you loved him!

Milph. Goodness gracious, ma'am, you don't love him any more than I would, if you gave me leave,

Pal. (*aside to Pyrgopolynices*) All the women certainly do fall in love with you at first sight, sir!

Pyrg. Nescio, tu ex me hoc audiveris an non: nepos sum Veneris.
Acr. Mea Milphidippa, adi obsecro et congredere.
Pyrg. Vt me veretur.
Pal. Illa ad nos pergit.
Milph. Vos volo.
Pyrg. Et nos te.
Milph. Vt iussisti, eram meam eduxi foras.
Pyrg. Video.
Milph. Iube ergo adire.
Pyrg. Induxi in animum, ne oderim item ut alias, quando orasti.
Milph. Verbum edepol facere non potis, si accesserit prope ad te. 1270
dum te obtuetur, interim linguam oculi praeciderunt.
Pyrg. Levandum morbum mulieri video.
Milph. Vt tremit atque extimuit, postquam te aspexit.
Pyrg. Viri quoque armati idem istuc faciunt, ne tu mirere eius mulierem. sed quid illa volt me facere?
Milph. Ad se ut eas: tecum vivere volt atque aetatem exigere.
Pyrg. Egon ad illam eam, quae nupta sit? vir eius me deprehendat.
Milph. Quin tua causa exegit virum ab se.
Pyrg. Qui id facere potuit?
Milph. Quia aedis dotalis huius sunt.

Pyrg. (*confidentially*) I do not know whether I have informed you of it or not—but I am the grandson of Venus.

Acr. (*trembling*) Milphidippa, dear, approach him, go up to him, I beseech you! (*gazes upon him, entranced, throughout the scene*)

Pyrg. (*aside to Palaestrio*) How I do awe her!

Pal. (*as Milphidippa nears them*) She's making for us.

Milph. (*pleadingly*) I want you, sirs.

Pyrg. (*ogling her*) And we you!

Milph. I have brought my mistress out, as you bade me, sir.

Pyrg. (*repenting of his ardour*) So I perceive.

Milph. Then do bid her approach, sir.

Pyrg. I have prevailed upon myself not to loathe her as I do the others, since you have pleaded for her.

Milph. Dear me, sir, she won't be able to utter a single word, if she once comes near you. While she gazes upon you, sir, her eyes have meanwhile cut off her tongue.

Pyrg. The woman's ailment must be alleviated, I perceive.

Milph. How tremulous and terror-stricken she was when she beheld you!

Pyrg. (*sublime*) So also are armed warriors wont to be; wonder not at this terror in a woman. But what does she wish me to do?

Milph. To go to her house, sir: she wants to live with you, to pass her whole life with you.

Pyrg. (*alarmed*) I go to her house—a married woman? Her husband would discover me.

Milph. But she has put her husband out for your sake, sir.

Pyrg. How could she do that?

Milph. Because the house is part of her dowry.

Pyrg. Itane?
Milph. Ita pol.
Pyrg. Iube domum ire iam ego illi ero.
Milph. Vide ne sies in exspectatione, ne illam animi excrucies.
Pyrg. Non ero profecto. abite.
Milph. Abimus.
Pyrg. Sed quid ego video?
Pal. Quid vides?
Pyrg. Nesio quis eccum incedit ornatu quidem thalassico.
Pal. It ad nos, volt te profecto. nauclerus hic quidem est.
Pyrg. Videlicet accersit hanc iam.
Pal. Credo.

IV. 7.

Pl. Alium alio pacto propter amorem ni sciam
fecisse multa nequiter, verear magis
me amoris causa hoc ornatu incedere.
verum quom multos multa admisse acceperim
inhonesta propter amorem atque aliena a bonis:
mitto iam, ut occidi Achilles civis passus est—
sed eccum Palaestrionem, stat cum milite:
oratio alio mihi demutandast mea.
mulier profecto natast ex ipsa Mora;
nam quaevis alia quae morast aeque, mora

Pyrg. Indeed?

Milph. Oh, yes indeed, sir.

Pyrg. (*struggling against his elation*) Bid her go home. I will be there shortly.

Milph. Do see you don't keep her waiting, sir, or you'll make her suffer agonies.

Pyrg. No, no, I will not. Be off with you!

Milph. (*rejoining the dazed Acroteleutium*) We're going, sir.

[EXEUNT, *Acroteleutium* SUPPORTED BY *Milphidippa,* HER LANGUISHING GAZE STILL FIXED UPON *Pyrgopolynices.*

Pyrg. (*looking down the street*) But what is this I see?

Pal. What do you see, sir?

Pyrg. (*pointing*) Look! Someone or other is striding up—and in sailor's togs!

Pal. He's making for our house! He wants you, sir, that's clear. Why, it's that shipmaster!

Pyrg. Coming to fetch the wench now, no doubt!

Pal. I do believe so. (*they step back*)

Scene 7. ENTER *Pleusicles.*

Pl. (*aside, not seeing them*) If I weren't aware that love has led other men to play all sorts of other scurvy tricks, I'd have more scruples over my own love's making me parade about in this rig. But considering the many men I've heard of who've done many dishonourable things, indecent things, because of love—not to mention how Achilles let his own compatriots be slaughtered—(*seeing Palaestrio and the soldier*) Aha, though! Palaestrio standing there with the soldier! I must change the tenor of my remarks!

(*loudly and irritably*) Woman is certainly the daughter of Delay personified! Why, any other delay, even one of equal length, seems shorter

minor ea videtur quam quae propter mulieremst.
hoc adeo fieri credo consuetudine.
nam ego hanc accerso Philocomasium. sed fores
pultabo. heus, ecquis hic est?

Pal. Adulescens, quid est?
quid vis? quid pultas?

Pl. Philocomasium quaerito.
a matre illius venio. si iturast, eat.
omnis moratur: navim cupimus solvere.

Pyrg. Iam dudum res paratast. i, Palaestrio,
aurum, ornamenta, vestem, pretiosa omnia
duc adiutores tecum ad navim qui ferant.
omnia conposita sunt quae donavi: auferat.

Pal. Eo.

Pl. Quaeso hercle propera.

Pyrg. Non morabitur.
quid istuc, quaeso? quid oculo factumst tuo?

Pl. Habeo equidem hercle oculum.

Pyrg. At laevom dico.

Pl. Eloquar.
maris causa hercle hoc ego oculo utor minus,
nam si abstinuissem amare, tamquam hoc uterer.
sed nimis morantur me diu.

Pyrg. Eccos exeunt.

Pal. Quid modi flendo quaeso hodie facies?

than that a woman lets you in for. I really do believe they do it just out of habit. Now here's my case—come to fetch this Philocomasium. (*looks about for her disgustedly*) But I'll knock at the door. (*does so*) Hello! Is anyone here?

Pal. (*stepping up to him*) What's the matter, sir? What do you want? What are you knocking for?

Pl. (*brusquely*) I'm looking for Philocomasium. I come from her mother. If she's going, she must go now. She's delaying everyone: we want to cast off.

Pyrg. We have been ready this long time. Palaestrio, go get some assistants to help you to carry her things to the ship, her jewellery, trinkets, clothes, all her valuables. All the stuff I gave her is packed up: let her take it away.

Pal. Going, sir. [EXIT.

Pl. (*shouting after him*) And for God's sake, hurry!

Pyrg. He will not keep you waiting. (*interested in Pleusicles's bandage*) What ails you, pray? What have you done with your eyes?

Pl. (*lifting the bandage a bit from his right eye, which is more exposed*) Lord, man, I have an eye, all right.

Pyrg. But the left one, I mean.

Pl. Well, I'll tell you. It was my love of the deep, by gad, that cost me the full use of this eye, for if it wasn't for this deep-love of mine, I'd be using it as well as the other one. (*hastily*) But they're keeping me too long!

Pyrg. (*as his door opens*) Look, there they come.

Pal. (*to Philocomasium, in the doorway*) For heaven's sake, ma'am, will you never cease weeping?

IV. 8.

Phil. Quid ego ni fleam?
ubi pulcherrume egi aetatem, abeo.
Pal. Em hominem tibi,
qui a matre et sorore venit.
Phil. Video.
Pyrg. Audin, Palaestrio?
Pal. Quid vis?
Pyrg. Quin tu iubes ecferri omnia quae isti dedi?
Pl. Philocomasium, salve.
Phil. Et tu salve.
Pl. Materque et soror
tibi salutem me iusserunt dicere.
Phil. Salvae sient.
Pl. Orant te, ut eas, ventus operam dum dat, ut velum explicent;
nam matri oculi si valerent, mecum venissent simul.
Phil. Ibo; quamquam invita facio, impietas sit nisi eam.
Pl. Sapis.
Pyrg. Si non mecum aetatem egisset, hodie stulta viveret.
Phil. Istuc crucior, a viro me tali abalienarier,
nam tu quemvis potis es facere ut afluat facetiis;
et quia tecum eram, propterea animo eram ferocior:
eam nobilitatem amittendam video.
Pyrg. Ne fle.
Phil. Non queo,
quom te video.

Scene 8. ENTER *Palaestrio* AND *Philocomasium.*

Phil. (*sobbing bitterly*) How can I help . . . weeping? Life has been . . . oh, so . . . beautiful here, and now I'm . . . going away!

Pal. (*pointing to Pleusicles*) Look! There's the man who's come from your mother and sister.

Phil. I . . . see him.

Pyrg. (*calling*) Palaestrio! Do you hear me?

Pal. What is it, sir?

Pyrg. Why do you not order all the things I gave her to be carried out? (*Palaestrio goes to the door and gives instructions to slaves within*)

Pl. Good day, Philocomasium.

Phil. Good day to . . . you, sir.

Pl. Your mother and sister told me to give you their best wishes.

Phil. They have . . . mine.

Pl. They beg you to come while there's a fair wind, so that they may set sail. If your mother's eyes had been in condition, they would have come along with me, of course.

Phil. I'll . . . go. Although I go . . unwillingly, it would be . . . undutiful not to go.

Pl. That's a sensible girl.

Pyrg. But she would be a simpleton still, if she had not lived with me.

Phil. (*adoringly*) That is what . . . torments me—to be . . . separated from such a man as . . . you—for you can make . . . anyone (*glancing slyly at Pleusicles*) clever as can be. And because I was with . . . you, it did make me so . . . so proud, and now I see I must . . . forfeit that . . . distinction. (*Breaks down entirely*)

Pyrg. (*condolingly*) Don't cry.

Phil. I can't . . . help it, when I . . . look at you!

Pyrg. Habe bonum animum.
Phil. Scio ego quid doleat mihi.
Pal. Nam nil miror, si libenter, Philocomasium, hic eras,
si forma huius, mores, virtus, animum attinuere hic tuom,
quom ego servos quando aspicio hunc, lacrumo quia diiungimur.
Phil. Obsecro licet complecti prius quam proficisco?
Pyrg. Licet.
Phil. O mi ocule, o mi anime.
Pal. Obsecro, tene mulierem, 1330
ne adfligatur.
Pyrg. Quid istuc quaesost?
Pal. Quia abs te abit, animo male factum est huic repente miserae.
Pyrg. Curre intro atque ecferto aquam.
Pal. Nihil aquam moror, quiescat malo. ne interveneris,
quaeso, dum resipiscit.
Pyrg. Capita inter se nimis nexa hisce habent. non placet. labra ab labellis aufer, nauta, cave malo.
Pl. Temptabam spiraret an non.
Pyrg. Aurem admotam oportuit.
Pl. Si magis vis, eam omittam.
Pyrg. Nolo, retine.
Pl. At ultro misero.
Pyrg. Exite atque ecferte huc intus omnia quae isti dedi.

Pyrg. Bear up, bear up.

Phil. Ah, but I know how I . . . suffer!

Pal. Indeed, I don't wonder at all that you loved to live with him, Philocomasium, and that his beauty and his ways and his bravery hold your heart here, for, mere slave though I am, when I look on him, I (*hiding his face*) weep at our being parted.

Phil. May I embrace you before I go my way, oh, may I?

Pyrg. (*graciously*) You may.

Phil. (*falling on his breast*) Oh, my precious one, oh, soul of my soul!

Pal. (*drawing her away and guiding her tottering steps to Pleusicles*) For heaven's sake, hold the woman, sir, or she'll dash her brains out! (*Pleusicles supports her, much too tenderly, as she swoons*)

Pyrg. (*looking at them*) Eh? Eh? What does that mean?

Pal. (*hurriedly*) She's suddenly fallen into a faint, poor thing, because of leaving you, sir?

Pyrg. Run inside and bring some water!

Pal. Never mind the water, sir; I think she had better rest. (*as Pyrgopolynices advances toward her*) Don't get near her, sir, for mercy's sake, while she's recovering!

Pyrg. (*doubtfully*) That pair have their heads too closely together. I don't like it. (*shouting, as Pleusicles kisses her*) Hey, sailor, get your lips away from hers! Look out for trouble!

Pl. I was trying to see if she was breathing, or not.

Pyrg. You should have used your ear for that.

Pl. (*indifferently*) If you prefer, I'll let her go.

Pyrg. No, no! Keep hold of her!

Pl. But I'll be glad to let her go.

Pyrg. (*still more alarmed, to servants within*) Come out here, and bring out all those things I gave her!

Pal. Etiam nunc saluto te, Lar familiaris, prius quam eo. conservi conservaeque omnis, bene valete et vivite,
bene quaeso inter vos dicatis mi med absenti tamen.
Pyrg. Age, Palaestrio, bono animo es.
Pal. Eheu, nequeo quin fleam, quom abs te abeam.
Pyrg. Fer aequo animo.
Pal. Scio ego quid doleat mihi.
Phil. Sed quid hoc? quae res? quid video? lux, salve.[1]
Pl. Iam resipisti?[2]
Phil. Obsecro, quem amplexa sum hominem? perii. sumne ego apud me?
Pl. Ne time, voluptas mea.
Pyrg. Quid istuc est negoti?
Pal. Animus hanc modo hic reliquerat. metuoque et[3] timeo, ne hoc tandem propalam fiat nimis.
Pyrg. Quid id est?
Pal. Nos secundum ferri nunc per urbem haec omnia, ne quis tibi hoc vitio vortat.
Pyrg. Mea, non illorum dedi: parvi ego illos facio. agite, ite cum dis benevolentibus.
Pal. Tua ego hoc causa dico.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: Pl. *et tu, lux mea* Leo.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here: ⟨*Et tu salve*⟩ *iam* Niemeyer.
[3] *et* Ital.: *ut* MSS.

ENTER SERVANTS WITH *Philocomasium's* LUGGAGE.

Pal. (*turning for a last sad look into the house*) And now once more, God of this household, I salute thee before I go! And you, my fellow servants all, male and female, good bye and good luck to you! Speak good things of me amongst yourselves, I pray you, absent though I am! (*sobs violently*)

Pyrg. Come, come, Palaestrio, take heart!

Pal. Ah, sir! I can't help . . . weeping at leaving . . . you!

Pyrg. Bear it bravely.

Pal. Ah, but I know how I suffer!

Phil. (*regaining consciousness, slowly*) But what is this? (*looking about vacantly*) What's the matter? What do I see? Ah, light of day!

Pl. Have you recovered now?

Phil. (*horrified*) For heaven's sake, what man have I embraced? Oh, this is death! Am I in my senses? (*sinks again on Pleusicles's breast*)

Pl. Never fear, (*in a low tone*) my heart's delight!

Pyrg. (*noticing Pleusicles's unnecessary fervour*) What does this mean?

Pal. (*stepping up to them*) She lost consciousness just now, sir. (*in a low tone to Pleusicles*) I'm frightfully worried this'll finally become altogether too public! (*Philocomasium revives again*)

Pyrg. (*overhearing, in part*) What do you mean?

Pal. (*extemporizing weakly*) Our being followed through the city now by all this stuff, sir. (*pointing to Philocomasium's luggage*) I'm afraid people may turn this to your discredit, sir.

Pyrg. (*loftily*) These gifts come from me, not from them; little I care about such folk. (*impatient*) Come, be off, and heaven bless you!

Pal. It's on your account I say this, sir.

Pyrg. Credo.
Pal. Iam vale.
Pyrg. Et tu bene vale.
Pal. Ite cito, iam ego adsequar vos: cum ero pauca volo loqui.
quamquam alios fideliores semper habuisti tibi
quam me, tamen tibi habeo magnam gratiam rerum omnium;
et, si ita sententia esset, tibi servire malui
multo, quam alii libertus esse.
Pyrg. Habe bonum animum.
Pal. Eheu, quom venit mi in mentem, ut mores mutandi sient,
muliebris mores discendi, obliscendi stratiotici.
Pyrg. Fac sis frugi.
Pal. Iam non possum, amisi omnem lubidinem.
Pyrg. I, sequere illos, ne morere.
Pal. Bene vale.
Pyrg. Et tu bene vale.
Pal. Quaeso memineris, si forte liber fieri occeperim (mittam nuntium ad te), ne me deseras.
Pyrg. Non est meum.
Pal. Cogitato identidem, tibi quam fidelis fuerim.
si id facies, tum demum scibis, tibi qui bonus sit, qui malus.
Pyrg. Scio et perspexi saepe.
Pal. Verum cum antehac, hodie maxume scies: immo hodie me tuom factum faxo post dices magis.

Pyrg. Of course, of course.
Pal. And now farewell, sir.
Pyrg. And fare you well, my man.
Pal. (*bustling the others off*) Quick! Go along! I'll follow you directly: I want a few words with (*choking with sad devotion*) my master.

[EXEUNT, *Philocomasium* SUPPORTED BY *Pleusicles* AND LOOKING BACK WISTFULLY AT *Pyrgopolynices*.

Although you have always held other slaves more loyal to you than me, sir, I am nevertheless deeply grateful to you for everything; and if it were your will, sir, I should much prefer to be your slave than another's freedman. (*sobs*)

Pyrg. Bear up, bear up!
Pal. Ah me, sir, when I . . . reflect how I must change my . . . ways—learn the ways of . . . women, and forget the . . . warriors'!
Pyrg. Be a good, honest fellow.
Pal. (*hopelessly*) I can't, sir . . . now! I've lost all my . . . desire!
Pyrg. Go, follow them, don't delay!
Pal. (*going reluctantly*) Farewell, sir, farewell!
Pyrg. And fare you well, my man.
Pal. (*stopping*) Sir, if I find myself beginning the life of a free man—I'll send you word of it—please do remember not to . . . desert me.
Pyrg. That is not my way.
Pal. Reflect, sir, now and then, upon my . . . fidelity to you. If you do this, sir, you will . . . finally know who your good and . . . bad servants are.
Pyrg. I know it now, I have often noted it.
Pal. But even though you've known it before, sir, you'll know it . . . to-day, especially. No, sir, I warrant that . . . later on you'll say all the more that I was a servant that just suited you this day.

Pyrg. Vix reprimor quin te manere iubeam.
Pal. Cave istuc feceris:
dicent te mendacem nec verum esse, fide nulla esse te,
dicent servorum praeter me esse hic fidelem neminem.
nam si honeste censeam te facere posse, suadeam;
verum non potest. cave faxis.
Pyrg. Abi iam.
Pal. Patiar quidquid est.
Pyrg. Bene vale igitur.
Pal. Ire meliust strenue.
Pyrg. Etiam nunc vale.
ante hoc factum hunc sum arbitratus semper servom pessumum:
eum fidelem mi esse invenio. cum egomet mecum cogito,
stulte feci qui hunc amisi. ibo hinc intro nunciam ad amores meos. sed, sensi, hinc sonitum fecerunt foris.

IV. 9.

Puer Ne me moneatis, memini ego officium meum,
ego[1] nam conveniam illum, ubi ubi est gentium;
investigabo, operae non parcam meae.
Pyrg. Me quaerit illic. ibo huic puero obviam.
Puer Ehem, te quaero. salve, vir lepidissime,
cumulate commoditate, praeter ceteros
duo di quem curant.
Pyrg. Qui duo?

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *ego iam* Camerarius.

Pyrg. (*quite stirred*) I can hardly refrain from bidding you stay.

Pal. (*taken aback*) Ah, sir, don't do that! People will say that you're a . . . liar, false and . . . faithless—and I the only . . . faithful servant you had, they'll say, sir. Ah yes, if I thought you could do so honourably, sir, I'd urge it, but it . . . cannot be. Don't do it, sir!

Pyrg. Well, be off, now!

Pal. (*turning away*) I'll bear . . . whatever comes, sir.

Pyrg. Fare you well, then.

Pal. (*hastening off, apparently to avoid a complete breakdown*) I'd better go in a . . . hurry, sir!

[EXIT, SHAKEN WITH EMOTION.

Pyrg (*calling after him*) Once more, farewell! (*reflectively*) Before to-day's experience I always considered this fellow the worst sort of servant: but I find he is devoted to me. Now I think it over, I was a fool to let him go. (*turning toward Periplectomenus's house*) Well, now for a call on my inamorata. (*listening*) But hark! A noise at the door here! (*steps back*)

Scene 9. ENTER A SLAVE BOY FROM THE HOUSE OF *Periplectomenus.*

Boy (*to those within*) You needn't remind me. I remember my duty. Yes, I'll reach him, no matter where on earth he is! I'll track him down, I'll spare myself no pains!

Pyrg. (*aside*) He is looking for me. I'll up to the lad. (*advances*)

Boy Oh, sir! I'm looking for you, sir! Hail, most delectable hero, teeming with timeliness, blest beyond all others with the favour of two deities!

Pyrg. (*approvingly*) Which two?

Puer Mars et Venus.

Pyrg. Facetum puerum.

Puer Intro te ut eas obsecrat,
te volt, te quaerit, teque exspectans expetit.
amanti fer opem. quid stas? quin intro is?

Pyrg. Eo.

Puer Ipsus illic sese iam impedivit in plagas;
paratae insidiae sunt: in statu stat senex,
ut adoriatur moechum, qui formast ferox,
qui omnis se amare credit, quaeque aspexerit
mulier: eum oderunt qua viri qua mulieres.
nunc in tumultum ibo: intus clamorem audio.

ACTVS V

Per. Ducite istum; si non sequitur, rapite sublimen foras,
facite inter terram atque caelum ut sit situs, discindite.

Pyrg. Obsecro hercle, Periplectomene, te.

Per. Nequiquam hercle obsecras.
vide ut istic tibi sit acutus, Cario, culter probe.

Car. Quin iamdudum gestit moecho hoc abdomen adimere,
ut ea iam quasi puero in collo pendeant crepundia.

Boy Mars and Venus, sir.

Pyrg. A knowing lad!

Boy She implores you to go inside, sir, she wants you, seeks you, looks for you longingly. Comfort the adoring creature, sir. Why stand here? Why not go in to her, sir?

Pyrg. (*rampant*) I am going! [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Boy (*gleefully*) Now he's done it, tangled himself in the nets there! The trap's all laid. The old man's standing on guard to spring at this adulterer who's so lordly over his looks, and fancies all the women fall in love with him at sight—when everyone detests him, men and women, both! (*sound of a scuffle within*) Now I'll get into the row! I hear 'em yelling inside!

ACT V

ENTER *Periplectomenus.*

Per. (*to slaves within*) Bring him along! If he won't follow you, pick him up and throw him out! Give him a berth between earth and heaven! Tear him apart!

ENTER *Pyrgopolynices,* STRIPPED OF SWORD, CLOAK AND TUNIC, IN THE GRIP OF SEVERAL ENERGETIC SLAVES.

Pyrg. (*in an awful fright*) Oh, my Lord! Periplectomenus, I beseech you!

Per. (*grimly*) Oh, my Lord! Your beseeching is no use. (*to a slave*) Cario, see that that knife of yours is good and sharp.

Cario (*cheerfully testing a vicious looking blade*) Bless you, sir, it's been itching this long time to dock his bestial belly and hang the trimmings round his neck now like a baby's string of beads! (*makes a pass with his knife, to Pyrgopolynices's exquisite terror*)

Pyrg. Perii.
Per. Haud etiam, numero hoc dicis.
Car. Iamne in hominem involo?
Per. Immo etiam prius verberetur fustibus.
Car. Multum quidem.[1]
Per. Cur es ausus subigitare alienam uxorem, impudens?
Pyrg. Ita me di ament, ultro ventumst ad me.
Per. Mentitur, feri.
Pyrg. Mane, dum narro.
Per. Quid cessatis?
Pyrg. Non licet mihi dicere?
Per. Dic.
Pyrg. Oratus sum, ad eam ut irem.
Per. Quor ire ausu's? em tibi.
Pyrg. Oiei, satis sum verberatus. obsecro.
Car. Quam mox seco?
Per. Vbi lubet: dispennite hominem divorsum et distendite.
Pyrg. Obsecro hercle te, ut mea verba audias prius quam secat.
Per. Loquere.
Pyrg. Non volui nec factum est: viduam hercle esse censui,
itaque ancilla, conciliatrix quae erat, dicebat mihi.
Per. Iura te non nociturum esse homini de hac re nemini,
quod tu hodie hic verberatu's aut quod verberabere,

[1] Leo notes hopeless lacuna following.

Pyrg. Oh, murder, murder!
Per. Not yet; you anticipate.
Cario (*brandishing his knife*) Shall I fly at the fellow now, sir?
Per. Oh no, he must be clubbed, first of all.
Cario Give him plenty, plenty! (*all close in on him*)
Per. How did you dare seduce another man's wife, you shameless villain?
Pyrg. I swear by the love of heaven, sir, she made the first advances!
Per. (*to a slave*) He lies! Beat him!
Pyrg. Wait, sir, let me explain!
Per. (*to slaves*) What makes you so slow? (*they raise their cudgels*)
Pyrg. Won't you let me speak, sir?
Per. Speak.
Pyrg. I was begged to go to her, sir.
Per. But how did you dare go? There! Take that! (*flogs him with his cane, the slaves joining in, earnestly*)
Pyrg. Ow-w-w! Oh, I've been clubbed enough! Oh, for heaven's sake!
Cario (*very zestful*) How soon shall I cut, sir?
Per. When you like. (*to the slaves who hold him*) Spread him apart, stretch him out as far as he'll go!
Pyrg. (*as they lay him on his back, Cario standing over him, knife in hand*) Oh, good Lord, sir! I beseech you, hear my words before he cuts!
Per. Out with them.
Pyrg. (*in a pathetic state*) I didn't want to . . . do it, sir, and I . . . didn't. Oh, Lord! I thought she wasn't . . . married now, and that's what that . . . bawd of a maid . . . told me, sir!
Per. (*reflecting, then sternly*) Swear that you will not harm a living soul for all this—for having been clubbed here to-day, or for any future clubbing—

si te salvom hinc amittemus Venerium nepotulum.
Pyrg. Iuro per Iovem et Mavortem, me nociturum nemini,
quod ego hic hodie vapularim, iureque id factum arbitror;
et si intestatus non abeo hinc, bene agitur pro noxia.
Per. Quid si id non faxis?
Pyrg. Vt vivam semper intestabilis.
Car. Verberetur etiam, postibi amittendum censeo.
Pyrg. Di tibi bene faciant semper, quom advocatus mihi venis.
Car. Ergo des minam auri nobis.
Pyrg. Quam ob rem?
Car. Salvis testibus
ut te hodie hinc amittamus Venerium nepotulum;
aliter hinc non ibis, ne sis frustra.
Pyrg. Dabitur.
Car. Magis sapis.
de tunica et chlamyde et machaera ne quid speres, non feres.
verberon etiam, an iam mittis?
Pyrg. Mitis sum equidem fustibus.
opsecro vos.
Per. Solvite istunc.
Pyrg. Gratiam habeo tibi.
Per. Si posthac prehendero ego te hic, carebis testibus.
Pyrg. Causam haud dico.

if we let you out of here alive, you dear little grandson of Venus!

Pyrg. (*fervently*) I swear by Jupiter and Mars, sir, not to harm a single soul for being cudgelled here to-day, and I think I was treated rightly, sir! And if I get away from here without losing my power to bear witness as a man, I'll be getting more than I deserve, sir!

Per. What if you break your promise?

Pyrg. Then I'll promise to live all my life without that power, sir.

Cario (*to Periplectomenus, judicially*) I move we club him again, sir, and then let him go.

Pyrg. (*overjoyed*) Oh, God bless you forever and ever, for coming to my support!

Cario Well then, give us (*indicating the slaves*) twenty pounds.

Pyrg. What for?

Cario For letting you get away from here to-day, bearing your witnesses intact, you dear little grandson of Venus! Otherwise, (*surveying his knife*) you shan't get away, don't fool yourself!

Pyrg. (*hastily*) You shall have it!

Cario That's wiser of you. As for your tunic and military cloak and sword, have no hopes of them, you won't get 'em. (*to Periplectomenus*) Shall I club him again, sir, or will you loose him now?

Pyrg. (*drearily*) Really, sir, I've been beaten till I'm loose already. Have mercy!

Per. (*to slaves*) Release the fellow. (*they do so*)

Pyrg. (*rising, gratefully*) Thanks, sir, thanks!

Per. If I catch you here hereafter, you shall lose those witnesses.

Pyrg. (*humbly*) I make no objection, sir.

Per. Eamus intro, Cario.
Pyrg. Servos meos
eccos video. Philocomasium iam profecta est?
dic mihi.
Ser. Iam dudum.
Pyrg. Ei mihi.
Ser. Magis dicas, si scias quod ego scio.
nam ille qui lanam ob oculum habebat laevom,
nauta non erat.
Pyrg. Quis erat igitur?
Ser. Philocomasio amator.
Pyrg. Qui tu scis?
Ser. Scio.
nam postquam porta exierunt, nil cessarunt ilico
osculari atque amplexari inter se.
Pyrg. Vae misero mihi,
verba mihi data esse video. scelus viri Palaestrio,
is me in hanc inlexit fraudem. iure factum iudico;
si sic aliis moechis fiat, minus hic moechorum siet,
magis metuant, minus has res studeant. eamus
ad me. plaudite.

Per. Let us go in, Cario.

[EXEUNT *Periplectomenus* AND SLAVES.

Pyrg. (*looking down the street*) Ah, I see my servants!

ENTER THE SLAVES, BACK FROM THE HARBOUR.

Has Philocomasium set out already? Tell me, tell me!

Slave Long ago.

Pyrg. Oh, damnation!

Slave You'd say that all the more, if you knew what I know. Why, that chap with the woollen patch on his left eye was no sailor.

Pyrg. (*startled*) Who was he, then?

Slave Philocomasium's lover.

Pyrg. How do you know?

Slave I know. Why, they no sooner got outside the city gate than they fell to kissing and hugging each other.

Pyrg. (*aside*) Oh, poor fool that I am! I've been gulled, I see it now! It's Palaestrio, that scoundrel of a fellow, that enticed me into this trap! (*pauses, then with dignity*) My finding is, "A true bill." If other adulterers were so treated, adulterers would be fewer here, their apprehension would be greater, and their appetite for such affairs less. (*to slaves*) Home we go. (*to audience*) Give us your applause. [EXEUNT OMNES.

MOSTELLARIA

OR

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

ARGVMENTVM

Manu misit emptos suos amores Philolaches
Omnemque absente rem suo absumit patre.
Senem ut revenit ludificatur Tranio:
Terrifica monstra dicit fieri in aedibus
Et inde pridem[1] emigratum. intervenit
Lucripeta faenus faenerator postulans.
Ludosque rursum fit senex; nam mutuom
Acceptum dicit pignus emptis aedibus.
Requirit quae sint: ait vicini proxumi.
Inspectat illas. post se derisum dolet,
Ab sui sodale gnati exoratur tamen.

[1] *priden* Bothe: *primum* MSS.

PERSONAE

TRANIO SERVVS
GRVMIO SERVVS
PHILOLACHES ADVLESCENS
PHILEMATIVM MERETRIX
SCAPHA ANCILLA
CALLIDAMATES ADVLESCENS
DELPHIVM MERETRIX
THEOPROPIDES SENEX
MISARGYRIDES DANISTA
SIMO SENEX
[illegible]ANISCVS SERVVS
PINACIVM
SERVI ALII

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Philolaches, in his father's absence, purchases and sets free the girl he loves, and runs through all his property. When the old gentleman returns, Tranio takes him in with a tale how his house was haunted by ghastly apparitions which long ago forced the family to leave it. A money-loving moneylender obtrudes himself and demands his interest. Again the old gentleman is made the butt, Tranio alleging that they had got a loan to make a payment on the house they had bought. Asked what house it was, Tranio said it was their next-door neighbour's. The old gentleman inspects it. Later, though stung by being made a laughing-stock, he is nevertheless appeased by his son's chum.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TRANIO, *slave of Theopropides.*
GRUMIO, *slave of Theopropides.*
PHILOLACHES, *son of Theopropides.*
PHILEMATIUM, *a courtesan.*
SCAPHA, *her maid.*
CALLIDAMATES, *a young gentleman of Athens.*
DELPHIUM, *a courtesan.*
THEOPROPIDES, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
MISARGYRIDES, *a moneylender.*
SIMO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
PHANISCUS, *slave of Callidamates.*
PINACIUM, *slave of Callidamates.*
OTHER SLAVES.

ACTVS I

Gr. Exi e culina sis foras, mastigia,
qui mi inter patinas exhibes argutias.
egredere, erilis permities, ex aedibus.
ego pol te ruri, si vivam, ulciscar probe.
exi, inquam, nidor, e culina. quid lates?

Tr. quid tibi, malum, hic ante aedis clamitatiost?
an ruri censes te esse? abscede ab aedibus.
abi rus, abi dierecte, abscede ab ianua.
em, hocine volebas?

Gr. Perii. cur me verberas? 10

Tr. Quia vivis.

Gr. Patiar. sine modo adveniat senex.
sine modo venire salvom, quem absentem comes.

Tr. Nec veri simile loquere nec verum, frutex,
comesse quemquam ut quisquam absentem possiet.

Scene :—Athens. A street in which stand the houses of Theopropides and Simo, an alley between them.

ACT I

ENTER *Grumio,* ROUGHLY DRESSED AS A FARM HAND, FROM THE HOUSE OF *Theopropides.*

(*very irate*) You kindly come out of the kitchen, you ropes-end! Showing me how smart you can be amongst your saucepans! Come on out from the house there, you family vampire! By gad, once on the farm and I'll pay you back in fine shape, sure as I'm alive! Come out, I tell you, you stench, from the kitchen! What are you skulking for?

ENTER *Tranio,* DAPPER AND DEBONAIR.

Why the devil are you making all this row out in front here? Think you are on the farm, do you? Away from the house with you! Off to your farm! Off and be hanged! Away from the doorway! There! (*cuffs him*) Is that what you were itching for?

(*cowering*) Oh, oh-h! What are you hitting me for?

Oh, for living.

All right, all right! But only let old master come back, only let him get safely back—the man you're eating out of house and home while he's away!

You neither tell the truth nor anything like the truth, you growth! How could anyone eat anyone out of his house, when he's not in it?

Gr. Tu urbanus vero scurra, deliciae popli,
rus mihi tu obiectas? sane hoc, credo, Tranio,
quod te in pistrinum scis actutum tradier.
cis hercle paucas tempestates, Tranio,
augebis ruri numerum, genus ferratile.
nunc, dum tibi lubet licetque, pota, perde rem,
corrumpe erilem adulescentem optumum;
dies noctesque bibite, pergraecamini,
amicas emite liberate, pascite
parasitos, obsonate pollucibiliter.
haecine mandavit tibi, quom peregre hinc it, senex?
hocine modo hic rem curatam offendet suam?
hocine boni esse officium servi existumas,
ut eri sui corrumpat et rem et filium?
nam ego illum corruptum duco, quom his factis studet;
quo nemo adaeque iuventute ex omni Attica
antehac est habitus parcus nec magis continens,
is nunc in aliam partem palmam possidet.
virtute id factum tua et magisterio tuo.
Tr. Quid tibi, malum, me aut quid ego agam curatiost?
an ruri quaeso non sunt, quos cures, bovis?
lubet potare, amare, scorta ducere.
mei tergi facio haec, non tui fiducia.
Gr. Quam confidenter loquitur.
Tr. At te Iuppiter
dique omnes perdant, fu, oboluisti alium.
germana inluvies, rusticus, hircus, hara suis,
caeno κοπρὼν commixte.
Gr. Quid vis fieri?
non omnes possunt olere unguenta exotica,

Gr. Oh, yes, you city swell, you public pet, you! So you're throwing the farm in my face, eh? And I reckon I know why, all right, Tranio—because you know you'll be landed in the mill before long. Within a few days, by gad, you'll be swelling our numbers on the farm and joining our ball-and-chain club! So now you've got the chance, and choose to do so, drink away, wreck the property, demoralize that fine young son of master's! Get fuddled day and night, live like Greeks, buy girls and set 'em free, feed parasites, go in for fancy catering! Are these the instructions the old master gave you when he went abroad? Is this how he'll find his property here has been attended to? Is this your notion of a good servant doing his duty—to ruin his master's estate and son, together? For ruined he is, I take it, from the sort of things he's going in for. Why, before, there wasn't a young fellow in all Attica that had his reputation for thrift, or led a cleaner life, while now he wins the prize the other way. And it's you and your teachings he can thank for it!

Tr. What the devil do you mean by minding me or my affairs? At the farm, for heaven's sake, have you no cows to mind? I choose to drink my wine, to have my love affairs, to bring home girls. I take chances with my own hide thereby, not with yours.

Gr. Listen to the cheek of him!

Tr. Oh, be damned to you! Phew! You smell of garlic! Ugh, you lump of native filth, you clod-hopper, he-goat, pig-sty, mixture of mire and manure!

Gr. Well, what do you expect? We can't all smell of imported perfumes, if you do, or dine at the

si tu oles, neque superiores accumbere
neque tam facetis quam tu vivis victibus.
tu tibi istos habeas turtures piscis avis,
sine me aliato fungi fortunas meas.
tu fortunatu's, ego miser: patiunda sunt.
meum bonum me, te tuom maneat malum.

Tr. Quasi invidere mi hoc videre, Grumio,
quia mihi bene est et tibi male est; dignissumumst:
decet me amare et te bubulcitarier,
me victitare pulchre, te miseris modis.

Gr. O carnuficium cribrum, quod credo fore,
ita te forabunt patibulatum per vias
stimulis carnufices, si huc reveniat senex.

Tr. Qui scis, an tibi istuc evenat prius quam mihi?

Gr. Quia numquam merui, tu meruisti et nunc meres.

Tr. Orationis operam compendi face,
nisi te mala re magna mactari cupis.

Gr. Ervom daturin estis, bubus quod feram?
date, si non estis. agite, porro pergite
quoniam occepistis: bibite, pergraecamini,
este, ecfercite vos, saginam caedite.

Tr. Tace atque abi rus. ego ire in Piraeum volo,
in vesperum parare piscatum mihi.
ervom tibi aliquis cras faxo ad villam adferat.
quid est? quid tu me nunc optuere, furcifer?

Gr. Pol tibi istuc credo nomen actutum fore.

head of the table, or live on the fat of the land like you. You just keep those squabs of yours and your fish and your game for yourself, and leave me to my garlic and my lot. Your lot is happy, mine is miserable. Very well, very well! So long as a good time is coming to me, and a bad time to you!

r. You seem rather wrathy, Grumio, because I am having the good time, at present, and you the bad one. But that is quite as it should be—I am the man for the ladies, you for the lowing herd. Fine fare for me and husks for you is quite correct.

r. Oh, I bet the hangmen will have you looking like a human sieve, the way they'll prod you full of holes as they run you down the streets with your arms on a cross bar, once the old man gets back!

r. How do you know you may not come to that before I do?

r. Because I never deserved it, and you have, and do.

r. (*advancing*) Well, save yourself some of that talk, unless you crave the honour of being badly beaten up.

r. (*retiring*) Are you folks going to give me some fodder to take to the cattle? Give it here, if you're not—eating. (*dodging as Tranio advances on him*) All right, go ahead, now that you've begun. Drink, live like Greeks, eat, gorge yourselves, kill the fatted calf!

r. Shut up, and be off to the farm! I want to go to the Piraeus and see about some fish for supper for myself. To-morrow I shall send someone to the villa with (*emphatically*) your fodder for you. (*as Grumio bridles*) What ails you? What are you scowling at me for now, gallowsbird?

r. By gad, that'll be your own name by and by, I'm thinking!

Tr. Dum interea sic sit, istuc actutum sino.
Gr. Ita est. sed unum hoc scito: nimio celerius
veniet quod noles quam illud, quod cupide petas.
Tr. Molestus ne sis nunciam, i rus, te amove.
ne tu[1] hercle praeterhac mihi non facies moram.
Gr. Satin abiit neque quod dixi flocci existumat?
pro di immortales, obsecro vostram fidem,
facite, huc ut redeat noster quam primum senex,
triennium qui iam hinc abest, prius quam omnia
periere, et aedis et ager; qui nisi huc redit,
paucorum mensum sunt relictae reliquiae.
nunc rus abibo. nam eccum erilem filium
video, corruptum ex adulescente optumo.

I. 2.

Philol. Recordatus multum et diu cogitavi
argumentaque in pectus institui multa
ego, atque in meo corde, si est quod mihi cor,
eam rem volutavi et diu disputavi,
hominem cuius rei, quando natus esset,
similem esse arbitrarer simulacrumque habere:
id repperi iam exemplum.
novarum aedium esse arbitror similem ego hominem,
quando natus est. ei rei argumenta dicam.[2]
atque hoc vosmet ipsi, scio, proinde uti nunc

[1] Leo brackets following *erres*.
[2] Leo brackets following vv., 93–95:
atque hoc haud videtur veri simile vobis,
at ego id faciam esse ita ut credatis.
profecto ita esse ut praedico vera vincam.

r. (*easily*) Provided things go as they do meantime, much I mind your "by and by"!

r. Yes, I see. But just you remember this—"Swifter come the things unwelcome, swifter far, than things we crave."

r. Stop annoying me this instant! Back to the farm! Vanish! By Jove, I will certainly be held up no longer by the like of you! [EXIT.

r. (*looking after him, dourly*) So he's gone, eh? And never cared a straw for what I said! Oh, good Lord, save us, for mercy's sake, and get our old master back from this three years' absence at once, before everything goes to smash—house and farm and all! Unless he does return, a few months will finish up the remaining remnants. (*looking down the street*) But I'll be off to the farm now. For there's master's son—ruined, poor lad, and he used to be such a fine young fellow!

[EXIT.

cene 2. ENTER *Philolaches*, SOMEWHAT MAUDLIN.

hilol. There's a matter I've been giving much . . . consideration and long thought, one I've been arguing out at length by myself. And I've been revolving this matter in my . . . mind—if I've got a mind—and debating, reasoning about it this long time. It's this—what I'm to think a man is similar to, when he's born, what is his . . . semblance. And now I've found this parallel.

A new . . . house, that's what I think a man is similar to, when he's born. I'll tell you my reasons for it.[1] And I know you . . . people

[1] Vv. 93–95: No doubt this doesn't look likely to you, but I'll make you believe it. Yes sir, I'll prove it's precisely as I say.

ego esse autumo, quando dicta audietis
mea, haud aliter id dicetis.
auscultate, argumenta dum dico ad hanc rem:
simul gnaruris vos volo esse hanc rem mecum.
  aedes quom extemplo sunt paratae, expolitae,
factae probe examussim,
laudant fabrum atque aedes probant, sibi quisque
    inde exemplum expetunt,
sibi quisque similis volt suas, sumptum operam
    non parcunt suam.
atque ubi illo immigrat nequam homo, indiligens
cum pigra familia, immundus, instrenuos,
hic iam aedibus vitium additur, bonae cum curantur
    male;
atque illud saepe fit: tempestas venit,
confringit tegulas imbricesque: ibi
dominus indiligens reddere alias nevolt;
venit imber, perlavit parietes, perpluont,
tigna putefacit, perdit operam fabri:
nequior factus iam est usus aedium.
atque ea haud est fabri culpa, sed magna pars
morem hunc induxerunt: si quid nummo sarciri
    potest,
usque mantant neque id faciunt, donicum
parietes ruont: aedificantur aedes totae denuo.
  haec argumenta ego aedificiis dixi; nunc etiam
    volo
dicere, ut homines aedium esse similis arbitremini.
primumdum parentes fabri liberum sunt:
ei fundamentum substruont liberorum;
extollunt, parant sedulo in firmitatem,
et ut in usum boni et in speciem[1]
poplo sint sibique, haud materiae reparcunt,
nec sumptus ibi sumptui esse ducunt;

[1] Corrupt (Leo): ⟨*et ut*⟩ *et* Schoell.

there, when you hear what I say, won't say anything different, but admit it's exactly as I now aver. Listen while I let you hear how I . . . reason it all out. I want you to be as . . . well informed about it all as I am.

As soon as a house is all . . . complete, all finished off, constructed to a T, they . . . compliment the builder and commend the house. Everyone prays the owner for the . . . plan, everyone wants one like it for himself, and spares himself no expense and effort. But when some . . . slacker with a shiftless household, some slovenly good-for-nothing sluggard moves into that house, then the house suffers for it, being a good house, but badly . . . cared for. And then it often happens that a . . . storm comes and smashes the tiles and gutters. Then the shiftless owner refuses to replace them. Down comes a . . . rain, and runs right through the walls, oozes into 'em, rots the . . . timbers, ruins the builder's work. And now the house grows the worse for wear. And it's not the builder's fault at all, but this is the way with most people—if a thing can be repaired for sixpence, they . . . put it off and put it off and don't attend to it, till finally the walls cave in—and the whole house has to be rebuilt.

So much for . . . buildings. Now I want to go on and state why you should think men are similar to houses. Now in the first place, parents are the . . . builders of their children. They lay the foundations of their children's lives. They rear them, do their best to construct them . . . solidly, and spare nothing necessary to making them useful and ornamental as men and citizens. Money spent on this they don't count expense.

expoliunt: docent litteras, iura leges,
sumptu suo et labore
nituntur, ut alii sibi esse illorum similis expetant.
ad legionem cum ita paratos mittunt, adminiclum eis danunt
tum iam, aliquem cognatum suom.
eatenus. abeunt a fabris. unum ubi emeritum est stipendium,
igitur tum specimen cernitur, quo eveniat aedificatio.
nam ego ad illud frugi usque et probus fui,
in fabrorum potestate dum fui.
postea quom immigravi ingenium in meum,
perdidi operam fabrorum ilico oppido.
venit ignavia, ea mihi tempestas fuit,
mi adventu suo grandinem[1] attulit;
haec verecundiam mi et virtutis modum
deturbavit detexitque a me ilico;
postilla optigere me neglegens fui.
continuo pro imbre amor advenit,[2]
is usque in pectus permanavit, permadefecit cor meum.
nunc simul res, fides, fama, virtus, decus
deseruerunt: ego sum in usu factus nimio nequior.
atque edepol ita haec tigna umide iam putent: non videor mihi
sarcire posse aedes meas, quin totae perpetuae ruant,
cum fundamento perierint nec quisquam esse auxilio queat.
cor dolet, cum scio ut nunc sum atque ut fui,
quo neque industrior de iuventute erat
quisquam nec clarior arte gymnastica:
disco, hastis, pila, cursu, armis, equo

[1] Leo brackets following *imbremque.*
[2] Leo brackets following *in cor meum.*

They put on the finishing touches—teach them literature, the . . . principles of justice, law, expend their money and their labour in striving that others may pray for their own sons to be like them. So . . . constructed, they send them into the army, now at the last giving them as a support some kinsman of their own. So much for this. They leave the builders' hands. And after one campaign is served, then signs are seen how the building will turn out.

Myself, now—till then—while I was in the builders' hands, I was always a steady, serious-minded chap. But after I . . . moved into my own disposition, I ruined the builders' work instantly and entirely. A spirit of idleness came over me. That was my . . . storm. Coming upon me heavy with hail, it instantly beat down and bared me of my poor coating of modesty and morals. And after that I was too negligent to . . . re-cover myself. Presently, in place of rain, love came and kept dripping, dripping into my breast, drenching my very heart. And now my money and my credit, my reputation, character and good name all are gone together. I, also, have become very much the worse for wear. Yes, by heaven, these . . . timbers of mine, too, are all soaked and rotten now! And I seem unable to repair my house and keep it from . . . caving in entirely and falling in everlasting ruins, foundations and all, and not a soul can help me.

It makes me sick at heart to see what I am now, and what I was. Not one of our young fellows trained harder or was better known as an . . . athlete. Discus, spear, ball, running,

victitabam volup,
parsimonia et duritia discipulinae aliis eram,
optumi quique expetebant a me doctrinam sibi.
nunc, postquam nihili sum, id vero meopte ingenio
repperi.

I. 3.

Phil. Iam pridem ecastor frigida non lavi magis lubenter
nec quom me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse
deficatam.

Sc. Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna
fuit.

Phil. Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem ? 160

Sc. Nihilo plus quam lavatio tua ad messim.

Philol. O Venus venusta,
haec illa est tempestas mea, mihi quae modestiam
omnem
detexit, tectus qua fui ; tum mihi Amor et Cupido
in pectus perpluit meum, neque iam umquam
optigere possum :
madent iam in corde parietes, periere haec oppido
aedis.

Phil. Contempla, amabo, mea Scapha, satin haec me
vestis deceat.
volo me placere Philolachi, meo ocello, meo
patrono.

Sc. Quin tu te exornas moribus lepidis, quom lepida
tute es ?
non vestem amatores amant,[1] sed vestis fartim.

[1] Leo brackets following *mulieris*.

fencing, riding—that was high life and happiness enough for me, a pattern, as I was, for others, of strict and . . . simple living, a man whom all the finest fellows sought to make their . . . model. And now that I'm good for nothing, oh well, (*stops moodily in front of Simo's house*) it's my own disposition that has made me so.

ne 3.

ENTER *Philematium* AND *Scapha* WITH TOILET ARTICLES FROM THE HOUSE OF *Theopropides*.

l. Gracious! I haven't enjoyed a cold bath more for ages! I do believe I never had a better scouring, Scapha, dear. (*begins to busy herself with her toilet, continuing it throughout the scene*) (*smiling at her mistress's enthusiasm*) Everything has its outcome, just as this year brought a big harvest.

l. (*puzzled*) What has that harvest got to do with my bath?

(*lightly*) No more than your bath has to do with the harvest.

ol. (*aside, seeing her*) Oh, lovely queen of love! Here, here, is the storm that stripped me bare of all my covering of modesty! Then love and passion oozed into my breast, and now I can't re-cover it, ever. Now the walls of my heart are drenched, this house an utter ruin!

l. (*prinking*) Scapha, dear, do please look me over and see if this gown is really becoming. I do so want to please Philolaches, (*fondly*) my darling, my protector!

Why not wear just winsome ways for decoration, since you are so winsome yourself? It's not the gown a lover loves, but the gown's contents.

Philol. Ita me di ament, lepidast Scapha, sapit scelesta multum.
ut lepide omnes mores tenet sententiasque amantum.
Phil. Quid nunc?
Sc. Quid est?
Phil. Quin me aspice et contempla, ut haec me deceat.
Sc. Virtute formae id evenit, te ut deceat quidquid habeas.
Philol. Ergo ob istuc verbum te, Scapha, donabo ego hodie aliqui,
neque patiar te istanc gratiis laudasse, quae placet mi.
Phil. Nolo ego te adsentari mihi.
Sc. Nimis tu quidem stulta es mulier.
eho, mavis vituperarier falso quam vero extolli?
equidem pol vel falso tamen laudari multo malo,
quam vero culpari aut meam speciem alios inridere.
Phil. Ego verum amo, verum volo dici mihi: mendacem odi.
Sc. Ita tu me ames, ita Philolaches tuos te amet, ut venusta es.
Philol. Quid ais, scelesta? quo modo adiurasti? ita ego istam amarem?
quid istaec me, id cur non additum est? infecta dona facio.
periisti: quod promiseram tibi donum, perdidisti.
Sc. Equidem pol miror tam catam, tam docilem te et bene doctam
nunc stultam stulte facere.

ilol. (*aside, forgetting his remorse*) Lord love me, but isn't Scapha winsome, too? And what a knowing old wretch! The winsome way she has of understanding just how lovers act and feel!

il. (*posing*) Well, now?

(*pretending not to understand*) Well, what?

il. Oh, look, do look me over and see if this is becoming!

You're so lovely yourself that whatever you have becomes you.

ilol. (*aside, warming up*) There now! I'll certainly make you a present of something, Scapha, for those words. I won't let you praise the girl that pleases me, for nothing.

il. (*soberly*) I don't want you to flatter me.

You're a very silly girl, then. Oho! You'd rather be run down insincerely than sincerely admired? Goodness gracious, I much prefer a compliment, insincere or not, to sincere criticism, or to having folks make fun of my looks—indeed I do!

il. (*quietly*) I love sincerity, I want what is said to me to be sincere. I hate a liar.

I swear by your love for me, ma'am, by your Philolaches' love for you, you're simply charming!

ilol. (*aside*) What's that, you wretch? What sort of an oath was that? By my love for her? How about hers for me? Why wasn't that added? I give up giving you that present! You're done for. And as for the present I promised you, you have done for that!

But, upon my word, I'm really surprised at such silly, silly conduct in such a shrewd, sensible, well-trained girl as you.

Phil. Quin mone quaeso, si quid erro.
Sc. Tu ecastor erras, quae quidem illum expectes unum atque illi
morem praecipue sic geras atque alios asperneris.
matronae, non meretricium est unum inservire amantem.
Philol. Pro Iuppiter, nam quod malum versatur meae domi illud ?
di deaeque me omnes pessumis exemplis interficiant,
nisi ego illam anum interfecero siti fameque atque algu.
Phil. Nolo ego mihi male te, Scapha, praecipere.
Sc. Stulta es plane,
quae illum tibi aeternum putes fore amicum et benevolentem.
moneo ego te : te ille deseret aetate et satietate.
Phil. Non spero.
Sc. Insperata accidunt magis saepe quam quae speres.
postremo, si dictis nequis perduci, ut vera haec credas
mea dicta, ex factis nosce rem. vides quae sim ; et quae fui ante.
nihilo ego quam nunc tu[1] amata sum ; atque uni modo gessi morem :
qui pol me, ubi aetate hoc caput colorem commutavit,
reliquit deseruitque me. tibi idem futurum credo.
Philol. Vix comprimor, quin involem illi in oculos stimulatrici.
Phil. Solam ille me soli sibi suo sumptu liberavit :
illi me soli censeo esse oportere opsequentem.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here : ⟨*minus fui pulchra et uenusta et nihilo | minus ego quam nunc tu*⟩ Seyffert.

hil. Oh, do please show me what it is, if I'm making any mistake!

c. "Mistake"? I should say you were—the way you're all wrapped up in that one man and fairly worship him, without as much as looking at anyone else! This giving yourself up to one lover is all right for married women, but not for mistresses.

hilol. (*aside*) Good Lord! Why, what sort of monster's at large in my house? May I be damned by all the powers above to death and torment, if I don't do that old hag to death, with hunger, thirst, and cold!

hil. Scapha, I don't want any such wicked advice from you!

c. But you are silly, that's plain, to think he'll always be fond of you and nice to you for ever. I warn you—he'll leave you when you're older and he's colder.

hil. (*wistful*) I hope not.

c. "More oft come true our hope-nots than our hopes." I tell you what, ma'am, if words can't convince you that my words are true, just look at facts. You see what I am now. And, oh, what I used to be! I was loved no less than you are now; I devoted myself to just one man—and he, oh well, when age came on and changed the colour of this head of mine, he left me, deserted me. That will be your case, too, I fancy.

hilol. (*aside*) It's all I can do to keep from flying at her eyes, the fiend!

hil. He spent his own money to set me free, just me, and just for himself. I feel I'm only doing what I ought in devoting myself to him, and just him.

Philol. Pro di immortales, mulierem lepidam et pudico ingenio.
bene hercle factum et gaudeo mihi nihil esse huius causa.
Sc. Inscita ecastor tu quidem es.
Phil. Quapropter?
Sc. Quae istuc cures,
ut te ille amet.
Phil. Cur obsecro non curem?
Sc. Libera es iam.
tu iam quod quaerebas habes; ille te nisi amabit ultro,
id pro tuo capite quod dedit perdiderit tantum argenti.
Philol. Perii hercle, ni ego illam pessumis exemplis enicasso.
illa hanc corrumpit mulierem malesuada[1] vitilena.
Phil. Numquam ego illi possum gratiam referre ut meritust de me.
Scapha, id tu mihi ne suadeas, ut illum minoris pendam.
Sc. At hoc unum facito cogites: si illum inservibis solum
dum tibi nunc haec aetatulast, in senecta male querere.
Philol. In anginam ego nunc me velim verti, ut veneficae illi
fauces prehendam atque enicem scelestam stimulatricem.
Phil. Eundem animum oportet nunc mihi esse gratum, ut impetravi,
atque olim, prius quam id extudi, quom illi subblandiebar.
Philol. Divi me faciant quod volunt, ni ob istam orationem te liberasso denuo et ni Scapham enicasso.

ilol. (*aside*) Ye immortal gods! Now, isn't she a sweet, pure-hearted creature? By Jove, I did a good job, and it's glad I am to be a ruined man for her sake!

. My goodness! Such a little stupid!

il. Why?

. To care about his loving you.

il. "Care"? For mercy's sake, why shouldn't I?

. You're free now. Now you've got what you were after. As for him, unless he still goes on loving you, he'll have thrown away all that money he paid out for you.

ilol. (*aside*) By gad, I'll be damned if I don't kill that woman off by inches! Trying to spoil the girl with her vile suggestions, the old bawdyslut!

il. I can't ever be grateful enough to him, never! And don't you try to make me think any less of him, Scapha.

. But see you consider this one thing—if you give yourself up to him entirely now while you're young, you'll rue it bitterly when you're old.

ilol. (*aside*) Oh, if I could change to a quinsy, so as to catch that viper in the throat and kill her off, the foul old fiend!

il. I ought to feel the same affection, now I've obtained my wish, as I did when I used to pet him before I'd won it.

ilol. (*aside*) May Heaven work its will on me, if I don't set you free all over again for saying that—and also, if I don't kill Scapha!

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[1] Corrupt (Leo); *cantilena* Ussing.

Sc. Si tibi sat acceptum est fore tibi victum sempiternum
atque illum amatorem tibi proprium futurum in vita,
soli gerundum censeo morem et capiundas crines.
Phil. Vt fama est homini, exin solet pecuniam invenire.
ego si bonam famam mihi servasso, sat ero dives.
Philol. Siquidem hercle vendundust pater, venibit multo potius,
quam te me vivo umquam sinam egere aut mendicare.
Sc. Quid illis futurum est ceteris qui te amant?
Phil. Magis amabunt,
quom me videbunt gratiam referre bene merenti.
Philol. Vtinam nunc meus emortuos pater ad me nuntietur,
ut ego exheredem meis bonis me faciam atque haec sit heres.
Sc. Iam ista quidem absumpta res erit: dies noctesque estur bibitur,
neque quisquam parsimoniam adhibet: sagina plane est.
Philol. In te hercle certumst principe ut sim parcus experiri,
nam neque edes quicquam neque bibes apud me his decem diebus.
Phil. Si quid tu in illum bene voles loqui, id loqui licebit:
nec recte si illi dixeris, iam ecastor vapulabis.
Philol. Edepol si summo Iovi bovi eo argento sacruficassem,
pro illius capite quod dedi, numquam aeque id bene locassem.
videas eam medullitus me amare. oh, probus homo sum:
quae pro me causam diceret, patronum liberavi.

[1] The Roman bride arranged her hair in a special way.

Well, if you have a guarantee that he'll be food for you eternally and be your own fond lover all your life, the thing for you is to put yourself at his sole disposal and—(*almost venomous*) fix up your hair for the wedding.[1]

il. One is generally able to get money according to the sort of name one has. If I always keep a good name, I shall be rich enough.

ilol. (*aside*) By Jove, now, even if it comes to selling my father, sold he shall be, much sooner than I'll let you come to want or beggary while I'm alive! What'll become of those other men that are in love with you?

il. They'll love me all the more when they see that I show gratitude to my benefactor.

ilol. (*aside, ecstatic*) Oh, for news now of my father's demise, so that I could disinherit myself of all I owned and make her my heir!

All he has, anyhow, will soon be squandered—eating and drinking day and night, with no one giving a thought to thrift. Downright stuffing, I call it.

hilol. (*aside*) Thrift? By gad, I'll try it, for a fact, and try it first on you. Not a thing to eat or drink shall you have in my house for the next ten days!

hil. (*firmly*) If you wish to say something nice about him, do so. But if you go on abusing him, I swear you shall have a whipping directly!

hilol. (*aside*) By gad, if I had made an offering of an ox to Jove Almighty with the money I paid out for her, it would never have been so well invested. You can see she loves me with all her soul. Oh, I'm a fine one! I've freed an advocate to plead my case for me.

Sc. Videon te nihili pendere prae Philolache omnis homines.
nunc, ne eius causa vapulem, tibi potius adsentabor.[1]
Phil. Cedo mi speculum et cum ornamentis arculam actutum, Scapha,
ornata ut sim, quom huc adveniat Philolaches voluptas mea.
Sc. Mulier quae se suamque aetatem spernit, speculo ei usus est:
quid opust speculo tibi, quae tute speculo speculum es maxumum?
Philol. Ob istuc verbum, ne nequiquam, Scapha, tam lepide dixeris,
dabo aliquid hodie peculi tibi, Philematium mea.
Phil. Suo quique loco (viden?) capillus satis compositust commode?
Sc. Vbi tu commoda es, capillum commodum esse credito.
Philol. Vah, quid illa pote peius quicquam muliere memorarier?
nunc adsentatrix scelesta est, dudum adversatrix erat.
Phil. Cedo cerussam.
Sc. Quid cerussa opust nam?
Phil. Qui malas oblinam.
Sc. Vna opera ebur atramento candefacere postules.
Philol. Lepide dictum de atramento atque ebore. euge, plaudo Scaphae.
Phil. Tum tu igitur cedo purpurissum.
Sc. Non do. scita es tu quidem.
nova pictura interpolare vis opus lepidissimum?

[1] Leo brackets following v., 247:
si acceptum sat habes, tibi fore illum amicum sempiternum.

I see you feel there's no one fit to hold a candle to Philolaches. So I'd rather agree with you, and not get whipped on his account.[1]

il. Give me the mirror and the jewel casket. Quick, Scapha! I must be all got up when Philolaches comes, (*reminiscently*) the darling! (*takes mirror and arranges her hair*)

It's the woman that's dubious about her looks and years must use a mirror. What do you need of a mirror, when you yourself are the very mirror's own best mirror?

ilol. (*aside*) You shan't make such a pretty speech for nothing, Scapha. I'll certainly give you something for your very own—Philematium dear.

il. Is everything all right—won't you look? Is my hair put up prettily enough?

When you're pretty yourself, you can be positive your hair is pretty.

ilol. (*aside*) Bah! Can you mention anything worse than that woman there? Now she's all compliments, the slut! A moment ago she was all contradictions!

il. Give me the ceruse.

Ceruse, indeed! What for?

il. To rub on my cheeks.

You might as well expect to whiten ivory with ink.

ilol. (*aside*) Very neat—ivory and ink! Bravo, Scapha! Congratulations!

il. Well, then, give me the rouge.

No, I won't. Lots of sense you show! You want to daub fresh paint on a perfectly lovely picture?

[1] V. 247: If you have a guarantee that he'll be your friend forever.

non istanc aetatem oportet pigmentum ullum attingere,
neque cerussam neque melinum, neque aliam ullam offuciam.

Phil. Cape igitur speculum.

Philol. Ei mihi misero, savium speculo dedit.
nimis velim lapidem, qui ego illi speculo diminuam caput.

Sc. Linteum cape atque exterge tibi manus.

Phil. Quid ita, obsecro?

Sc. Vt speculum tenuisti, metuo ne olant argentum manus:
ne usquam argentum te accepisse suspicetur Philolaches.

Philol. Non videor vidisse lenam callidiorem ullam alteras. 270
ut lepide atque astute in mentem venit de speculo malae.

Phil. Etiamne unguentis unguendam censes?

Sc. Minime feceris.

Phil. Quapropter?

Sc. Quia ecastor mulier recte olet, ubi nihil olet.
nam istae veteres, quae se unguentis unctitant, interpoles,
vetulae, edentulae, quae vitia corporis fuco occulunt,
ubi sese sudor cum unguentis consociavit, ilico
itidem olent, quasi cum una multa iura confudit cocus.
quid olant nescias, nisi id unum,[1] ni male olere intellegas.

Philol. Vt perdocte cuncta callet. nihil hac docta doctius.
verum illud esse maxima adeo pars vestrorum intellegit, 280
quibus anus domi sunt uxores, quae vos dote meruerunt.

Girls of your age shouldn't touch a bit of colour, or ceruse, Melian cream, or any other cosmetic.

l. Here, then, take the mirror. (*holds it close to her face for a final examination and then hands it to Scapha*)

ilol. (*aside*) Blast it! She kissed the mirror! Oh for a stone to smash that mirror's head with!
Take a towel and wipe your hands.

il. For mercy's sake, why?
(*grinning*) Now that you've held the mirror, I'm afraid your hand will smell of silver, and that's something Philolaches mustn't suspect you of taking from anyone.

ilol. (*aside*) I don't believe I ever saw a sharper old bawd. Pretty neat—that idea about the mirror, and canny, too, the sinner!

il. Surely I should put on a little perfume, don't you think?
Most certainly not.

il. Why?
Goodness me! Because a woman smells right when she doesn't smell at all. Why, those ancient dames that pickle themselves in perfume, made-up crones without any teeth, that try to paint away their bodily blemishes—as soon as their perfume and perspiration come together, they smell the same as when a cook combines a lot of sauces. You can't tell what they smell of, but you're sure of one thing—they smell vile.

ilol (*aside*) Oh, she's a mighty wise one! She's up to it all! There never was a wiser old wench! (*turning to the audience*) You know she's right, most of you who have old dames at home for wives, that bought you with their dowries.

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[1] Corrupt (Leo): *ut* Camerarius.

Phil. Agedum contempla aurum et pallam, satin haec me deceat, Scapha.
Sc. Non me istuc curare oportet.
Phil. Quem obsecro igitur?
Sc. Eloquar:
Philolachem, is ne quid emat, nisi quod sibi placere censeat.[1]
quid opust, quod suom esse nolit, ei ultro ostentarier?[2]
pulchra mulier nuda erit quam purpurata pulchrior:[3] 289
nam si pulchra est, nimis ornata est.
Philol. Nimis diu abstineo manum.
quid hic vos agitis?
Phil. Tibi me exorno ut placeam.
Philol. Ornata es satis.
abi tu hinc intro atque ornamenta haec aufer.
sed, voluptas mea,
mea Philematium, potare tecum conlibitum est mihi.
Phil. Et edepol mihi tecum, nam quod tibi libet idem mihi libet,
mea voluptas.
Philol. Em istuc verbum vile est viginti minis.
Phil. Cedo, amabo, decem: bene emptum tibi dare hoc verbum volo.
Philol. Etiam nunc decem minae apud te sunt; vel rationem puta.
triginta minas pro capite tuo dedi.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 286:
nam amator meretricis mores sibi emit auro et purpura.
[2] Leo brackets following v., 288:
purpura actati occultandaest aurum turpi mulieri.
[3] Leo brackets following vv., 290–291:
poste nequiquam exornata est bene, si morata est male.
pulchrum ornatum turpes mores peius caeno conlinunt.

il. (*after a few final adjustments*) Here now, Scapha, do look over my jewellery, and gown, and see if it really is becoming.

That shouldn't be any concern of mine.

il. Whose should it be, then, for goodness' sake? Well—Philolaches'![1] So that he won't buy anything except what he thinks suits himself. But what's the use of showing off to him, unasked, something he doesn't want to own?[2] A pretty girl is prettier undressed than dressed in purple.[3] For then she's overdressed, if she's really pretty.

ilol. (*aside*) I'm keeping hands off too long. (*stepping up to them*) What's going on here?

il. (*in his arms*) I'm getting all dressed up to please you.

ilol. (*ogling her*) Oh, you're dressed enough! (*to Scapha, gruffly*) Be off inside with you, and take this (*with a wave at the toilet accessories*) frippery along. [EXIT *Scapha.*

But, my darling, my own Philematium, I'd love to have some wine with you.

il. Oh, and I with you! For whatever you like, I like, my (*snuggling closer*) darling.

ilol. (*rapturous*) Ah! That word would come cheap at a hundred pounds.

il. (*smiling up at him*) Well, give me fifty, there's a dear! I want you to buy at a bargain.

ilol. (*lightly*) You owe me fifty still—tot it up, dear, if you like. It was a hundred and fifty I paid for you.

[1] V. 286: Why, it's his mistress's favours a lover buys with jewels and purple.

[2] V. 288: Purple belongs to shady years, jewels to ugly women.

[3] Vv. 290–291: And then it's no use being nicely dressed if one's ways aren't nice. Disgusting ways soil a pretty dress more than mud.

Phil. Cur exprobras? 300

Philol. Egone id exprobrem, qui mihimet cupio id opprobrarier?
nec quicquam argenti locavi iam diu usquam aeque bene.

Phil. Certe ego, quod te amo, operam nusquam melius potui ponere.

Philol. Bene igitur ratio accepti atque expensi inter nos convenit:
tu me amas, ego te amo; merito id fieri uterque existimat.
haec qui gaudent, gaudeant perpetuo suo semper bono;
qui invident, ne umquam eorum quisquam invideat prosus commodis.

Phil. Age accumbe igitur. cedo aquam manibus, puere, appone hic mensulam.
vide, tali ubi sint. vin unguenta?

Philol. Quid opust? cum stacta accubo.
sed estne hic meus sodalis, qui huc incedit cum amica sua? 310
is est, Callidamates cum amica incedit. euge, oculus meus,
conveniunt manuplares eccos: praedam participes petunt.

I. 4.

Call. Adversum veniri mihi ad Philolachetem
volo temperi. audi, em tibi imperatum est.

hil. (*hurt*) Why do you throw that at me?

hilol. I throw it at you? When I long to have it thrown up to my own self? Why, I've not made such a fine investment anywhere for many a day.

hil. (*happily*) And I'm sure I couldn't do anything better with my love than give it to you, dear.

hilol. Then our books balance perfectly—you love me, and I love you, and both of us think that's just as it should be. (*looking, rapt, to heaven*) And may those who rejoice with us rejoice forever at their own unending joys. And those who envy us—may absolutely no one ever envy them for their blessings.

hil. (*drawing him to a couch*) Come, then, take your place. (*to a slave within*) Some water for our hands, boy! Put a small table here. And the dice—look for them. (*to Philolaches*) Would you like some perfume?

hilol. (*his arm around her on the couch*) What for? With essence of myrrh beside me!

ENTER SLAVE WITH TABLE, ETC.

(*looking down the street*) Is that my chum, though, rolling up here with his mistress? It is. It's Callidamates, and that's his mistress with him. Hurray, dearest! Look! The regiment's assembling! Our pals are coming for part of the plunder!

cene 4. ENTER *Callidamates,* VERY DRUNK, WITH *Delphium* AND A SLAVE.

all. (*to slave*) I . . . want you to . . . come to . . . Philolaches' . . . and get me . . . and . . . come in time. Mind . . . now! There! You've . . . got your . . . orders. [EXIT SLAVE.

nam illi ubi fui, inde effugi foras,
ita me ibi male convivi sermonisque taesumst.
nunc comissatum ibo ad Philolachetem,
ubi nos hilari ingenio et lepide accipient.
ecquid tibi videor mammamadere?

Del. Semper istoc modo.
moratu's tu te. ire huc debebas.

Call. Visne ego te ac tu me amplectare?

Del. Si tibi cordi est. facere, licet.

Call. Lepida es.
duc me amabo.

Del. Cave ne cadas, asta.

Call. O—o— ocellus meus, tuos sum alumnus, mel meum.

Del. Cave modo, ne prius in via accumbas,
quam illi, ubi lectus est stratus, concumbimus.

Call. Sine, sine cadere me.

Del. Sino, sed hoc, quod mi in manu est:
si cades, non cades quin cadam tecum.

Call. Iacentis tollet postea nos ambos aliquis.

Del. Madet homo.

Call. Tun me ais mammamadere?

Del. Cedo manum, nolo equidem te adfligi.

(*to the world at large*) Well . . . the place where I . . . was, I . . . just cut and . . . ran from it, I got so . . . damn tired of the . . . company and . . . conversation. Now I'll go over to . . . Philolaches's for . . . something to drink. They'll be . . . jolly and give us a . . . good time. (*to Delphium*) Would you . . . say I . . . ma-ma-mat all drunk? (*stops for her to survey him*)

l. The same as usual. (*pulling him along*) You're delaying yourself. Here's (*pointing to the house of Philolaches*) the place to go to.

ll. (*leering at her*) I'll hug . . . you, and you . . . hug me, d'ye . . . want to?

l. (*patient*) Very well, if you'd enjoy it.

ll. (*embracing her*) You sweet . . . thing! Take my . . . arm, that's a . . . dear. (*lurches*)

l. See you don't fall. (*getting a firmer hold on him*) Stand up!

ll. My o-o-only one! I'm your . . . baby . . . boy, honey dear!

l. Yes, but do see you don't sit down in the street, before we can get to that nice, soft couch where we can lie down together.

ll. (*sleepily*) Let, let . . . me fall.

l. (*struggling to keep him up*) I'll certainly let this fall. (*dropping a parcel she carries and pulling him to his feet*) If you fall, you shan't fall without my falling with you.

l. Somebody'll find us lying here and . . . pick us both . . . up, after a . . . while.

. The man is drunk!

l. (*pulling away from her indignantly*) You say I-m-m-m-drunk?

. (*placatingly*) Do give me your hand. I certainly can't have you break your neck.

Call. Em tene.
Del. Age, i simul.
Call. Quo ego eam?
Del. An nescis?
Call. Scio, in mentem venit modo:
nempe domum eo comissatum.
Del. Immo, istuc quidem.
Call. Iam memini.
Philol. Num non vis me obviam his ire, anime mi?
illi ego ex omnibus optume volo.
iam revertar.
Phile. Diu est iam id mihi.
Call. Ecquis hic est?
Philol. Adest.
Call. Eu, Philolaches,
salve, amicissime mi omnium hominum.
Philol. Di te ament. accuba, Callidamates.
unde agis te?
Call. Vnde homo ebrius probe.
Phile. Quin amabo accubas, Delphium mea?
da illi quod bibat.
Call. Dormiam ego iam.
Philol. Num mirum aut novom quippiam facit?
Del. Quid ego hoc faciam postea?
Phile. Mea, sic sine eumpse.

Call. (*stretching it out, unsteadily*) There! Take it!
Del. (*leading him on*) All right now, go along!
Cal. Where am I . . . to go?
Del. Don't you know?
Call. (*thinking*) I know. It just . . . came to me. Of . . . course! I'm going . . . home to have . . . something to drink.
Del. No, no, you're going there. (*pointing to the house of Philolaches*)
Call. (*gravely sighting along her finger*) Now I remember!
Philol. (*to Philematium*) You don't mind if I go meet them, do you, precious? I think more of him than any friend I have. (*gets up and goes toward pair*) I'll be back in a minute.
Phil. (*tenderly*) That minute will be hours to me!
Call. (*bawling in the direction of Philolaches's house*) Anyone at . . . home?
Philol. Here we are!
Call. (*embracing him*) Fine! Philolaches! How . . . are you? You're the . . . best friend I've . . . got in the world!
Philol. (*steering him to the couch*) God bless your soul! Here's your place, old fellow! Where do you hail from?
Call. (*sinking down on the couch*) Where you get . . . well drunk.
Phil. Come, come, Delphium dear, why don't you settle down? (*places her beside Callidamates. To the slave*) Give him a drink.
Call. (*after draining the glass*) Now I'm . . . going to sleep. (*flops back on the couch*)
Philol. (*to Delphium, smiling*) Nothing new or strange for him, is it?
Del. What shall I do with him now?
Phil. Oh, leave him by himself just as he is, my dear.

age tu interim da ab Delphio cito cantharum circum.

ACTVS II

Tr. Iuppiter supremus summis opibus atque industriis
me periisse et Philolachetem cupit erilem filium.
occidit Spes nostra, nusquam stabulum est Confidentiae,
nec Salus nobis saluti iam esse, si cupiat, potest:
ita mali, maeroris montem maximum ad portum modo
conspicatus sum: erus advenit peregre, periit Tranio.
ecquis homo est, qui facere argenti cupiat aliquantum lucri,
qui hodie sese excruciari meam vicem possit pati?
ubi sunt isti plagipatidae, ferritribaces viri,
vel isti qui hosticas trium nummum causa subeunt sub falas,
ubi quinis aut denis hastis corpus transfigi solet?
ego dabo ei talentum, primus qui in crucem excucurrerit;
sed ea lege, ut offigantur bis pedes, bis bracchia.
ubi id erit factum, a me argentum petito praesentarium.
sed ego—sumne infelix, qui non curro curriculo domum?
Philol. Adest adest opsonium. eccum Tranio a portu redit.
Tr. Philolaches.
Philol. Quid est?
Tr. Et ego et tu—
Philol. Quid et ego et tu?

(*to slave*) Come, boy! Quick! Take the tankard round meantime—Delphium first.

ACT II

ENTER *Tranio* IN GRIM CONSTERNATION. STOPS AT SOME DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE AND REARRANGES A TOPPLING LOAD OF PARCELS.

Tr. (*to himself*) Jove Almighty's after us, with all his might and main, bound he'll ruin me and young master Philolaches for good! Our Hope is dead; Confidence can't find standing room; not even Salvation herself can save us now, no matter if she yearned to! Such a mountain mass of misfortune and misery as I just now set eyes on at the harbour! Master's back from abroad, and Tranio's bound for ruin! (*to the audience*) Anyone anxious to make a bit of easy money by taking my place at an execution? (Where are those valiant, fetter-offrictionacious young rawhides, or those bold chaps that for four bob will rush the ramparts of the foe where you generally get five or ten spears stuck through you at once? I'll give two hundred pounds to the first man to charge my cross and take it—on condition his legs and arms are double-nailed, that is. When this is attended to, he can claim the money from me cash down.) But I—ain't I a cursed fool not to race off home on the run? (*hurries on towards the house*)

Philol. (*seeing him*) Here we are! Here are the provisions! Look! Tranio's back from the harbour!

Tr. Philolaches!

Philol. What is it?

Tr. Both of us are——

Philol. (*nervously*) Both of us are what?

Tr. Periimus.
Philol. Quid ita?
Tr. Pater adest.
Philol. Quid ego ex te audio?
Tr. Absumpti sumus.
pater inquam tuos venit.
Philol. Vbi is est, obsecro?
Tr. Adest.[1]
Philol. Quis id ait? quis vidit?
Tr. Egomet inquam vidi.
Philol. Vae mihi.
quid ego ago?
Tr. Nam quid tu, malum, me rogitas quid agas? accubas.
Philol. Tutin vidisti?
Tr. Egomet, inquam.
Philol. Certe?
Tr. Certe inquam.
Philol. Occidi,
si tu vera memoras.
Tr. Quid mihi sit boni, si mentiar? 370
Philol. Quid ego nunc faciam?
Tr. Iube haec hinc omnia amolirier.
quis istic dormit?
Philol. Callidamates.
Tr. Suscita istum, Delphium.
Del. Callidamates, Callidamates, vigila.
Call. Vigilo, cedo[2] bibam.
Del. Vigila. pater advenit peregre Philolachis.
Call. Valeat pater.
Philol. Valet ille quidem, atque ego disperii.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *ubi is est?* Lindsay.
[2] Leo brackets following *ut*.

r. Done for!
hilol. How so?
r. Your father's here!
hilol. (*in a panic*) What's that you say?
r. We're dead and buried! Your father's come, I tell you.
hilol. Where is he, for heaven's sake?
r. Here!
hilol. Who says so? Who saw him?
r. I did, I saw him myself, I tell you.
hilol. (*desperately*) Now where am I?
r. Well, why the devil are you asking me where you are? You're on that couch.
hilol. You saw him your very self?
r. I myself, yes.
hilol. You're positive?
r. (*his contempt and masterfulness rising rapidly*) Yes, positive.
hilol. It's all up with me, if you're telling the truth!
r. What should I gain by lying?
hilol. (*helplessly*) What shall I do now?
r. Have all this truck (*with a wave at the party generally*) cleared off. Who's that asleep there?
hilol. Callidamates.
r. Wake him up, Delphium.
el. (*prodding him*) Callidamates! Callidamates! Wake up!
all. (*half-sitting up, drowsily*) I'm . . . wide awake. Give me a . . . drink. (*drops back again*)
el. (*digging at him*) Wake up! Philolaches's father's back from abroad!
all. Hell t' the . . . father.
hilol. Healthy father? Indeed he is! And I'm a dead one! More!

Call. Bis periisti? qui potest?
Philol. Quaeso edepol, exsurge; pater advenit.
Call. Tuos venit pater?
iube abire rursum. quid illi reditio etiam huc fuit?
Philol. Quid ego agam? pater iam hic me offendet miserum adveniens ebrium,
aedis plenas convivarum et mulierum. miserum est opus,
igitur demum fodere puteum, ubi sitis fauces tenet;
sicut ego adventu patris nunc quaero quid faciam miser.
Tr. Ecce autem iterum hic deposivit caput et dormit. suscita.
Philol. Etiam vigilas? pater, inquam, aderit iam hic meus.
Call. Ain tu, pater?
cedo soleas mihi, ut arma capiam. iam pol ego occidam patrem.
Philol. Perdis rem.
Del. Tace, amabo.
Tr. Abripite hunc intro actutum inter manus.
Call. Iam hercle ego vos pro matula habebo, nisi mihi matulam datis.
Philol. Perii.
Tr. Habe bonum animum: ego istum lepide medicabo metum.

Call. (*interested*) Dead . . . once more? How can . . . that be?

Philol. Oh, for God's sake, man, get up! My father's come!

Call. (*sitting up*) Your father's . . . come? Order him to . . . go. What's he . . . mean by . . . coming back here?

Philol. Oh, what shall I do? This is awful! He'll be here soon and find me drunk, and his house full of revellers and women! Oh, it's an awful business —waiting till thirst has you by the throat before you dig your well! That's my fix—my father back and I just wondering what to do, poor fool!

Tr. (*who has been meditating*) Look at him (*pointing to Callidamates*), will you? Head down again and gone to sleep! Stir him up!

Philol. (*shaking him and pulling him up*) There! Wake up, will you! (*shouting*) My father, I tell you, will be here in no time!

Call. (*staggering to his feet*) You don't . . . say so? Your father? (*roaring*) My . . . pumps! My . . . arms! By gad, I'll . . . kill your father . . . dead in . . . no time:

Philol. You're wrecking everything!

Del. Do keep still, there's a dear!

Tr. (*to slaves*) Catch hold of him and haul him off inside at once! (*resumes his meditations*)

Call. (*as the slaves drag him in*) By the . . . Lord, I'll soon be . . . using you . . . fellows for a . . . chamber pot, unless you . . . give me one.

[EXEUNT.

Philol. I'm done!

Tr. (*emerging from his meditations with a joyous start*) Brace up! I'll doctor that fright of yours in fine style!

Philol. Nullus sum.
Tr. Taceas: ego qui istaec sedem meditabor tibi.
satin habes, si ego advenientem ita patrem faciam tuom,
non modo ne intro eat, verum etiam ut fugiat longe ab aedibus?
vos modo hinc abite intro atque haec hinc propere amolimini.
Philol. Vbi ego ero?
Tr. Vbi maxime esse vis: cum hac, cum istac eris.
Del. Quid si igitur abeamus hinc nos?
Tr. Non hoc longe, Delphium.
nam intus potate hau tantillo hac quidem causa minus.
Philol. Ei mihi, quam istaec blanda dicta quo evenant madeo metu.
Tr. Potin animo ut sis quieto et facias quod iubeo?
Philol. Potest.
Tr. Omnium primum, Philematium, intro abi, et tu, Delphium.
Del. Morigerae tibi erimus ambae.
Tr. Ita ille faxit Iuppiter.
animum advorte nunciam tu quae volo accurarier.
omnium primumdum aedes iam face occlusae sient;
intus cave muttire quemquam siveris.
Philol. Curabitur.
Tr. Tamquam si intus natus nemo in aedibus habitet.
Philol. Licet.

Philol. It's all up with me!

Tr. Hush, hush! I'm the man to think you up a sedative for all this. Will you be satisfied, if I fix it so that when your father arrives, he'll not only keep out of the house, but take to his heels out of its neighbourhood, too? (*to slaves*) Inside with you fellows now, yes, and clear away this stuff (*indicating the table, etc.*), and be quick about it!

Philol. Where shall I be?

Tr. Where you like best to be—with this girl, with that one.

Del. Suppose we go away from here, then?

Tr. (*confidently*) Not an inch, Delphium! No, and you're not to drink a drop the less inside there because of this.

Philol. Oh dear! I'm all a sweat from fear what this smooth talk of yours will end in!

Tr. (*sternly*) Can't you keep cool and do what I tell you?

Philol. (*cowed*) Yes, yes!

Tr. First of all, Philematium, you go inside, and you, too, Delphium.

Del. (*going*) We'll do anything you like, both of us.

[EXEUNT.

Tr. I hope to heaven you will! (*to Philolaches, who is gazing anxiously down the street*) Here, you! Your attention at once, while I tell you what I want seen to! In the first place, now, have the house all shut up. And mind you don't let anyone breathe a word inside.

Philol. (*nervously*) I'll see to it.

Tr. Just as if there wasn't a living soul inside occupying it.

Philol. All right, all right!

Tr. Neu quisquam responset, quando hasce aedis pultabit senex.
Philol. Numquid aliud?
Tr. Clavem mi harunc aedium Laconicam iam iube efferri intus: hasce ego aedis occludam hinc foris.
Philol. In tuam custodelam meque et meas spes trado, Tranio.
Tr. Pluma haud interest, patronus an cliens probior siet.
homini, cui nulla in pectore est audacia,[1] 409
quamvis desubito facile est facere nequiter:
verum id videndum est, id viri docti est opus,
quae designata sint et facta nequiter,
tranquille cuncta et ut proveniant sine malo,
ne quid potiatur, quam ob rem pigeat vivere.
sicut ego efficiam, quae facta hic turbavimus,
profecto ut liqueant omnia et tranquilla sint
neque quicquam nobis pariant ex se incommodi.
sed quid tu egredere, Sphaerio?
Puer Iamiam[2]—
Tr. Optime.
praeceptis paruisti.
Puer Iussit maximo 420
opere orare, ut patrem aliquo absterreres modo,
ne intro iret ad se.
Tr. Quin etiam illi hoc dicito,
facturum me, ut ne etiam aspicere aedis audeat,
capite obvoluto ut fugiat cum summo metu.

[1] Leo brackets following v., 410:
nam cuivis homini, vel optumo vel pessumo.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here:
eloquar. hanc clavem ferri tibi erus iussit Leo.

Tr. And no one is to answer when the old man knocks at the door.

Philol. (*shuddering*) Anything . . . else?

Tr. (*thinking*) The front door key[1]—have that brought out to me directly. I intend to lock the house up from the outside.

Philol. (*forlornly*) I'm putting myself and my hopes in your hands, Tranio! [EXIT.

Tr. (*complacent*) It doesn't matter a feather's-weight whether it's patron or client who's the better man. Why, a fellow without a bit of nerve in his chest[2] can make a mess of things easily enough, on the shortest notice. But it takes a mighty smart man to see to it that all the mess that's planned and perpetrated turns out nicely, without landing him in such trouble that he's sorry he's alive. And that's what I'll do—fix it so that all the storm we've raised here will absolutely clear away and quiet down, without bringing us a bit of discomfort.

ENTER A SLAVE FROM THE HOUSE.

But what are you coming out for, Sphaerio?

Slave (*showing a key*) You'll soon——

Tr. (*grandly*) Very good! You have obeyed orders.

Slave He told me to beg you my very best to frighten his father away somehow from coming in upon him.

Tr. Well now, you just tell him this—that I shall see to it he does not dare give that dwelling so much as a glance, but cover his head and take to his heels in an awful funk. Come, the key! (*takes it*)

[1] *Laconicam*—a key fashioned for locking a door from the outside, rather than from the inside, as was usual.

[2] V. 410: Yes, any fellow, the best or worst.

clavem cedo atque abi intro atque occlude ostium,
et ego hinc occludam. iube venire nunciam.
ludos ego hodie vivo praesenti hic seni
faciam, quod credo mortuo numquam fore.
concedam a foribus huc, hinc speculabor procul,
unde advenienti sarcinam imponam seni.

II. 2.

Th. Habeo, Neptune, gratiam magnam tibi,
quom med amisisti abs te vix vivom domum.
verum si posthac me pedem latum modo
scies imposisse in undam, hau causast, ilico
quod nunc voluisti facere quin facias mihi.
apage, apage te a me nunciam post hunc diem:
quod crediturus tibi fui, omne credidi.

Tr. Edepol, Neptune, peccavisti largiter,
qui occasionem hanc amisisti tam bonam.

Th. Triennio post Aegypto advenio domum;
credo exspectatus veniam familiaribus.

Tr. Nimio edepol ille potuit exspectatior
venire, qui te nuntiaret mortuom.

Th. Sed quid hoc? occlusa ianua est interdius.
pultabo. heus, ecquis intust? aperitin fores?

Tr. Quis homo est, qui nostras aedes accessit prope?

Inside with you, and lock up! I shall lock up from the outside.

[EXIT *Slave, Tranio* LOCKS THE DOOR.

Now let him come! It's a royal send-off I'll give the old chap to-day, while he's alive and with us—which is more than he'll ever get when he dies, I'm thinking. I'll just drop back from the door (*stands in the alley by Simo's house*) and keep a look out, from over here, for my chance to load the old boy up when he arrives.

Scene 2. ENTER *Theopropides,* FOLLOWED BY SLAVES WITH HIS LUGGAGE.

Th. (*dryly*) I am deeply grateful to you, Neptune, for letting me get away home with a bit of life left in me. But if you ever hear of my going one foot's-breadth on the billows after this I give you leave to go straight ahead and do what you wished to do with me this time. Avaunt! Avaunt, now and forevermore! I've trusted you with all I mean to trust you.

Tr. (*aside*) Gad, Neptune, you made a big mistake in letting go such a fine chance!

Th. (*approaching his house*) Here I am, home from Egypt after three years! And a welcome arrival I'll be to my household, I fancy.

Tr. (*aside*) An arrival we could welcome much more, by gad, would be that of a man with news of your death!

Th. (*trying to open the door*) But what does this mean? The door locked in broad daylight! I'll knock. (*does so*) Hey! Anyone inside? Open up, will you!

Tr. (*stepping out, with a horrified air*) Who's the man who got near our house?

Th. Meus servos hic quidem est Tranio.
Tr. O Theopropides,
ere, salve, salvom te advenisse gaudeo.
usquin valuisti?
Th. Vsque ut vides.
Tr. Factum optime.
Th. Quid vos? insanin estis?
Tr. Quidum?
Th. Sic, quia
foris ambulatis, natus nemo in aedibus
servat, neque qui recludat neque [1] respondeat.
pultando [2] paene confregi hasce ambas foris.
Tr. Eho an tu tetigisti has aedis?
Th. Cur non tangerem?
quin pultando, inquam, paene confregi foris.
Tr. Tetigistin?
Th. Tetigi, inquam, et pultavi.
Tr. Vah.
Th. Quid est?
Tr. Male hercle factum.
Th. Quid est negoti?
Tr. Non potest
dici, quam indignum facinus fecisti et malum.
Th. Quid iam?
Tr. Fuge, obsecro, atque abscede ab aedibus.
fuge huc, fuge ad me propius. tetigistin foris?
Th. Quo modo pultare potui, si non tangerem?

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *quis* MSS. (*qui* B^2): Bothe deletes.
[2] Leo brackets following *pedibus*.

h. (*looking around*) Well, well! It's my servant, Tranio!

r. (*ecstatic, but not approaching*) Oh, Theopropides, sir! How are you? Ah, I'm glad to see you safely back! Have you been well all the time?

h. (*brusquely*) All this time, as you see.

r. That's splendid, sir!

h. What ails you folks? Are you crazy?

r. Eh? How so?

h. This is how so—here you are strolling around outside, not a mother's son of you minding the house, no one to unlock the door, no one to answer it! I nearly smashed the panels, pounding on it.

r. (*aghast*) Oh-h-h! You didn't touch this house, yourself?

h. (*angrily*) Touch it? Why shouldn't I? Man alive, I nearly smashed the panels, pounding, I tell you!

r. You touched that door?

h. Touched it, yes! And pounded it!

r. (*almost collapsing*) Oh, my God!

h. (*mystified*) What's the matter?

r. Lord, Lord, what an awful act!

h. Eh? What d'ye mean?

r. Oh, it's beyond expression—the dreadful thing you've done, the awful thing!

h. What's all this?

r. Run, for God's sake, and get away from the house! (*Theopropides, somewhat awed, backs away from the door*) Run! This way! Nearer to me! Run! (*Theopropides joins him hurriedly*) You actually touched that door?

h. (*peevishly*) How could I pound it, if I didn't touch it?

Tr. Occidisti hercle—
Th. Quem mortalem?
Tr. Omnis tuos.
Th. Di te deaeque omnes faxint cum istoc omine—
Tr. Metuo, te atque istos expiare ut possies.
Th. Quam ob rem? aut quam subito rem mihi adportas novam?[1]
Tr. Et heus, iube illos illinc ambo abscedere.
Th. Apscedite.
Tr. Aedes ne attigatis. tangite vos quoque terram.
Th. Obsecro hercle, quin eloquere.[2]
Tr. Quia septem menses sunt, quom in hasce aedis pedem nemo intro tetulit, semel ut emigravimus.
Th. Eloquere, quid ita?
Tr. Circumspicedum, numquis est, sermonem nostrum qui aucupet?
Th. Tutum probest.
Tr. Circumspice etiam.
Th. Nemo est. loquere nunciam.
Tr. Capitale scelus est.
Th. Quid est? non satis intellego.
Tr. Scelus, inquam, factum est iam diu, antiquom et vetus.
Th. Antiquom?
Tr. Id adeo nos nunc factum invenimus.
Th. Quid istuc est sceleris? aut quis id fecit? cedo.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here—a line of Tranio's, bidding his master touch the earth.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here: *rem* Bothe.

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[1] A prevention against evil.

r. Oh my Lord! You've been the death——

h. (*alarmed*) Eh? Of whom?

r. Of your whole family!

h. May all the powers above take you and that omen of yours and——

r. Oh, sir, I fear you can never purify yourself and them! (*pointing to the slaves*)

h. What for? Or what form of surprise are you springing on me?

r. And look here, sir, tell both those fellows to get away from there!

h. (*to slaves*) Away with you!

r. (*as they pick up the luggage*) Don't touch the house! Touch the earth,[1] you ~~fellows,~~ too! (*they do so, frightened*) [EXEUNT HURRIEDLY.

h. For the love of Heaven, come, come, out with it!

r. No one has set foot in that house, you see, for seven months, ever since we moved out, sir.

h. Speak up! Why's that?

r. (*timorous*) Look around, and see if there's anyone to overhear us!

h. (*doing so*) It's perfectly safe.

r. Look around again!

h. (*looking*) No one's near. Speak! This instant!

r. (*hissing in Theopropides's ear*) It's crime—a capital crime!

h. (*jumping*) What's that? I don't . . . quite . . . understand.

r. A crime has been committed, I tell you—long, long ago, in the distant past!

h. (*slightly relieved*) In the distant past?

r. Yes, and we have but now uncovered it!

h. What sort of crime? Who committed it? Tell me, tell me!

Tr. Hospes necavit hospitem captum manu;
iste, ut ego opinor, qui has tibi aedis vendidit.
Th. Necavit?
Tr. Aurumque ei ademit hospiti
eumque hic defodit hospitem ibidem in aedibus.
Th. Quapropter id vos factum suspicamini?
Tr. Ego dicam, ausculta. ut foris cenaverat
tuos gnatus, postquam rediit a cena domum,
abimus omnes cubitum; condormivimus:
lucernam forte oblitus fueram exstinguere;
atque ille exclamat derepente maximum.
Th. Quis homo? an gnatus meus?
Tr. St, tace, ausculta modo.
ait venisse illum in somnis ad se mortuom.
Th. Nempe ergo in somnis?
Tr. Ita. sed ausculta modo.
ait illum hoc pacto sibi dixisse mortuom.
Th. In somnis?
Tr. Mirum quin vigilanti diceret,
qui abhinc sexaginta annos occisus foret.
interdum inepte stultus es, Theopropides.
Th. Taceo.
Tr. Sed ecce quae illi in[1] somnis mortuos:
"ego transmarinus hospes sum Diapontius.
hic habito, haec mihi dedita est habitatio.
nam me Acheruntem recipere Orcus noluit,

[1] *somnis mortuos* Schoell: Leo notes lacuna here.

The master here overpowered his guest and (*suddenly clutching Theopropides's arm, to his discomfiture*) murdered him! That fellow who sold this house to you, in my opinion!

Murdered him?

And robbed him of his gold—his guest!—and buried him—his guest!—here, here in the house!

What makes you suspect that all this happened?

Listen, and I'll tell you. (*after peering about, warily*) One night when your son had dined out, after he got back home from the dinner, we all went to bed. We fell fast asleep. I happened to have forgotten to put out the light. And then, all of a sudden, he let out a frightful (*loudly*) yell!

(*with a start*) Who? Who? Not my son?

Sh-h-h! Keep quiet! Just listen! He said that in his sleep that . . . dead man came to him!

(*regaining some of his composure*) Oh, so it was in his sleep, then?

Yes. But just you listen! He said that . . . dead man spoke these words to him.

In his sleep?

(*irate*) It *is* odd he didn't speak to him when he was wide awake, considering he's been killed these sixty years! You are an awful dunderhead at times, Theopropides!

(*meekly, impressed by Tranio's tremendous earnestness*) I'll say nothing.

But hear what that dead man told him in his sleep, sir—(*melodramatically*) "Diapontius am I, a guest from o'er the sea. Here do I abide, this house is the abode allotted me. For Orcus hath denied me entrance into Acheron, I having been

quia praemature vita careo. per fidem
deceptus sum: hospes[1] me necavit isque me
defodit insepultum clam[2] in hisce aedibus,
scelestus, auri causa. nunc tu hinc emigra.
scelestae hae sunt aedes, impia est habitatio."
quae hic monstra fiunt, anno vix possum eloqui.

Th. St, st!

Tr. Quid, obsecro hercle, factum est?

Th. Concrepuit foris.

Tr. Hicin percussit!

Th. Guttam haud habeo sanguinis,
vivom me accersunt Acheruntem mortui.

Tr. Perii, illisce hodie hanc conturbabunt fabulam.
nimis quam formido, ne manifesto hic me opprimat.

Th. Quid tute tecum loquere?

Tr. Abscede ab ianua.
fuge, obsecro hercle.

Th. Quo fugiam? etiam tu fuge.

Tr. Nihil ego formido, pax mihi est cum mortuis.

Intus. Heus, Tranio.

Tr. Non me appellabis, si sapis.
nihil ego commerui, neque istas percussi fores.

Intus. Quaeso—

Tr. Cave verbum faxis.

[1] Leo brackets following *hic.*
[2] Leo brackets following *ibidem.*

cut off before my time. I trusted, and I was betrayed. Here was I murdered by my accursed host, for the sake of gold, and in this very house did he give me secret, unhallowed burial. Hence with you now! Accursed is this house, 'tis a defiled abode!" Oh, sir, I could hardly tell you in a year all the . . . weird things that have happened here!

h. (*listening, terrified*) Sh-sh-h!

r. (*his eyes bulging*) For God's sake, what was it?

h. (*backing away*) A . . . creaking of the . . . door!

r. (*sidling up to the house and calling to the ghost placatingly*) He did it! (*pointing to Theopropides*) He knocked!

h. (*quaking*) Oh, I haven't a drop of blood in my body! Dead men are after me, to take me down to Acheron alive!

r. (*aside*) Damnation! Those people in there will soon be dishing this whole performance! Lord! I'm horribly afraid he'll catch me at it!

h. What's that you're muttering there? (*comes nearer*)

r. (*yelling*) Get away from the door! Run, for God's sake, run!

h. (*backing away, but suspicious*) Run where? You run, too!

r. I have nothing to fear. I am at peace with the dead.

oice within Hey, Tranio!

r. (*to the ghost, for the benefit of all parties*) You won't call *me*, if you have any sense! (*Theopropides retreats rapidly*) I haven't done anything wrong! It wasn't I knocked at that door!

oice within I want to know—

r. (*loudly*) Not one word!

Th. Dic quid segreges sermonem.
Tr. Apage hinc te.
Th. Quae res te agitat, Tranio? quicum istaec loquere?
Tr. An quaeso tu appellaveras? ita me di amabunt, mortuom illum credidi expostulare quia percussisses fores. sed tu, etiamne astas nec quae dico optemperas?
Th. Quid faciam?
Tr. Cave respexis, fuge,[1] operi caput.
Th. Cur non fugis tu?
Tr. Pax mihi est cum mortuis.
Th. Scio. quid modo igitur? cur tanto opere extimueras?
Tr. Nil me curassis, inquam, ego mihi providero. tu, ut occepisti, tantum quantum quis fuge, atque Herculem invoca.
Th. Hercules, ted invoco.
Tr. Et ego—tibi hodie ut det, senex, magnum malum. pro di immortales, obsecro vestram fidem, quid ego hodie negoti confeci mali.

ACTVS III

Mis. Scelestiorem ego annum argento faenori numquam ullum vidi quam hic mihi annus optigit. a mani ad noctem usque in foro dego diem, locare argenti nemini nummum queo.

[1] Leo brackets following *atque*.

Th. Tell me why you're breaking off the conversation.

Tr. (*more loudly*) Be gone! Be gone!

Th. What possesses you, Tranio? Who are you saying all that to?

Tr. (*turning in surprise*) For heaven's sake, it wasn't you that called, sir? Lord love me, I thought that dead man was getting savage because you knocked at the door! (*listens intently, Theopropides watching him with renewed nervousness; then in sudden alarm*) But you (*Theopropides gives a start*)—you're still standing here? Nót minding what I say?

Th. What shall I do?

Tr. Run! Cover your head! And don't look back!

Th. (*scared, but somewhat suspicious*) Why don't you run, yourself?

Tr. I am at peace with the dead.

Th. I see. But how about a moment ago? Why were you in such a panic then?

Tr. (*still listening at the door*) Don't bother about me, sir, I tell you. I'll look out for myself, all right. (*listens more intently; a look of horror comes over his face; he leaps into the air with a screech*) Run, run, for all you're worth, as you began! And call on Hercules!

Th. (*bolting, his nerves shattered*) Oh, Hercules, I call on thee! [EXIT.

Tr. And so do I—to make short shrift of you to-day, old chap! Good Lord deliver us, but I've done a fine day's work!

ACT III

ENTER *Misargyrides*, IN LOW SPIRITS.

Mis. Harder times in the loan business than we've had this year I never did see. Down town all day long from morning till night, and I can't put out two ~~bob~~! BITS.

Tr. Nunc pol ego perii plane in perpetuom modum.
danista adest, qui dedit argentum faenore,
qui amica est empta quoque opus in sumptus fuit.
manifesta res est, nisi quid occurro prius,
ne hoc senex resciscat. ibo huic obviam.
sed quidnam hic sese tam cito recipit domum?
metuo ne de hac re quippiam indaudiverit.
accedam atque adpellabo. ei quam timeo miser.
nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius,
sicut me[1] habet. verum utut res sese habet,
pergam turbare porro: ita haec res postulat.
unde is?
Th. Conveni illum unde hasce aedis emeram.
Tr. Numquid dixisti de illo quod dixi tibi?
Th. Dixi hercle vero omnia.
Tr. Ei misero mihi,
metuo ne techinae meae perpetuo perierint.
Th. Quid tute tecum?
Tr. Nihil enim. sed dic mihi,
dixtine quaeso?
Th. Dixi, inquam, ordine omnia.
Tr. Etiam fatetur de hospite?
Th. Immo pernegat.
Tr. Negat scelestus?
Th. Negitat inquam.
Tr. Cogita:
non confitetur?

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *me* ⟨*male*⟩ *habet* Niemeyer.

Tr. (*aside, seeing him*) Oh, my Lord! I'm in a most everlasting mess now, and no mistake! There's the moneylender that let us have the cash to buy the girl and run the house with! Everything's out, unless I get the start and hit on some way of keeping the old man in the dark. I'll go meet the fellow. (*glancing down the street in the opposite direction and seeing Theopropides*) But what on earth is he coming home so soon for? I'm afraid he's got wind of this! I'll up and at him! (*going to meet him*) But, oh dear, I am in an awful funk! There's nothing more awful than a guilty conscience—and mine does bother me! Well, no matter what's up, I'll keep on complicating things. That's what the case demands.

ENTER *Theopropides.*

Where have you been, sir?

Th. (*scrutinizing him*) I have met the man I bought this house from.

Tr. You didn't tell him anything about what I told you, sir?

Th. Indeed I did, by Jove,—everything.

Tr. (*in a low tone*) Oh dear, this is the very devil! I'm afraid my scheme has gone to smash everlastingly!

Th. What are you saying to yourself?

Tr. (*hurriedly*) Why, nothing. But tell me, sir, did you tell him, really?

Th. I did, I say—everything from beginning to end.

Tr. And he confesses about the guest, eh?

Th. He does not. He denies it utterly.

Tr. The villain denies it?

Th. Denies it up and down, I say.

Tr. Think again, sir! Doesn't he admit it?

Th. Dicam si confessus sit.
quid nunc faciundum censes?
Tr. Egon quid censeam?
cape, obsecro hercle, cum eo una iudicem
(sed eum videto ut capias, qui credat mihi):
tam facile vinces quam pirum volpes comest.
Mis. Sed Philolachetis servom eccum Tranium,
qui mihi neque faenus neque sortem argenti danunt.
Th. Quo te agis?
Tr. Nec quoquam abeo. ne ego sum miser,
scelestus, natus dis inimicis omnibus.
iam illo praesente adibit. ne ego homo sum miser,
ita et hinc et illinc mi exhibent negotium.
sed occupabo adire.
Mis. Hic ad me it, salvos sum,
spes est de argento.
Tr. Hilarus est: frustra est homo.
salvere iubeo te, Misargyrides, bene.
Mis. Salve et tu. quid de argentost?
Tr. Abi sis, belua.
continuo adveniens pilum iniecisti mihi.
Mis. Hic homo est inanis.
Tr. Hic homo est certe hariolus.
Mis. Quin tu istas mittis tricas?
Tr. Quin quid vis cedo.
Mis. Vbi Philolaches est?
Tr. Numquam potuisti mihi
magis opportunus advenire quam advenis.
Mis. Quid est?
Tr. Concede huc.

Th. I should tell you, if he did. What do you think should be done now?

Tr. (*indignant*) What do I think! For God's sake, sir, get some arbitrator, you and he! (*aside*) But see you get one who will take my word, (*aloud*) and you'll win as easily as a fox eats a pear.

Mis. (*seeing him*) Aha! There's Philolaches' servant, Tranio! Neither principal nor interest do I get from those two!

Th. (*as Tranio edges toward Misargyrides*) Whither away?

Tr. (*stopping*) Oh, nowhither. (*aside*) Lord! but I'm an unlucky rascal! It was an evil star I was born under! He'll catch me now while the old man's here! Lord! but I am an unlucky chap—the way they're hounding me right and left! But I'll board him first. (*advances toward Misargyrides*)

Mis. (*aside, pleased*) He's coming up to me! Saved! I have hopes of my money.

Tr. (*aside*) See him grin! He's fooling himself. (*aloud*) A very good day to you, Misargyrides.

Mis. Good day! How about the money?

Tr. Kindly get out, you beast! The minute I get in range, you open fire on me!

Mis. (*disappointedly, seeing no sign of a wallet*) There's nothing in this fellow.

Tr. There's second sight in this fellow, that is sure.

Mis. Come, drop that chaffing, will you?

Tr. Come, tell me what you want.

Mis. Where is Philolaches?

Tr. (*confidentially*) You could not have turned up at a better time than this. (*tries to lead him further away from Theopropides*)

Mis. (*resisting*) How so?

Tr. Step over here. (*pulls him*)

Mis. Quin mihi faenus redditur?
Tr. Scio te bona esse voce, ne clama nimis.
Mis. Ego hercle vero clamo.
Tr. Ah, gere morem mihi.
Mis. Quid tibi ego morem vis geram?
Tr. Abi quaeso hinc domum.
Mis. Abeam?
Tr. Redito huc circiter meridie.
Mis. Reddeturne igitur faenus?
Tr. Reddeturne. abi.
Mis. Quid ego huc recursem aut operam sumam aut conteram?
quid si hic manebo potius ad meridie?
Tr. Immo abi domum, verum hercle dico, abi modo.[1]
Mis. Quin vos mihi faenus date. quid hic nugamini?
Tr. Eu hercle, ne tu—abi modo, ausculta mihi.
Mis. Iam hercle ego illum nominabo.[2]
Tr. Euge strenue.
beatus vero es nunc, quom clamas.
Mis. Meum peto.
multos me hoc pacto iam dies frustramini.
molestus si sum, reddite argentum: abiero.
responsiones omnes hoc verbo eripis.
Tr. Sortem accipe.
Mis. Immo faenus, id primum volo.
Tr. Quid ais tu, omnium hominum taeterrime?
venisti huc te extentatum? agas quod in manu est.
non dat, non debet.
Mis. Non debet?
Tr. Ne frit quidem

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: Mis. *at volo* (or *non eo*); *prius da faenus.* Tr. *I inquam i modo* Studemund.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here: "*clamatio intercidit* (*Ritschelius, Muellerus, pros.* 660)" Leo.

Mis. (*more loudly*) Why don't I get my interest?

Tr. I know you have a good voice. Don't strain it, yelling.

Mis. By the Lord, I certainly will yell!

Tr. (*placatingly*) Oh, now, now! Do oblige me.

Mis. How d'ye want me to oblige you?

Tr. Go away, go home, there's a good fellow.

Mis. (*snorting*) Go away?

Tr. And come back here about noon.

Mis. (*hopefully*) I'll get my interest, then?

Tr. (*pushing him along*) You'll get it. Go away.

Mis. (*rebellious*) Why should I keep chasing back here, expending all that effort, or wasting it? Suppose I stay here till noon instead?

Tr. No, no! Go on home! I'm telling you the truth. I swear I am! Only do go away!

Mis. See here, you pay me my interest! Why all this trifling?

Tr. (*sarcastically*) Splendid, by Jove! You certainly —(*pleadingly*) do go away now, do listen to me!

Mis. (*bawling*) By Jove, I'll denounce him publicly this minute!

Tr. Fine! Make it loud! You're really happy, now you're yelling!

Mis. I want what's mine! Day after day now you've fooled me this way! If I bother you, pay me my money—and I'll be gone! You can shut me up tight with just one word.

Tr. (*as if ready to pay*) Here, take your principal.

Mis. No, no, the interest! I want that first!

Tr. What is that, you vile old reprobate? Did you come here to spread yourself? Do your worst. He will pay you nothing, he owes you nothing.

Mis. Owes me nothing?

Tr. Not as much as a granule can you get out of him.

ferre hinc potes. an metuis ne quo abeat foras
urbe exulatum faenoris causa tui,
quoi sortem accipere iam licet?

Mis. Quin non peto
sortem: illuc primum, faenus, reddundum est
mihi.

Tr. Molestus ne sis. nemo dat, age quid lubet.
tu solus, credo, faenore argentum datas.

Mis. Cedo faenus, redde faenus, faenus reddite.
daturin estis faenus actutum mihi?
datur faenus mihi?

Tr. Faenus illic, faenus hic.
nescit quidem nisi faenus fabularier.
ultro te. neque ego taetriorem beluam
vidisse me umquam quemquam quam te censeo.

Mis. Non edepol tu nunc me istis verbis territas.

Th. Calidum hoc est: etsi procul abest, urit male.[1]
quod illuc est faenus, opsecro, quod illic petit?

Tr. Pater eccum advenit peregre non multo prius
illius, is tibi et faenus et sortem dabit,
ne inconciliare quid nos porro postules.
vide num moratur.

Mis. Quin feram, si quid datur.

Th. Quid ais tu?

Tr. Quid vis?

Th. Quis illic est? quid illic petit
quid Philolachetem gnatum compellat meum
sic et praesenti tibi facit convicium?
quid illi debetur?

[1] Leo notes lacuna here.

You are not afraid he will leave the country, are you, all because of your interest, when you can have the principal at once?

Mis. I'm not after the principal, I tell you! You've got to pay me that interest first!

Tr. Don't bother me. No one will pay you, do what you like. You are the only moneylender alive, I suppose!

Mis. My interest! Give me my interest! Give me my interest, you two! Are you going to pay me my interest this minute? Am I to get my interest?

Tr. Interest, interest everywhere! Upon my soul, the only word he knows is "interest!" Off with you! I do believe I never saw a more disgusting beast than you.

Mis. You don't scare me off now with talk like that, not on your life!

Th. (*who has been surveying them, aside*) This is pretty hot! I'm getting well singed, even at this distance. (*advances, calling to Tranio*) What on earth is that interest the fellow's after?

Tr. (*to Misargyrides, hurriedly*) See! There's his father, just back from abroad! He'll pay you your interest and principal, both. (*attempting to push him off*) Don't try to make any more trouble for us. Just see if he puts you off.

Mis. (*holding his ground*) Well, if anything is paid me, I'll just take it along.

Th. (*coming up, to Tranio*) Answer me!

Tr. What is it, sir?

Th. Who is that fellow? What is he after? What does he mean by dunning my son Philolaches this way and reviling you to your face? What's owing him?

Tr. Obsecro hercle, illud iube
obici illi argentum ob os impurae beluae.
Th. Iubeam—?
Tr. Iuben homini argento os verberarier? 620
Mis. Perfacile ego ictus perpetior argenteos.
Tr. Audin? videturne, obsecro hercle, idoneus,
danista qui sit, genus quod improbissimum est.
Th. Non ego istuc curo qui sit quid sit unde sit:
id volo mihi dici, id me scire expeto,
quod illud argentum est?
Tr. Est—huic debet Philolaches
paulum.
Th. Quantillum?
Tr. Quasi—quadraginta minas;
ne sane id multum censeas.
Th. Paulum id quidem est.
adeo etiam argenti faenus creditum audio.
Tr. Quattuor quadraginta illi debentur minae, 630
et sors et faenus.
Mis. Tantumst, nihilo plus peto.
Tr. Velim quidem hercle ut uno nummo plus petas.
dic te daturum, ut abeat.
Th. Egon dicam dare?
Tr. Dic.
Th. Egone?
Tr. Tu ipsus. dic modo, ausculta mihi.
promitte, age inquam: ego iubeo.

Tr. Oh, for the love of heaven, sir, tell us to throw that money in his face, the filthy beast!

Th. Tell you——?

Tr. Tell us to pound his face in with the money, will you, sir?

Mis. (*grinning*) I won't be bothered a bit by pounds of money.

Tr. D'ye hear him? By the Lord, now! Isn't he just the sort to be a moneylender, the worst pack of rascals living?

Th. (*sternly*) I am not concerned with who he is, or what he is, or where he's from. What I want to be told, what I'm anxious to know, is what that money is.

Tr. (*floundering*) It's—well, Philolaches owes him a little something.

Th. How little?

Tr. About—er—two hundred pounds. Of course you surely can't think that's much, sir, surely.

Th. (*more sternly*) It's a "little something," indeed! Beside, there's interest due to him, too, I understand.

Tr. Two hundred and twenty pounds, sir, altogether, principal and interest, both.

Mis. Exactly! I'm not claiming any more.

Tr. (*who is casting about for an inspiration*) By gad, I just wish you would claim one penny more! (*to Theopropides*) Tell him you'll pay him, sir, and get rid of him.

Th. Tell him I'll pay him?

Tr. Tell him, sir.

Th. I?

Tr. You yourself, sir. Go on, tell him. Listen to me, sir. Come, come, sir, promise him, I say. I authorize it, myself.

Th. Responde mihi: quid eo est argento factum?
Tr. Salvom est.
Th. Solvite vosmet igitur, si salvomst.
Tr. Aedis filius tuos emit.
Th. Aedis?
Tr. Aedis.
Th. Euge, Philolaches patrissat: iam homo in mercatura vortitur. ain tu, aedis?
Tr. Aedis inquam. sed scin quoius modi?
Th. Qui scire possum?
Tr. Vah.
Th. Quid est?
Tr. Ne me roga.
Th. Nam quid ita?
Tr. Speculo claras, candorem merum.
Th. Bene hercle factum. quid, eas quanti destinat?
Tr. Talentis magnis totidem quot ego et tu sumus.[1] sed arraboni has dedit quadraginta minas; hinc sumpsit quas ei dedimus. satin intellegis? nam postquam haec aedes ita erant, ut dixi tibi, continuo est alias aedis mercatus sibi.
Th. Bene hercle factum.
Mis. Heus, iam adpetit meridie.
Tr. Absolve hunc quaeso, vomitu ne hic nos enecet.
Th. Adulescens, mecum rem habe.
Mis. Nempe aps te petam?
Th. Petito cras.

[1] Literally: "As many talents as you and I added together."

Th. Answer me—what has become of this money?

Tr. Oh, it's secure.

Th. Well, secure it yourselves, then, if it's secure.

Tr. (*the inspiration arriving*) Your son has bought a house, sir.

Th. A house?

Tr. A house.

Th. (*growing pleased*) Ah, that lad's capital! A chip of the old block! Quite a business man already! A house, you say?

Tr. Yes, sir, a house! D'ye know what kind of a house, though?

Th. How should I?

Tr. (*admiringly*) Whew-w-w!

Th. What about it?

Tr. Oh, don't ask me, sir!

Th. Eh? Why not?

Tr. It would dazzle a mirror, sir! Simply stunning!

Th. Bless my soul, that's fine! Er—how much did it cost him?

Tr. Three hundred pounds, sir,—times the sum of you and me.[1] But this two hundred was in part payment. And he got the money from this fellow. (*indicating Misargyrides*) Is it all clear, now, sir? You see, after this house turned out as I told you, he bought himself another at once.

Th. Bless my soul, well done!

Mis. Hey there! It's getting nigh noon!

Tr. (*outraged*) For mercy's sake, pay him off, sir, or he'll splutter the life out of us!

Th. (*to Misargyrides, with dignity*) You are to deal with me, young man.

Mis. You mean I'm to look to you for my money?

Th. Yes, look for it to-morrow.

Mis. Abeo: sat habeo, si cras fero.
Tr. Malum quod isti di deaeque omnes duint,
ita mea consilia perturbat paenissime.
nullum edepol hodie genus est hominum taetrius
nec minus bono cum iure, quam danisticum.
Th. Qua in regione istas aedis emit filius?
Tr. Ecce autem perii.
Th. Dicisne hoc quod te rogo? 660
Tr. Dicam. sed nomen domini quaero quid siet.
Th. Age comminiscere ergo.
Tr. Quid ego nunc agam,
nisi ut in vicinum hunc proximum [1] rem conferam.
eas emisse aedis huius dicam filium?
calidum hercle esse audivi optimum mendacium.
quidquid dei dicunt, id decretumst dicere.
Th. Quid igitur? iam commentu's?
Tr. Di istum perduint—
(immo istunc potius) de vicino hoc proximo
tuos emit aedis filius.
Th. Bonan fide? 670
Tr. Siquidem tu argentum reddituru's, tum bona,
si redditurus non es, non emit bona.
non in loco emit perbono?
Th. Immo in optumo.
cupio hercle inspicere hasce aedis. pultadum fores
atque evoca aliquem intus ad te, Tranio.
Tr. Ecce autem perii. nunc quid dicam nescio.
iterum iam ad unum saxum me fluctus ferunt.
quid nunc? non hercle quid nunc faciam reperio:
manufesto teneor.
Th. Evocadum aliquem ocius,
roga circumducat.

[1] *proximum* ⟨*rem conferam*⟩ Ritschl: A reading doubtful: *proximum mendatium* P.

Mis. (*going*) I'm off—well off, if I get it to-morrow.
[EXIT.

Tr. (*aside*) Get hanged to-morrow! I hope to heaven he does, the way he all but sent my plans to pot! By gad, you can't find a more disgusting, or less honourable, class of men than these moneylenders!

Th. Whereabouts is the house my son bought?

Tr. (*aside*) Aha! Here I am, floored!

Th. Are you going to answer me?

Tr. I will, sir. But . . . I'm trying to get hold of the owner's name.

Th. Come on, then, think of it.

Tr. (*aside*) Now what shall I do—unless I pass it off on our next door neighbour here, and say his son bought this house? By Jove, the best kind of lie, so I've heard, is a red hot one. Here goes! I'll give him whatever the gods give me to say!

Th. Well now? Have you thought of it yet?

Tr. The devil take that fellow! (*aside*) Or, better, this fellow! (*aloud*) It's your next door neighbour's house here that your son bought, sir.

Th. Honestly?

Tr. Why, yes, honestly, if you pay the bill, but not if you don't, sir. But didn't he buy in a jolly fine quarter, sir?

Th. "Fine?" The very best! Bless my soul, I'm eager to look over this house! Come, knock at the door and call someone out, Tranio.

Tr. (*aside*) Aha! Here I am, floored again! Now I don't know what to say! Driven up again against the same old rock! What now? By gad, what I'm to do now I can't imagine! I'm caught in the act!

Th. Come, quick! Call someone out and ask him to take us round. (*advances toward house*)

Tr. Heus tu, at hic sunt mulieres: videndumst primum, utrum eae velintne an non velint.

Th. Bonum aequomque oras. i, percontare et roga. ego hic tantisper, dum exis, te opperiar foris.

Tr. Di te deaeque omnes funditus perdant, senex, ita mea consilia undique oppugnas male. euge, optume eccum aedium dominus foras Simo progreditur intus. huc concessero, dum mihi senatum consili in cor convoco. igitur tum accedam hunc, quando quid agam invenero.

III. 2.

Si. Melius anno hoc mihi non fuit domi, nec quod una esca me iuverit magis. prandium uxor mihi perbonum dedit, nunc dormitum iubet me ire: minime. non mihi forte visum ilico fuit, melius quom prandium quam solet dedit: voluit in cubiculum abducere me anus. non bonust somnus de prandio. apage. clanculum ex aedibus me edidi foras. tota turget mihi uxor, scio, domi.

Tr. Res parata est mala in vesperum huic seni. nam et cenandum et cubandumst ei male.

Si. Quom magis cogito cum meo animo: si quis dotatam uxorem atque anum habet,

Tr. (*desperate*) Oh, I say, sir! Why, there are ladies here. We've got to see whether they're willing or not, first.

Th. (*stopping*) Right you are! That's proper. Go inquire, and ask permission. I shall wait outside here, meanwhile, till you get back. (*busies himself with a pleased survey of the house from various angles*)

Tr. (*aside, going toward Simo's door*) May you be totally damned, old fellow, with the confounded way you bombard my plans from every quarter! (*listening and looking*) Good! Splendid! Here's the owner of the house, Simo himself, coming out! I'll just step back here, (*stations himself in the alley*) while I summon my wits to a senatorial session in my chest. Then when I've hit on a plan of action, I'll at him.

Scene 2. ENTER *Simo* INTO HIS PORTICO.

Si. (*in good humour*) I haven't been better treated this year—at home—or, consequently, had a single meal that I enjoyed more. That was a luscious lunch my wife gave me! And now she tells me to go and take a nap! Not a bit of it! I soon surmised it was no accident that she gave me a better lunch than usual. She wanted to get me off to bed, the old jade! An after-luncheon snooze is no good. Lord deliver me! I sneaked away and slipped out. She's in there all boiling over at me, I know that.

Tr. (*aside*) There's a bad time brewing for this old chap this evening. I tell you what, he's in for a bad dinner and a bad night, both!

Si. The more I think it over in my mind—a man that marries a rich wife, and an old one, never suffers

neminem sollicitat sopor: ibi omnibus
ire dormitum odio est veluti nunc mihi
exsequi certa res est, ut abeam
potius hinc ad forum quam domi cubem.
atque pol nescio, ut moribus sient
vostrae: haec sat scio quam me habeat male.[1]
peius posthac fore quam fuit mihi.
Tr. Abitus tuos tibi, senex, fecerit male:
nihil erit, quod deorum ullum accusites;
te ipse iure optimo merito incuses licet.
tempus nunc est senem hunc adloqui mihi.
hoc habet. repperi qui senem ducerem,
quo dolo a me dolorem procul pellerem.
accedam. di te ament plurimum, Simo.
Si. Salvos sis, Tranio.
Tr. Vt vales?
Si. Non male.
quid agis?
Tr. Hominem optumum teneo.
Si. Amice facis,
quom me laudas.
Tr. Decet.
Si. Certe. quin mutuomst:
hercle ted hau bonum teneo servom manu.[2]
quid nunc? quam mox?
Tr. Quid est?
Si. Quod solet fieri hic
intus.
Tr. Quid id est?

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *habet* (Bothe) *male* ⟨*et*⟩ (Lindsay) *peiius.*

[2] Leo brackets following v., 721A:

Th. *Heia, mastigia, ad me redi.*
Tr. *Iam isti ero.*

from somnolence. Fellows in that fix all abominate going to bed. Take my own case now—I'm going down to the forum, I am, (*glancing back into the house nervously*) certainly am, rather than go to bed at home. (*to the audience*) Good Lord! I don't know what your wives are like—but I do know well enough what a rough life mine lets me in for. I'll find the future rougher than the past.

Tr. (*aside*) It's your own truancy that'll make it rough, old boy. There'll be nothing for you to keep laying up to Heaven; the only right and proper thing for you to do is to lay into yourself. Now's the time for me to have a word with the old fellow. (*an idea strikes him*) This gets him! I've found a way to take him in! I'll decoy him and duck all damage myself. Here goes! (*steps up and grasps Simo's hand fervently*) God bless you, Simo, bless you bountifully!

Si. A good day to you, Tranio!

Tr. How are you, sir?

Si. Not bad. What about you?

Tr. Me? I'm shaking hands with the finest man on earth, sir.

Si. Kind of you to approve of me.

Tr. I ought to, sir.

Si. Certainly. Well, it's mutual—by Jove, I'm shaking hands with a good—for nothing—servant.[1] (*with a wink, and a nod toward Theopropides's house*) Well? How much longer?

Tr. Eh? What?

Si. Oh, the usual goings on in there.

Tr. Eh? What's that?

[1] V. 721A:

Th. Hey, you whipstock, come back here!

Tr. In a moment, sir.

Si. Scis iam quid loquar. sic decet.[1]
morem geras.
vita quam sit brevis,[2] simul cogita.
Tr.[3] quid? ehem,
vix tandem percepi super his rebus nostris te loqui.
Si. Musice hercle agitis aetatem, ita ut vos decet,
vino et victu probo, piscatu electili
vitam colitis.[4]
Tr. Immo vita antehac erat:
nunc nobis omnia haec exciderunt simul.
Si. Quidum?
Tr. Ita oppido occidimus omnes, Simo.
Si. Non taces? prospere vobis cuncta usque adhuc
processerunt.
Tr. Ita ut dicis facta hau nego.
nos profecto probe ut voluimus viximus.
sed, Simo, ita nunc ventus navem nostram deseruit.
Si. Quid est?
quo modo?
Tr. Pessimo.
Si. Quaene subducta erat
tuto in terra?
Tr. Ei.
Si. Quid est?
Tr. Me miserum, occidi.
Si. Qui?
Tr. Quia venit navis, nostrae navi quae frangat[5]
ratem.
Si. Vellem ut tu velles, Tranio. sed quid est negoti?
Tr. Eloquar.
erus peregre venit.
Si. Tunc tibi primum flagrum[6] portenditur,

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *intus. scis iam—* T. *quid est?* S. *quid loquar. sic decet* Leo.
[2] Leo notes lacuna here: *tu* Leo.

Si. You know now what I mean. (*approvingly—and receptively*) That's the way! Be good to yourself! Yes, and reflect how short life is.

Tr. What? Oho! I didn't quite understand you—these doings of ours, you mean.

Si. I tell you! That's a life in the elegant style, just what it should be! With your wining and dining . . . fancy food . . . choice fish . . . ah, that's living!

Tr. That *was* living, you should say, sir. That's all over for us, now, everything at once.

Si. Why, how's that?

Tr. We're a total wreck, Simo, the whole lot of us.

Si. Don't talk like that! Everything has been going smoothly for you all this time.

Tr. Quite right—I'm not denying that. We've certainly had the tiptop life we wanted. But how the wind has failed our ship now, Simo!

Si. What do you mean? In what way?

Tr. The very worst!

Si. A ship that was hauled up safe on shore?

Tr. Ugh!

Si. What's wrong?

Tr. Lord help me! I am a wrecked man!

Si. How so?

Tr. Because a ship has come to ram our craft.

Si. Sincere sympathy, Tranio! But what's the trouble?

Tr. This—master's back from abroad.

Si. (*coldly*) Then that portends for you, first, a

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[3] Leo notes lacuna here: ⟨*haereo*⟩ *quid* ⟨*siet, loquere perplexe.*⟩ *ehem* Leo.

[4] Corrupt (Leo): ⟨*vos*⟩ *colitis* Spengel.

[5] Corrupt (Leo): *trabes* Lorenz.

[6] *primum flagrum* Leo, who notes lacuna here.

inde ferriterium, postea crux.
Tr. Per tua te genua obsecro,
ne indicium ero facias meo.
Si. E me, ne quid metuas, nil sciet.
Tr. Patrone, salve.
Si. Nil moror mi istius modi clientis.
Tr. Nunc hoc quod ad te noster me misit senex—
Si. Hoc mihi responde primum, quod ego te rogo:
iam de istis rebus voster quid sensit senex?
Tr. Nil quicquam.
Si. Numquid increpavit filium?
Tr. Tam liquidust quam liquida esse tempestas solet.[1]
nunc te hoc orare iussit opere maximo,
ut sibi liceret inspicere hasce aedis tuas.
Si. Non sunt venales.
Tr. Scio equidem istuc. sed senex
gynaeceum aedificare volt hic in suis
et balineas et ambulacrum et porticum.
Si. Quid ergo somniavit?
Tr. Ego dicam tibi.
dare volt uxorem filio quantum potest,
ad eam rem facere volt novom gynaeceum.
nam sibi laudavisse hasce ait architectonem
nescio quem exaedificatas insanum bene;
nunc hinc exemplum capere volt, nisi tu nevis.
nam ille eo maiore hinc opere ex te exemplum petit,
quia isti umbram aestate tibi esse audivit perbonam
sub sicco lumine usque perpetuom diem.
Si. Immo edepol vero, quom usquequaque umbra est, tamen
sol semper hic est usque a mani ad vesperum:
quasi flagitator astat usque ad ostium,

[1] Leo notes lacuna here.

whip, next, a job in ironwear, and last of all, a cross.

r. (*embracing Simo's legs*) By your knees, sir, I beg you, don't give me away to master!

i. He shall learn nothing from me, never you fear.

r. Oh, my protector!

i. No protégés of your sort for me!

r. Now, sir, the matter our old master sent me to you about——

i. Answer me this question first—has your old master got any inkling of those antics?

r. Not a glimmer, sir.

i. He hasn't given his son a blowing up?

r. He's serene as any summer's day, sir. And just now he told me to ask you most urgently to allow him to inspect this house of yours.

i. (*surprised*) It is not for sale.

r. Oh yes, sir, I know that. But the old fellow wants to build women's apartments on to his own house here, and baths, and a walk, and a portico.

i. Well, what sort of a dream has he had?

r. It's this way, sir. He wants to get his son married as soon as possible. That's why he wants new women's apartments. And he says some architect or other has praised your house to him as being awfully well built. So now he wants to take it for a model, if you don't mind. He's all the keener, you see, sir, for taking it as a model because he has heard you're so wonderfully shaded there during the dry summer weather, all day long.

. Bless my soul! But the fact is that when it's shady everywhere else, the sun is always here, just the same, from morning till night, all the time. It's forever right at my door, just like a

nec mi umbra hic usquamst, nisi si in puteo quaepiamst.

Tr. Quid, Sarsinatis ecqua est, si Vmbram non habes? 770

Si. Molestus ne sis. haec sunt sicut praedico.

Tr. At tamen inspicere volt.

Si. Inspiciat, si lubet;
si quid erit quod illi placeat, de exemplo meo
ipse aedificato.

Tr. Eon, voco huc hominem?

Si. I, voca.

Tr. Alexandrum magnum atque Agathoclem aiunt maximas
duo res gessisse: quid mihi fiet tertio,
qui solus facio facinora immortalia?
vehit hic clitellas, vehit hic autem alter senex.
novicium mihi quaestum institui non malum:
nam muliones mulos clitellarios 780
habent, at ego habeo homines clitellarios.
magni sunt oneris: quidquid imponas vehunt.
nunc hunc hau scio an conloquar. congrediar.
heus Theopropides.

Th. Hem quis hic nominat me?

Tr. Ero servos multis modis fidus.

Th. Vnde is?

Tr. Quod me miseras, adfero omne impetratum.

Th. Quid illic, opsecro, tam diu destitisti?

Tr. Seni non erat otium, id sum opperitus.

Th. Antiquom optines hoc tuom, tardus ut sis.

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[1] Literally: "A Sarsina girl, if you haven't an Umbrian."
[2] Who defeated the Carthaginians in Sicily in the fourth century B.C.

bill collector, and I haven't any shade here anywhere, unless you can find a bit in the well.

r. (*grinning*) Ah then, if you're out of shadows, how about a fat [1] lady?

. Don't be impertinent! It's just as I tell you.

r. But he wants to inspect it, just the same, sir.

. Let him, if he likes. If there's anything that suits him, he can use my house for a model and build away.

r. Shall I go and call him here, sir?

. Go call him.

r. (*aside, approaching Theopropides*) They say the great Alexander and Agathocles [2] were a pair that did mighty big things. How about myself, for a third, with the immortal deeds I'm doing, single-handed? This old chap (*indicating Simo*) is carrying a pack, and this other one (*indicating Theopropides, who is still admiring the house*) is carrying another. A new line, this, I've organized, and it's not half bad—why, your mule drivers have their pack mules, but I have pack men! And how you can load 'em! They carry anything you stuff 'em with! (*aside, seeing Theopropides is still rapt*) I wonder if I ought to have a word with him now. Yes, I'll have at him! (*aloud*) I say, Theopropides!

h. Eh? Who's that calling me?

r. A slave devoted to his master, body and soul, sir.

h. Where have you been?

r. That matter you sent me about, sir—I got him to agree to it, all right.

h. Why were you away so long there, for heaven's sake?

r. The gentleman was not at leisure, sir, and I waited till he was!

h. You have your same old habit—always lagging.

Tr. Heus tu, si voles verbum hoc cogitare, 790
simul flare sorbereque haud factu facilest.
ego hic esse et illic simitu hau potui.
Th. Quid nunc?
Tr. Vise, specta tuo usque arbitratu.
Th. Age i, duce me.
Tr. Num moror?
Th. Supsequor te.
Tr. Senex ipsus te ante ostium eccum opperitur.
sed ut maestus est se hasce aedis vendidisse.
Th. Quid tandem?
Tr. Orat ut suadeam Philolacheti,
ut istas remittat sibi.
Th. Haud opinor.
sibi quisque ruri metit. si male emptae
forent, nobis istas redhibere haud liceret. 800
lucri quidquid est, id domum trahere oportet.
misericordia se abstinere[1] hominem oportet.
Tr. Morare hercle verba ut[2] facis. subsequere.
Th. Fiat.
do tibi ego operam.
Tr. Senex illic est. em, tibi adduxi hominem.
Si. Salvom te advenisse peregre gaudeo, Theopropides.
Th. Dei te ament.
Si. Inspicere te aedis has velle aiebat mihi.
Th. Nisi tibi est incommodum.
Si. Immo commodum. i intro atque inspice.
Th. At enim mulieres—

[1] *se abstinere* Leo: *misericordias* MSS.
[2] *verba ut* Leo and others: lacuna in MSS.

Tr. (*wounded*) Oh, sir! And you—just you consider the old proverb, please: "No easy task it is to blow and sip, together." I couldn't be here and there at the same time, sir.

Th. Well now?

Tr. Go and look at it, sir. Examine it quite at your pleasure.

Th. Come then, move, lead the way!

Tr. (*going, quickly*) Am I delaying you, sir?

Th. I'm following after you.

Tr. (*halting*) See, sir! There's the gentleman himself waiting for you in front of the door. But how sad he feels at having sold this house!

Th. He does? Why?

Tr. He begs me to persuade Philolaches to let him have it back.

Th. (*indignant*) I think not! Each for himself at harvest time! If we had got the worst of the bargain, there'd have been no backing out of it for us. Get what you can, and keep what you get. A man should keep his heart strings tightly drawn.

Tr. (*moving on*) Now, now, sir, you're delaying *me* with *your* proverbs! Do follow after me.

Th. Certainly. At your service. (*they go on to the house*).

Tr. There's your gentleman, sir. (*to Simo*) Here he is! I've brought him, sir!

Si. (*shaking hands*) I'm glad to see you safely back from abroad, Theopropides!

Th. God bless you!

Si. He said you wanted to inspect this house here.

Th. If it won't inconvenience you.

Si. No, no! Quite convenient! Go on in and inspect it.

Th. Yes, but the women.

Si. Cave tu ullam flocci faxis mulierem.
qua libet perambula aedis oppido tamquam tuas.
Th. Tamquam?
Tr. Ah, cave tu illi obiectes nunc in aegritudine, 810
te has emisse. non tu vides hunc, voltu uti tristi
est senex?
Th. Video.
Tr. Ergo inridere ne videare et gestire admodum;
noli facere mentionem te has emisse.
Th. Intellego,
et bene monitum duco, atque esse existumo
humani ingeni.
quid nunc?
Si. Quin tu is intro, atque otiose perspecta ut lubet.
Th. Bene benigneque arbitror te facere.
Si. Factum edepol volo.[1]
Tr. Viden vestibulum ante aedis hoc et ambulacrum
cuius modi?
Th. Luculentum edepol profecto.
Tr. Age specta postes cuius modi,
quanta firmitate facti et quanta crassitudine.
Th. Non videor vidisse postis pulchriores.
Si. Pol mihi 820
eo pretio empti fuerant olim.
Tr. Audin "fuerant" dicere?
vix videtur continere lacrimas.

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 816A–816B:
vin qui perductet?
Th. *Apage istum perductorem, non placet.*
quidquid est, errabo potius quam perductet quispiam.

Si. (*scowling*) Don't you give a damn for any one of 'em. Ramble all over the place wherever you like, just as if it were your own.

Th. (*to Tranio*) "As if"?

Tr. (*aside, to Theopropides*) Ah, sir, don't twit him with having bought it, now he feels so glum about it. Don't you see how down in the mouth he is, poor old fellow?

Th. That's a fact.

Tr. Well then, sir, don't seem to have the laugh on him or to be over-eager. I shouldn't mention having bought the place.

Th. I see. That's certainly a good suggestion, and one, I think, that shows fine feeling. (*to Simo*) Well?

Si. Go inside, do, and look about at your leisure, just as you see fit.

Th. That's very kind and considerate of you, I'm sure.

Si. Oh, you're quite welcome![1]

Tr. (*enthusiastically*) Do you see this vestibule in front here, sir, and what a walk that is?

Th. By gad, a beauty, it certainly is!

Tr. And here, sir, look! Such posts! (*pointing to the two pillars of the vestibule, and nodding, for the benefit of the audience, at the two old gentlemen.*) How solid they are! How thick!

Th. More handsome ones I never did see, I do believe!

Si. Gad! And a handsome price it was I once paid for them!

Tr. (*aside, to Theopropides*) D'ye hear him, sir—"once"? He seems barely able to keep back his tears.

[1] Vv. 816A–816B:
Do you want someone to take you in? *Th.* Take me in? No, sir, none of that! Not for me! Whatever comes, I'd rather go wrong than ever have any one take me in.

Th. Quanti hosce emeras?
Si. Tris minas pro istis duobus praeter vecturam dedi.
Th. Hercle qui multo improbiores sunt quam a primo credidi.
Tr. Quapropter?
Th. Quia edepol ambo ab infimo tarmes secat.
Tr. Intempestivos excisos credo, id eis vitium nocet.
atque etiam nunc satis boni sunt, si sunt inducti pice;
non enim haec pultiphagus opifex opera fecit barbarus.
viden coagmenta in foribus?
Th. Video.
Tr. Specta, quam arte dormiunt.
Th. Dormiunt?
Tr. Illud quidem, ut conivent, volui dicere. 830
satin habes?
Th. Vt quidquid magis contemplo, tanto magis placet.
Tr. Viden pictum, ubi ludificat cornix una volturios duos?
Th. Non edepol video.
Tr. At ego video. nam inter volturios duos cornix astat, ea volturios duo vicissim vellicat.
quaeso huc ad me specta, cornicem ut conspicere possies.
iam vides?
Th. Profecto nullam equidem illic cornicem intuor.

Th. (*to Simo*) How much did you pay for these? (*examines the pillars*)

Si. Fifteen pounds for the pair of them, besides the freight.

Th. Bless my soul! They're in very much worse condition than I at first supposed!

Tr. How's that, sir?

Th. Well, well! Because a worm has been at work on the base of both of them.

Tr. They (*slyly indicating the old gentlemen*) were felled out of season, I fancy; that's what ails them. They're all right enough even now, though, with the help of a coat of tar. It wasn't any slopswilling foreigner did this job, I tell you, sir. Do you see those door joints?

Th. Yes, indeed.

Tr. Look how they (*again indicating the old men*) sleep together! In position, that's why!

Th. Sleep?

Tr. Yes, that is, slip together, I meant to say. You take me, sir?

Th. The more I look at everything, the more I like it all!

Tr. Do you see the picture, sir, where one crow is making game of a couple of vultures?

Th. (*looking about*) Gracious, no, I don't see it.

Tr. But I do, sir. Why, the crow is planted between the pair of vultures (*casually steps between Simo and Theopropides*) and he's pecking at the pair of 'em in turn. For mercy's sake, sir, look this way, toward me, so as to see the crow! (*as Theopropides looks vainly in Tranio's direction down the portico*) See it now?

Th. I certainly do not discern any crow there at all.

Tr. At tu isto ad vos optuere, quoniam cornicem nequis conspicari, si volturios forte possis contui.

Th. Omnino, ut te absolvam, nullam pictam conspicio hic avem.

Tr. Age, iam mitto, ignosco: aetate non quis optuerier.

Th. Haec, quae possum, ea mihi profecto cuncta vehementer placent.

Si. Latius demum est operae pretium ivisse.

Th. Recte edepol mones.

Si. Eho istum, puere, circumduce hasce aedis et conclavia.
nam egomet ductarem, nisi mi esset apud forum negotium.

Th. Apage istum a me perductorem, nil moror ductarier.
quidquid est, errabo potius quam perductet quispiam.

Si. Aedis dico.

Th. Ergo intro eo igitur sine perductore.

Si. Ilicet.

Th. Ibo intro igitur.

Tr. Mane sis videam, ne canis—

Th. Agedum vide.

Tr. Est! abi, canis. est! abin dierecta? abin hinc in malam crucem?
at etiam restas? est! abi istinc.

Si. Nil pericli est, age modo.
tam placidast, quam feta. quam vis ire intro audacter licet.
eo ego hinc ad forum.

Tr. (*going to the other side of Theopropides*) Well then, sir, look that way (*pointing vaguely*) toward yourselves, and since you can't distinguish the crow, see if you can't, perhaps, discover the vultures.

Th. (*following instructions without profit, then impatiently*) No picture of a bird at all do I perceive here, so have done with it!

Tr. All right, sir, I'll let it pass, and make allowances. Your eyesight isn't what it used to be.

Th. I'm mightily pleased with everything I can see, that's sure.

Si. Well now, you'll find it worth your while to look about still further.

Th. Yes, yes, a good suggestion!

Si. (*calling to a slave within*) Hey, boy! Take this gentleman over the house, all the rooms. I'd take you in myself, you see, except for having business at the forum.

Th. None of that taking in for me! Whatever it is, I had rather go wrong than have anyone take me in.

Si. (*with a wink at Tranio*) In the house, I mean.

Th. Well, I'll go in, then, without anyone taking me in.

Si. All right, all right!

Th. I'll go inside then. (*makes toward door*)

Tr. (*winking at Simo*) Hold on, sir, please! Let me see whether the dog——

Th. (*halting, very abruptly*) Yes, yes, do see!

Tr. (*in the doorway*) S-s-st! Get out, you cur! S-s-st! Get out, damn you! Get to the devil out of this! What! You won't budge? S-s-st! Get out of that!

Si. There's no danger. Come, come, now! She's as gentle as any bitch in pup. You can go on in boldly as you please. Well, I'm off to the forum.

[EXIT.

Th. Fecisti commode, bene ambula.
Tranio, age, canem istam a foribus aliquis abducat face;
etsi non metuenda est.
Tr. Quin tu illam aspice ut placide accubat;
nisi molestum vis videri te atque ignavom.
Th. Iam ut lubet.
sequere hac me igitur.
Tr. Equidem haud usquam a pedibus apscedam tuis.

ACTVS IV

Phan. Servi qui, quom culpa carent, tamen malum metuont,
ei solent esse eris utibiles.
nam illi qui nil metuont postquam sunt malum meriti,
stulta sibi expetunt consilia:
exercent sese ad cursuram,[1] sed ei si reprehensi sunt,
faciunt de malo peculium quod nequeunt de bono.
augent ex pauxillo thensaurum inde[2] parant.
mihi in pectore consiliumst cavere[2] malam rem prius
quam ut meum tergum doleat![2]
ut adhuc fuit, mihi corium esse oportet,
sincerum atque ut votem verberari.
si huic imperabo, probe tectum habebo,
malum quom impluit ceteris, ne impluat mi.
nam ut servi volunt esse erum, ita solet.[3]
boni sunt, bonust; improbi sunt, malus fit.

[1] Leo brackets following *fugiunt*.
[2] *thensaurum in⟨de⟩* Leo, who also supplies *⟨consili⟩umst cavere* and *tergum doleat* in the two following lines.

Th. (*calling after him*) I'm much obliged to you! A pleasant walk! (*to Tranio*) Come, Tranio, make someone lead that plaguy dog away from the door, no matter if it's not dangerous.

Tr. Now, now, sir, do look and see how quietly she's lying there—unless you choose to seem a fussy coward!

Th. (*screwing up his courage and stepping into the doorway*) Well, just as you say! You come along too, then.

Tr. Yes, indeed, sir! I'll stick close to your heels!

[EXEUNT.

ACT IV

ENTER *Phaniscus.*

Phan. (*smugly*) Slaves that stand in awe of a thrashing, even while they're free from fault, they're the ones that are apt to be useful to their masters. For when those that stand in awe of nothing, have once earned a thrashing, the course they take is idiotic. They train for racing. But when they're caught they earn and save more welts from whips than they ever could earn and save from tips. Their income grows from almost nothing till they become regular rawhide kings. But personally, my plan is to beware of welts before my back begins to pain me. I feel it desirable to keep a whole skin, as I have hitherto, and debar drubbings. If I only control this article (*surveying his pilfering left hand*), I'll keep well roofed, and when it's raining welts on the rest of 'em, I won't get soaked. For a master's generally what his slaves choose to make him. If they're good, he's good; if they're bad, he gets

[3] Leo notes lacuna here: *ita* [*se parabit*] Leo.

nam nunc domi nostrae tot pessimi vivont,
peculi sui prodigi, plagigeruli.
ubi adversum ut eant vocantur ero: "non eo, molestus ne sis.
scio quo properas: gestis aliquo; iam hercle ire vis, mula, foras pastum."
bene merens hoc preti inde abstuli. abii foras.
solus nunc eo advorsum ero ex plurimis servis.
hoc die crastini quom erus resciverit,
mane castigabit eos bubulis exuviis.
postremo minoris pendo tergum illorum, quam meum:
illi erunt bucaedae multo potius, quam ego sim restio.

IV. 2.

Pin. Mane tu atque adsiste ilico,
Phanisce. etiam respicis?
Phan. Mihi molestus ne sies.
Pin. Vide ut fastidit simia.
manesne ilico, impure parasite?
Phan.[1] qui parasitus sum?
Pin. Ego enim dicam: cibo perduci potis es quovis.
Phan. Mihi sum, libet esse. quid id curas?
Pin. Ferocem facis, quia te erus amat.
Phan. Vah,
oculi dolent.
Pin. Cur?
Phan. Quia fumus molestust.
Pin. Tace sis, faber, qui cudere soles plumbeos nummos.
Phan. Non potes tu cogere me, ut tibi male dicam.
novit erus me.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *dic tu* Leo.

[1] *Bucaedae* is glossed by *qui boves caedunt.*

bad. Now you see we've got a houseful of slaves as bad as bad can be, that blow in all their savings on their backs. When they're called on to fetch their master home, it's: "I'm not going, don't bother me! I know what your hurry is—itching to be out somewhere! Oh yes, you mule, now you want to be off to pasture!" That's all the thanks I got from them for being dutiful. I left 'em. Here I am, the only one of the whole gang to see master home. To-morrow, when he finds it out, he'll give 'em a morning dose of cattle hide. Oh well, I consider their backs of less consequence than mine. They'll go in for tanning[1] long before I do for roping. (*proceeds towards the house of Theopropides*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Pinacium.*

Pin. Wait, you! Stop where you are, Phaniscus! Look round, won't you?

Phan. Don't bother me.

Pin. See how stuck up he is, the monkey! Wait where you are, won't you, you filthy parasite?

Phan. (*halting*) How am I a parasite?

Pin. Well, I'll tell you how—a dinner would draw you anywhere.

Phan. I live for myself, and like to live well. How does that concern you?

Pin. You're perky, just because you're master's pet!

Phan. La! La! How my eyes burn!

Pin. Why?

Phan. Too much hot air here.

Pin. Oh, you kindly close your mouth, you coiner of counterfeit quips!

Phan. (*savagely*) You can't make me (*sweetly*) say nasty things to you. Master knows what I am.

Pin. Suam quidem pol culcitulam oportet.
Phan. Si sobrius sis, male non dicas.
Pin. Tibi obtemperem, cum tu mihi nequeas?
Phan. At tu mecum, pessime, ito adversus; quaeso hercle abstine
iam sermonem de istis rebus.
Pin. Faciam, et pultabo fores.
heus, ecquis hic est, maximam qui his iniuriam
foribus defendat? ecquis has aperit foris? 900
nemo hinc quidem foras exit.
ut esse addecet nequam homines, ita sunt. sed eo magis cauto est opus, ne huc
exeat qui male me mulcet.

IV. 3.

Tr. Quid tibi visum est mercimoni?
Th. [1]Totus gaudeo.
Tr. Num nimio emptae tibi videntur?
Th. Numquam edepol ego me scio
vidisse usquam abiectas aedes, nisi modo hasce.
Tr. Ecquid placent?
Th. Ecquid placeant me rogas? immo hercle vero perplacent.
Tr. Cuius modi gynaeceum? quid porticum?
Th. Insanum bonam.
non equidem ullam in publico esse maiorem hac existimo.
Tr. Quin ego ipse et Philolaches in publico omnis porticus 910
sumus commensi.
Th. Quid igitur?
Tr. Longe omnium longissima est.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: ⟨*totus*⟩ *totus* Gruterus.

Pin. (*laughing*) Gad! He ought to know his own pillow!

Phan. If you were sober, you wouldn't say such nasty things.

Pin. Am I to mind you when you won't mind me?

Phan. (*moving on*) Well, come along with me to meet master, you riff-raff. And for heaven's sake, drop that sort of talk now!

Pin. I will, and take a crack at the door. (*pounding on it furiously*) Hey! Anyone here to defend this door from assault? Anyone going to open up? (*listens*) No one's coming out from here, that's sure! They're just what you'd expect of good-for-nothings! (*pounds still more furiously, then listens again*) But I must be more careful, or someone may come out and make a mess of me. (*they step aside*)

Scene 3. ENTER *Tranio* AND *Theopropides* FROM *Simo's* HOUSE.

Tr. What do you think of this for a bargain, sir?

Th. I'm delighted, delighted!

Tr. You don't think it cost too much?

Th. By gad, I know I never saw a house thrown away anywhere, if this one wasn't now!

Tr. So you're quite satisfied, sir?

Th. Quite satisfied? Lord, Lord, man! I'm super-satisfied, and that's a fact!

Tr. How about those women's apartments? And the portico?

Th. Awfully fine! Really, I don't think there is a public portico any bigger.

Tr. As a matter of fact, sir, I myself, and Philolaches, measured all the public porticoes.

Th. Well, what about it?

Tr. It's the longest of all, by a long way.

Th. Di immortales, mercimoni lepidi. si hercle nunc ferat
sex talenta magna argenti pro istis praesentaria,
numquam accipiam.
Tr. Si hercle accipere cupies, ego numquam sinam.
Th. Bene res nostra conlocata est istoc mercimonio.
Tr. Me suasore atque impulsore id factum audacter dicito,
qui subegi, faenore argentum ab danista ut sumeret,
quod isti dedimus arraboni.
Th. Servavisti omnem ratem.
nempe octoginta debentur huic minae?
Tr. Hau nummo amplius.
Th. Hodie accipiat.
Tr. Ita enim vero, ne qua causa subsiet. 920
vel mihi denumerato, ego illi porro denumeravero.
Th. At enim ne quid captioni mihi sit, si dederim tibi.
Tr. Egone te ioculo modo ausim dicto aut facto fallere?
Th. Egone aps te ausim non cavere, ne quid committam tibi?
Tr. Quid? tibi umquam quicquam, postquam tuos sum, verborum dedi?
Th. Ego enim cavi recte: eam mihi des gratiam atque animo meo.
sat sapio, si aps te modo uno caveo.
Tr. Tecum sentio.
Th. Nunc abi rus, dic me advenisse filio.
Tr. Faciam, ut iubes.

Th. Ye immortal gods! What a lovely bargain! By Jove, if he should come and offer me a cool eighteen hundred pounds for it, cash down, I would never take it.

Tr. By Jove, sir, and if you yearn to take it, I'll never let you.

Th. Our money is well invested in such a bargain!

Tr. Own up frankly, sir, that it all came of my prompting and persuasion. It was I compelled him to go to a moneylender and borrow the sum we gave him in part payment.

Th. You saved the whole ship! So four hundred pounds are due to him, then?

Tr. Not a penny more, sir.

Th. He can have it to-day.

Tr. By all means, sir, so that he'll have no excuse to back out. Or you might pay it over to me, and then I'll see he's paid.

Th. (*surveying him sharply*) Only there must be no catch in it for me, if I should give it to you.

Tr. (*wounded*) Would I ever dare deceive you, sir, in word or deed, even in fun?

Th. And would I ever dare not be on my guard against you, against trusting you with anything?

Tr. What? Have I ever tricked you at all, sir, since I've been in your service?

Th. Hm! I have been precious well on my guard. You can thank me and my good sense for your rectitude. I show sufficient wisdom, if I simply guard against you alone.

Tr. (*aside*) I agree with you.

Th. Now be off to the farm, and tell my son that I have arrived.

Tr. Anything you say, sir.

Th. Curriculo iube in urbem veniat iam simul tecum.
Tr. Licet.
nunc ego me illac per posticum ad congerrones conferam.
dicam ut hic res sint quietae atque hunc ut hinc amoverim.
Phan. Hic quidem neque convivarum sonitus, item ut antehac fuit,
neque tibicinam cantantem neque alium quemquam audio.
Th. Quae illaec res est? quid illisce homines quaerunt apud aedis meas?
quid volunt? quid intro spectant?
Pin. Pergam pultare ostium.
heus, reclude, heus, Tranio, etiamne aperis?
Th. Quae haec est fabula?
Pin. Etiamne aperis? Callidamati nostro adversum venimus.
Th. Heus vos, pueri, quid istic agitis? quid istas aedis frangitis?
Phan. Heus senex, quid tu percontare ad te quod nihil attinet?
Th. Nihil ad me attinet?
Phan. Nisi forte factu's praefectus novos, qui res alienas procures, quaeras videas audias.
Th. Non sunt istae aedis, ubi statis.
Phan. Quid ais? an iam vendidit aedis Philolaches? aut quidem iste nos defrustratur senex.
Th. Vera dico. sed quid vobis est negoti hic?
Phan. Eloquar.
erus hic noster potat.

Th. Tell him to come to the city now along with you, and post haste.

Tr. Very well, sir. (*aside*) Now I'll betake myself to my pals by the back door there. I'll tell 'em how things here have calmed down and how I cleared him out of the place. [EXIT.

Phan. (*listening again at Theopropides's door*) Well! Not a sound from the party in here, as there always has been! (*Pinacium joins him*) And I don't hear any music girl singing, or anyone else, either.

Th. (*aside, seeing them*) What does that mean? What are those fellows after at my house? What do they want? What are they looking in for?

Pin. I'll keep on dinging at the door. (*banging it*) Hey, unlock! Hey, Tranio, open up, will you?

Th. (*aside*) What sort of show is this?

Pin. Open up, will you! We've come for our master, Callidamates!

Th. (*advancing, but stopping at a safe distance*) Hey, you boys! What are you up to there? What are you battering down that house for?

Phan. (*after another series of bangs*) Hey, you old man! What are you asking questions for, about what's none of your business?

Th. None of my business?

Phan. Not unless you chance to be a newly elected prefect, to poke and pry and look and listen in other folks' affairs.

Th. That house you're in front of is *my* affair.

Phan. What's that? (*to Pinacium*) Philolaches hasn't sold the house now? Or is that old man merely bediddling us?

Th. I am stating the facts. But what is your business here?

Phan. This—our master's at a party here.

Th. Erus hic voster potat?
Phan. Ita loquor.
Th. Puere, nimium delicatu's.
Phan. Ei advorsum venimus.
Th. Cui homini?
Phan. Ero nostro. quaeso, quotiens dicendumst tibi?
Th. Puere, nemo hic habitat. nam te esse arbitror puerum probum.
Phan. Non hic Philolaches adulescens habitat hisce in aedibus? 950
Th. Habitavit, verum emigravit iam diu ex hisce aedibus.
Pin. Senex hic elleborosust certe.
Phan. Erras pervorse, pater.
nam nisi hinc hodie emigravit aut heri, certo scio hic habitare.
Th. Quin sex menses iam hic nemo habitat.
Pin. Somnias.
Th. Egone?
Pin. Tu.
Th. Tu ne molestu's. sine me cum puero loqui. nemo habitat.
Phan. Habitat profecto, nam heri et nudius tertius, quartus, quintus, sextus, usque postquam hinc peregre eius pater
abiit, numquam hic triduom unum desitum est potarier.
Th. Quid ais?
Phan. Triduom unum est haud intermissum hic esse et bibi,
scorta duci, pergraecari, fidicinas tibicinas 960
[1] ducere.
Th. Quis istaec faciebat?
Phan. Philolaches.
Th. Qui Philolaches?

Th. Your master at a party here?
Phan. That's what I say.
Th. You're joking, boy!
Phan. And we've come to get him.
Th. Whom?
Phan. Our master. For mercy's sake, how many times must you be told?
Th. But, boy, no one lives here! (*scrutinizing him*) Yes, you do seem to be a good lad.
Phan. Doesn't young Philolaches live in this house here?
Th. He did, but he moved out long ago.
Pin. The old chap's surely ripe for the asylum.
Phan. You're making a bad mistake, father. For unless he has moved out to-day, or yesterday, I know for certain he does live here.
Th. Why, nobody has lived here for six months now.
Pin. You're dreaming!
Th. I?
Pin. Yes, you!
Th. Don't be impertinent, you! Let me talk with him (*indicating Phaniscus*). No one lives here.
Phan. Well, he does, that's sure, for yesterday and the day before, and the day before, and the day before, and the day before—why, from the very time his father went abroad there's never been a three-days' stretch without a spree.
Th. (*troubled*) What's that you say?
Phan. That there hasn't been a three-days' halt in the eating and drinking and wenching, in leading the gay life and bringing in lute girls and flute girls.
Th. (*more troubled*) Who was doing all this?
Phan. Philolaches.
Th. What Philolaches?

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[1] Corrupt (Leo): *conduci* Ritschl.

Phan. Quoius patrem Theopropidem esse opinor.
Th. Ei mihi, occidi,
si haec hic vera memorat. pergam porro percontarier.
ain tu istic potare solitum Philolachem istum, quisquis est,
cum ero vostro?
Phan. Hic, inquam.
Th. Puere, praeter speciem stultus es.
vide sis, ne forte ad merendam quopiam devorteris
atque ibi ampliuscule quam satis fuerit biberis.
Phan. Quid est?
Th. Ita dico, ne ad alias aedis perperam deveneris.
Phan. Scio qua me ire oportet et quo venerim novi locum.
Philolaches hic habitat, cuius est pater Theopropides.
qui, postquam pater ad mercatum hinc abiit, hic tibicinam
liberavit.
Th. Philolachesne ergo?
Phan. Ita, Philematium quidem.
Th. Quanti?
Phan. Triginta.
Th. Talentis?
Phan. Mà τὸν Ἀπόλλω, sed minis.
Th. Liberavit?
Phan. Liberavit valide, triginta minis.
Th. Ain minis triginta amicam destinatam Philolachi?
Phan. Aio.
Th. Atque eam manu emisisse?
Phan. Aio.
Th. Et, postquam eius hinc pater sit profectus peregre, perpotasse assiduo, ac simul tuo cum domino?

Phan. I think his father's name is Theopropides.

Th. (*aside*) Lord help me! I'm a ruined man, if what he says is so! I'll inquire into it further. (*aloud, struggling to appear casual*) You say that that Philolaches, whoever he is, is in the habit of having parties, with your master, in that house?

Phan. In this house, yes.

Th. Boy, boy, you're more muddle-headed than you look! Just consider now whether you didn't happen to drop in somewhere for a snack and drink a wee bit too much.

Phan. (*warmly*) What's that?

Th. I say it just to warn you from coming to the wrong house by mistake.

Phan. I know the way I should go, and I know the place I've come to. Philolaches lives here. His father's Theopropides. And after his father went away on a trading trip, he set free a music girl.

Th. (*with a start*) Philolaches? Really?

Phan. Just so—and her name's Philematium.

Th. (*feverishly*) How much?

Phan. Three thousand.

Th. (*appalled*) Pounds?

Phan. ~~Non, par dieu~~! Shillings.

Th. He set her free?

Phan. Indeed he did, rather! For a hundred and fifty pounds.

Th. You say a hundred and fifty pounds were spent for a mistress for Philolaches?

Phan. That's what I say.

Th. And he freed her?

Phan. That's what I say.

Th. And that after his father left for foreign parts he has forever been getting fuddled, and with your master?

Phan. Aio.
Th. Quid? is aedis emit has hinc proxumas?
Phan. Non aio.
Th. Quadraginta etiam dedit huic quae essent pignori?
Phan. Neque istud aio.
Th. Ei, perdis.
Phan. Immo suom patrem illic perdidit.
Th. Vera cantas.
Phan. Vana vellem. patris amicu's videlicet.
Th. Eu edepol patrem eius miserum praedicas.
Phan. Nihil hoc quidem est,
triginta minae, prae quam alios dapsilis sumptus facit.
Th. Perdidit patrem.
Phan. Vnus istic servos est sacerrimus,
Tranio: is vel Herculi conterere quaestum possiet.
edepol ne me eius patris misere miseret, qui cum istaec sciet
facta ita, amburet ei misero corculum carbunculus.
Th. Si quidem istaec vera sunt.
Phan. Quid meream, quam ob rem mentiar?
Pin. Heus vos, ecquis hasce aperit?
Phan. Quid istas pultas, ubi nemo intus est?
alio credo comissatum abiisse. abeamus nunciam
atque porro quaeritemus illos. sequere hac me.
Pin. Sequor.
Th. Puere, iamne abis?
Phan. Libertas paenulast tergo tuo:

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[1] Who often received a tithe of great gains,

Phan. That's what I say.

Th. (*thinking, then suddenly*) Look here! He bought this house next door?

Phan. That's what I don't say.

Th. Yes, and gave the owner two hundred pounds in part payment?

Phan. That's another thing I don't say.

Th. (*frantic*) Oh, you wrecker!

Phan. Oh, no. He's the wrecker, and his father's the wreck.

Th. (*grimly*) The words of a seer!

Phan. I wish they were mere words, sir. You're a friend of his father, it would seem.

Th. Upon my soul! A fine fix his poor father is in, from what you say!

Phan. Oh, this is nothing—the hundred and fifty pounds—compared with his other wild extravagances.

Th. His father's wrecker, indeed!

Phan. A slave there named Tranio is the worst curse. Why, he could squander the hoards of Hercules,[1] even. By gad, I do pity his poor father awfully! When he learns about those goings on, his poor old heart will burn like a lump of coal.

Th. (*trying hard to be hopeful*) That is, if all this is true.

Phan. What good should I get out of lying?

Pin. (*banging at the door again*) Hey; you! Anyone going to open up?

Phan. What's the use of pounding there, when no one's inside? They've probably gone to guzzle somewhere else. Let's be off at once and keep on looking for 'em. (*going*) Come along, this way!

Pin. Coming! (*follows*)

Th. (*disappointed*) Hey, boy! Going already?

Phan. Your freedom's a cloak for your shoulders. As

mihi, nisi ut erum metuam et curem, nihil est qui tergum tegam.

IV. 4.

Th. Perii hercle, quid opust verbis? ut verba audio,
non equidem in Aegyptum hinc modo vectus fui,
sed etiam in terras solas orasque ultumas
sum circumvectus, ita ubi nunc sim nescio.
verum iam scibo, nam eccum unde aedis filius
meus emit. quid agis tu?
Si. A foro incedo domum
Th. Numquid processit ad forum hodie novi?
Si. Etiam.
Th. Quid tandem?
Si. Vidi efferri mortuom.
Th. Hem.[1] 1000
Si. Modo eum vixisse aiebant.
Th. Vae capiti tuo.
Si. Quid tu otiosus res novas requiritas?
Th. Quia hodie adveni peregre.
Si. Promisi foras,
ad cenam ne me te vocare censeas.
Th. Haud postulo edepol.
Si. Verum cras, nisi quis prius
vocaverit me, vel apud te cenavero.
Th. Ne istuc quidem edepol postulo. nisi quid magis

[1] Leo brackets following v., 1001:
Si. *Novom unum: vidi mortuom efferri foras.*

for me, if I don't stand in awe of master and look after him, I've nothing to keep my shoulders from getting soaked. [EXEUNT.

cene 4.

Th. By heaven, I'm ruined, that's all I can say! From what he said, it certainly was on no mere trip to Egypt that I've been taken, but all round to such lonely lands and far-off shores, that I don't know where I am at this minute. (*looking down the street*) But I shall know soon, for there's the man my son bought the house of.

ENTER *Simo*, LOW IN SPIRITS.

How goes it with you?

i. (*brusquely, glowering at his house*) From the forum —home.

Th. Anything new come up at the forum to-day?

i. Yes.

Th. Indeed, what?

i. A funeral procession.

Th. Ha![1]

i. They said the corpse was alive not long ago.

Th. Oh, be damned to you!

i. Well, why are you loafing around nosying for news?

Th. Because I've just got back from abroad.

i. I have an engagement, so don't expect me to invite you to dinner.

h. Good Lord, man, I'm not thinking of it!

. But to-morrow, unless a prior invitation comes— to me, why, we'll dine together, at *your* house.

h. And I'm not even thinking of that, either, by

[1] V. 1001: A new one—a funeral procession leaving the house.

es occupatus, operam mihi da.
Si. Maxime.
Th. Minas quadraginta accepisti, quod sciam, a Philolachete?
Si. Numquam nummum, quod sciam.
Th. Quid, a Tranione servo?
Si. Multo hercle id minus.
Th. Quas arraboni tibi dedit?
Si. Quid somnias?
Th. Egone? at quidem tu, qui istoc te speras modo potesse dissimulando infectum hoc reddere.
Si. Quid autem?
Th. Quod me apsente hic tecum filius negoti gessit.
Si. Mecum ut ille hic gesserit, dum tu hinc abes, negoti? quidnam aut quo die?
Th. Minas tibi octoginta argenti debeo.
Si. Non mihi quidem hercle. verum, si debes, cedo. fides servanda est, ne ire infitias postules.
Th. Profecto non negabo debere, et dabo; tu cave quadraginta accepisse hinc te neges.
Si. Quaeso edepol huc me aspecta, et responde mihi. quadraginta istas cur mihi argenti minas filius, ut ais, debebat?
Th. Ego dicam tibi. talentis duobus, Tranio ut dixit mihi, de te aedis emit.
Si. De me ille aedis emerit?[1] te velle uxorem aiebat tuo nato dare, ideo aedificare hic velle aiebat in tuis.
Th. Hic aedificare volui?
Si. Sic dixit mihi.
Th. Ei mihi, disperii. vocis non habeo satis. vicine, perii, interii.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here.

gad! But unless you are otherwise engaged, give me your attention.

i. By all means.

Th. You received two hundred pounds from Philolaches, as I understand.

i. Never a penny, as I understand.

Th. Well, from my slave, Tranio?

i. Lord! Much less from him.

Th. The money that he gave you in part payment?

i. What are you dreaming about?

Th. I? You, you mean. You're hoping you can get out of it by that sort of shuffling.

i. Indeed! Get out of what?

Th. The deal my son made with you in my absence.

i. So he made a deal with me here while you were away? What deal, pray? On what date?

Th. I owe you four hundred pounds.

i. The devil you do! Well, if you do owe it, hand it over. A promise must be kept. Don't expect to evade it.

Th. I certainly shall not deny the debt, and I shall pay it. But you—mind you don't deny having received two hundred pounds from us.

i. For heaven's sake, look me in the eye and answer me this—why did your son, as you say, owe me this two hundred pounds?

Th. This is why. He bought your house from you, so Tranio told me, for six hundred pounds.

i. Bought my house from me? He did say you wanted your son to marry, and therefore wanted to enlarge your own house here.

Th. I wanted to enlarge my house?

i. So he told me.

Th. (*wild*) Death and damnation! (*gulping*) I can't find my voice! Oh, neighbour, I'm ruined, ruined!

Si. Numquid Tranio
turbavit?
Th. Immo exturbavit omnia.
deludificatust me hodie indignis modis.
Si. Quid tu ais?
Th. Haec res sic est ut narro tibi:
deludificatust me hodie in perpetuom modum.
nunc te obsecro, ut me bene iuves operamque des.
Si. Quid vis?
Th. I mecum hinc, obsecro, ad te una simul.
Si. Fiat.
Th. Servorumque operam et lora mihi cedo.
Si. Sume.
Th. Eademque opera haec tibi narravero,
quis med exemplis hodie ludificatus est.

ACTVS V

Tr. Qui homo timidus erit in rebus dubiis, nauci non erit;
atque equidem quid id esse dicam verbum nauci, nescio.
nam erus me postquam rus misit, filium ut suom arcesserem,
abii illac per angiportum ad hortum nostrum clanculum,
ostium quod in angiportu est horti, patefeci fores,
eaque eduxi omnem legionem, et maris et feminas.
postquam ex opsidione in tutum eduxi maniplares meos,
capio consilium, ut senatum congerronum convocem.
quoniam convocavi, atque illi me ex senatu segregant.
ubi ego me video venire in meo foro, quantum potest

Si. Has Tranio done anything?

Th. No! He has done me out of everything! Oh, the outrageous way he took me in to-day!

Si. What's that you say?

Th. It's just as I tell you—he everlastingly took me in to-day! (*after a moment's thought*) Now do please be a good fellow and let me have your help and services.

Si. What do you want?

Th. Come over to your house with me, I beg you.

Si. All right.

Th. Give me the use of your slaves and some straps.

Si. Help yourself.

Th. I'll let you know about it all on our way—the absolute and utter fool he made of me this day!

[EXEUNT INTO *Simo's* HOUSE.

ACT V

ENTER *Tranio,* DISGUSTED.

Tr. A man that's timid in a crisis isn't worth a stiver—but bless me if I can explain what a stiver is! Now after master sent me to the farm to summon his son, I slipped off that way (*pointing*) through the alley to our garden, and the garden gate in the alley—I opened it, and led out all our forces, male and female, that way. After I had got my troops safely out from under siege, I considered it wise to call a council of my comrades. But as soon as I called it, they crowded me out of the council.

Seeing they're selling me out in my own market, I'm losing no time in doing what most

facio idem quod plurimi alii, quibus res timida aut turbidast:
pergunt turbare usque, ut ne quid possit conquiescere.
nam scio equidem nullo pacto iam esse posse haec clam senem.
non amicus alius quisquamst
aut
pro
ille qui ero simul.
praeoccupabo atque anteveniam et foedus feriam.
me moror.
sed quid hoc est, quod foris concrepuit proxima vicinia?
erus meus hic quidem est. gustare ego eius sermonem volo.

Th. Ilico intra limen isti astate, ut, cum extemplo vocem,
continuo exiliatis. manicas celeriter conectite.
ego illum ante aedis praestolabor ludificatorem meum,
cuius ego hodie ludificabor corium, si vivo, probe.

Tr. Res palam est. nunc te videre meliust quid agas, Tranio.

Th. Docte atque astu mihi captandumst cum illo, ubi huc advenerit.
non ego illi extemplo hamum ostendam, sensim mittam lineam.
dissimulabo me horum quicquam scire.

Tr. O mortalem malum,
alter hoc Athenis nemo doctior dici potest.
verba illi non magis dare hodie quisquam quam lapidi potest.
adgrediar hominem, appellabo.

Th. Nunc ego ille huc veniat velim.

other folks do when affairs look alarming and muddled—they go on muddling 'em still more, so that they can't be settled at all. For I'm well enough aware that this can't possibly be kept from the old man now. There's not another friend [1] . . . or . . . for the sake of . . . the man who . . . at the same time to master. I'll preoccupy the ground, forestall 'em, and strike a treaty. But I'm delaying myself. (*moves on, then stops, listening*) Eh? What's this creaking of our neighbour's door?

ENTER *Theopropides* INTO *Simo's* DOORWAY.

Oho! It's my master? I'd like to sample his conversation. (*steps back into the alley*)

Th. (*to slaves within*) Stand there where you are, just inside, ready to spring out the second I call. Then, quick! Clap on the handcuffs! (*coming out*) I'll wait for that funnyfooler of mine in front of the house, and sure as I'm alive, I'll soon make his hide look funny!

Tr. (*aside*) The cat's out! Now, Tranio, you had better see what to do.

Th. I must play him cleverly and artfully when he arrives. I won't show him the hook all at once, but let out line gradually. I'll pretend not to know a thing about the matter.

Tr. (*aside*) Oh, such a slyboots! You cannot name a cleverer chap than he is in all Athens. Why, that chap is no more to be bamboozled by anyone than a—lump of rock. I'll up and have at him! (*advances*)

Th. (*not seeing him*) Now I should like him to come along!

[1] Verses 1056–1060 are hopelessly fragmentary.

Tr. Siquidem pol me quaeris, adsum praesens praesenti tibi.
Th. Euge, Tranio, quid agitur?
Tr. Veniunt rure rustici.
Philolaches iam hic aderit.
Th. Edepol mi opportune advenerit.
nostrum ego hunc vicinum opinor esse hominem audacem et malum.
Tr. Quidum?
Th. Quia negat novisse vos.
Tr. Negat?
Th. Nec vos sibi
nummum umquam argenti dedisse.
Tr. Abi, ludis me, credo haud negat. 1080
Th. Quid iam?
Tr. Scio, iocaris nunc tu. nam ille quidem edepol haud negat.
Th. Immo edepol negat profecto, neque se hasce aedis Philolachi
vendidisse.
Tr. Eho, an negavit sibi datum argentum, obsecro?
Th. Quin ius iurandum pollicitust dare se, si vellem, mihi,
neque se hasce aedis vendidisse neque sibi argentum datum.[1]
Dixi ego istuc idem illi.
Tr. Quid ait?
Th. Servos pollicitust dare suos mihi omnes quaestioni.
Tr. Nugas. numquam edepol dabit.
Th. Dat profecto.
Tr. Quin i cum illo in ius. sine inveniam.

[1] Leo brackets following *est* and notes lacuna of v. 1086.

Tr. (*aloud*) Well, well, sir, if it's me you're looking for, here I am, face to face with you.

Th. Bravo, Tranio. How goes it?

Tr. The farmers come from the farm, sir. Philolaches will arrive shortly.

Th. And an opportune arrival for me, by Jove! This neighbour of ours, in my opinion, is a bold, bad man.

Tr. How so, sir?

Th. Because he denies knowing you people.

Tr. Denies it?

Th. And denies your ever having given him a single penny.

Tr. Oh, get out, sir! You're fooling me! I don't believe he denies it.

Th. What now?

Tr. I know—now you're joking. Good Lord! Of course he doesn't deny it!

Th. You're wrong. I swear he does deny it, positively, as well as having sold this house to Philolaches.

Tr. Now, now, sir! You don't mean to say he denied being given the money?

Th. Man alive, he agreed to take oath, if I wished, that he had neither sold this house nor been given the money.[1] . . . That is the very thing I said to him.

Tr. What did he say?

Th. He agreed to give me all his slaves for cross examination.[2]

Tr. Bosh! Never a one will he give, by gad!

Th. Oh, yes he will.

Tr. Come on, sir, go to court with him. Let me find him. (*makes off*)

[1] A line is lost here.
[2] Under torture.

Th. Mane.
experiar, ut opinor. certum est.
Tr. Immo mihi hominem cedo.
vel hominem iube aedis[1] mancipio poscere.
Th. Immo hoc primum volo,
quaestioni accipere servos.
Tr. Faciundum edepol censeo.
Th. Quid si igitur ego accersam homines?
Tr. Factum iam esse oportuit.
ego interim hanc aram occupabo.
Th. Quid ita?
Tr. Nullam rem sapis.
ne enim illi huc confugere possint, quaestioni quos dabit.
hic ego tibi praesidebo, ne interbitat quaestio.
Th. Surge.
Tr. Minime.
Th. Ne occupassis, obsecro, aram.
Tr. Cur?
Th. Scies
quia enim id maxime volo, ut illi istoc confugiant. sine:
tanto apud iudicem hunc argenti condemnabo facilius.
Tr. Quod agas id agas. quid tu porro serere vis negotium?
nescis quam metuculosa res sit ire ad iudicem?
Th. Surgedum huc igitur. consulere quiddam est quod tecum volo.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *mancipare* Ussing.

Th. Wait! (*Tranio stops*) I'll try his slaves, I think. (*pauses, as if debating the question*) Yes, that's what I'll do.

Tr. (*edging over toward the altar in front of Simo's house*) No, no, sir! You bring the fellow to me. Or else order your son to make formal demand for the house from him.

Th. No, no! First I want to take his slaves for cross examination.

Tr. (*close to the altar*) The very thing, by gad, I do believe!

Th. (*very guilelessly*) Well then, what if I should call them out?

Tr. (*with a knowing grin*) You should have done that earlier! Meanwhile, I'll just occupy this altar. (*seats himself upon it jauntily*)

Th. (*trying to hide his discomfiture*) Why so?

Tr. You have no sense, sir. Why, so that the slaves he gives you to cross-examine can't take refuge at it. I'll keep guard for you here and prevent the examination from falling through.

Th. (*as gently as possible*) Get up!

Tr. Oh no, sir!

Th. Don't occupy the altar, for heaven's sake!

Tr. Why not?

Th. I'll tell you. (*hesitates*) Why, . . . because . . . that's (*inspired*) just what I most want—for them to take refuge there! Let them! Then it will be all the easier for me to get the judge to award me damages.

Tr. You follow your first plan, sir. Why go on sowing trouble for yourself? Don't you know how ticklish a thing it is to go before a judge, sir?

Th. Get up and come here, then. There's something I want your advice on.

Tr. Sic tamen hinc consilium dedero. nimio plus sapio sedens.
tum consilia firmiora sunt de divinis locis.
Th. Surge, ne nugare. aspicedum contra me.
Tr. Aspexi.
Th. Vides?
Tr. Video. huc si quis intercedat tertius, pereat fame.
Th. Quidum?
Tr. Quia nil illi quaesti sit. mali hercle ambo sumus.
Th. Perii.
Tr. Quid tibi est?
Th. Dedisti verba.
Tr. Qui tandem?
Th. Probe med emunxti.
Tr. Vide sis, satine recte: num mucci fluont?
Th. Immo etiam cerebrum quoque omne e capite emunxti meo.
nam omnia male facta vestra repperi radicitus,
non radicitus quidem hercle, verum etiam exradicitus.
Tr. Numquam edepol hodie hinc, si vivo, invitus desistam tibi.
Th. Iam iubebo ignem et sarmenta, carnifex, circumdari.
Tr. Ne faxis, nam elixus esse quam assus soleo suavior.
Th. Exempla edepol faciam ego in te.
Tr. Quia placeo, exemplum expetis?
Th. Loquere: quoius modi reliqui, quom hinc abibam, filium?

Tr. (*making himself more comfortable*) Well, I can give my advice from here, just as I am. I'm a whole lot wiser sitting down. Besides, advice is more reliable coming from a holy place.

Th. Get up! No nonsense! Come, look me in the face. (*does his best to put on a kindly expression*)

Tr. (*chuckling*) I have, already. (*looks at him*)

Th. (*genially*) You see?

Tr. I do. (*chuckling again*) If a third man came between us, he'd die of starvation.

Th. How is that?

Tr. (*breaking into a guffaw*) Because there'd be no pickings for him. We're both so devilish sly!

Th. Oh, damnation!

Tr. What ails you?

Th. You bamboozled me!

Tr. Really? How?

Th. You cleaned me out in fine fashion!

Tr. (*surveying Theopropides's nose*) Do please see if I did a good job, sir. No mucus running, is there?

Th. Oh, no! You cleaned out all the brains from my cranium! I tell you, I've uncovered all your rascality from the roots up; yes, by Jove, and not only from the roots up, but from the roots down.

Tr. Well, I'll never accommodate you by leaving this place unless I like, you can count on that.

Th. I'll soon have you in a circle of firewood and flames, you gallowsbird!

Tr. I wouldn't. Folks find me tastier boiled than baked.

Th. By the Lord, I'll make an example of you!

Tr. Approving of me, you want to set me up for an example, eh?

Th. Tell me this: what sort of a son did I leave here, when I went away?

Tr. Cum pedibus, manibus, cum digitis, auribus, oculis, labris.
Th. Aliud te rogo.
Tr. Aliud ergo nunc tibi respondeo.
sed eccum tui gnati sodalem video huc incedere
Callidamatem : illo praesente mecum agito, si quid voles.

V. 2.

Call. Vbi somno sepelivi omnem atque edormivi crapulam,
Philolaches venisse dixit mihi suom peregre huc patrem
quoque modo hominem advenientem servos ludificatus sit,
ait se metuere in conspectum sui patris procedere.
nunc ego de sodalitate solus sum orator datus,
qui a patre eius conciliarem pacem. atque eccum optime.
iubeo te salvere et salvos cum advenis, Theopropides,
peregre, gaudeo. hic apud nos hodie cenes, sic face.
Th. Callidamates, dei te ament. de cena facio gratiam.
Call. Quin venis?
Tr. Promitte : ego ibo pro te, si tibi non libet.
Th. Verbero, etiam inrides?
Tr. Quian me pro te ire ad cenam autumo?
Th. Non enim ibis. ego ferare faxo, ut meruisti, in crucem.
Call. Age mitte ista ac te ad me ad cenam dic venturum.
Tr. Quid taces?
Call. Sed tu, istuc quid confugisti in aram?

Tr. Oh, one with feet, hands, with fingers, ears, eyes, lips.

Th. (*stamping and chafing*) That's not what I asked you!

Tr. Well, that's not what I'm answering you. (*looking down the street*) Aha, though! I see your son's chum, Callidamates, sauntering up here. Treat with me in his presence, if you want anything.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Callidamates.*

Call. (*to himself, drowsily*) After I'd buried my souse in slumber and slept it all off, Philolaches told me about his father being back from abroad and how his slave made a fool of him when he arrived. Said he was afraid to up and face his father. So now I've been selected as sole spokesman from our fraternity to make his peace for him with the old gentleman. (*sees Theopropides*) And there he is! Splendid! (*rushes up and grasps his hand*) Well, well, sir! And it's glad I am to see you well, on your return from abroad, Theopropides! You must have dinner with me to-day! Do!

Th. (*stiffly*) Heaven bless you, Callidamates. As for the dinner, no, thanks.

Call. Why won't you come, sir?

Tr. (*cheerily*) Accept. I'll go in your place, if you don't care about it.

Th. Still jeering, are you, you whipstock?

Tr. Just because I offer to go to dinner in your place?

Th. Well, you won't go! I'll have you carried, as you've deserved—to a cross.

Call. Oh, now, now, sir! drop all that and say you'll come to me for dinner!

Tr. (*to Theopropides*) Why don't you speak up?

Call. (*to Tranio*) But you—why have you taken to the altar there?

Tr. Inscitissimus
adveniens perterruit me. loquere nunc quid fecerim:
nunc utrisque disceptator eccum adest, age disputa.
Th. Filium corrupisse aio te meum.
Tr. Ausculta modo.
fateor potavisse, amicam liberasse absente te,
faenore argentum sumpsisse; id esse absumptum praedico.
numquid aliud fecit nisi quod[1] summis gnati generibus?
Th. Hercle mihi tecum cavendum est, nimis qui es orator catus.
Call. Sine me dum istuc iudicare. surge, ego isti adsedero.
Th. Maxime, accipito hanc tute ad te litem.
Tr. Enim istic captio est.
fac ego ne metuam mihi atque[2] ut tu meam timeas vicem.
Th. Iam minoris omnia alia facio, prae quam quibus modis
me ludificatust.
Tr. Bene hercle factum, et factum gaudeo:
sapere istac aetate oportet, qui sunt capite candido.
Th. Quid ego nunc faciam?
Tr. Si amicus Diphilo aut Philemoni es,
dicito eis, quo pacto tuos te servos ludificaverit:
optumas frustrationes dederis in comoediis.
Call. Tace parumper, sine vicissim me loqui, ausculta.

[1] Leo brackets following *faciunt*.
[2] *mihi atque* Ritschl: Leo notes lacuna here.

[1] Writers of Greek comedy.

Tr. A man without any brains came along, and scared me half to death. (*to Theopropides*) Now state what I've done. Here's an arbitrator (*indicating Callidamates*) for both parties now. Come on, present your case.

Th. (*struggling with his emotions*) I say you corrupted my son.

Tr. (*easily*) Just you listen to me. I admit he caroused, set his mistress free, while you were gone, got money at interest—and got rid of it, I don't mind adding. Has he done anything different than (*with a wave toward Callidamates*) sons of the best families do?

Th. Well, well! I must look out for you, with that wily, wily tongue of yours!

Call. (*to Tranio*) Come now, let me judge the case. Get up! I am the man to sit there.

Th. By all means! Take the case in your own hands.

Tr. (*as Callidamates perches himself on the altar, crowding him off*) I say! This is a case of being taken in! (*aside to Callidamates*) See that I have nothing to be afraid of, and do my fearing for me, yourself!

Th. The most galling thing about it all is the way he made a fool of me!

Tr. A good job, by gad, and I'm glad I did it. Men of your age ought to have some sense in their hoary heads.

Th. (*to Callidamates, and glaring at Tranio*) What shall I do now?

Tr. Well, if you're a friend of Diphilus[1] or Philemon,[1] tell 'em how your servant gulled you. You'll have furnished 'em with the best dupe scenes on the comic stage.

Call. (*to Tranio*) Keep still a minute, and let me have a turn at talking. Now listen.

Th. Licet
Call. Omnium primum sodalem me esse scis gnato tuo.
is adiit me, nam eum prodire pudet in conspectum tuom
propterea quia fecit quae te scire scit. nunc te obsecro,
stultitiae adulescentiaeque eius ignoscas: tuost;
scis solere illanc aetatem tali ludo ludere.
quidquid fecit, una nobiscum fecit: nos deliquimus.
faenus, sortem sumptumque omnem, qui amica empta est, omnia
nos dabimus, nos conferemus, nostro sumptu, non tuo.
Th. Non potuit venire orator magis ad me impetrabilis
quam tu; neque iam illi sum iratus neque quicquam suscenseo.
immo me praesente amato bibito, facito quod lubet:
si hoc pudet, fecisse sumptum, supplici habeo satis.
Call. Dispudet.
Tr. Post istam veniam quid me fiet nunciam?
Th. Verberibus caedere multum pendens.
Tr. Tamen etsi pudet?
Th. Interimam hercle ego te, si vivo.
Call. Fac istam cunctam gratiam:
Tranioni amitte quaeso hanc noxiam causa mea.
Th. Aliud quidvis impetrari perferam a me facilius,
quam ut non ego istum pro suis factis pessumis pessum premam.

h. (*vainly attempting to wither Tranio*) Very well.

all. (*to Theopropides*) Sir, you know that I am your son's best friend. He appealed to me, for he was ashamed to appear in your presence, with the things on his conscience he knows you know of. Now I beseech you, sir, do forgive him for his folly and his youth. He's your own son. And you know that young fellows are always playing such pranks. Whatever he did, he did along with the rest of us. We're all at fault. As for the interest, principal, and all the expense of buying the girl, we'll club together and settle for it all at our own expense, not yours.

h. (*especially pleased by the peroration*) A more persuasive spokesman than you couldn't have come to me. I'm not angry with him now, I don't hold anything against him. No indeed, let him love, drink, do what he likes, before my very eyes. If he's ashamed of this—ashamed of having spent all that money—I'll call that sufficient chastisement.

all. He's awfully ashamed, sir.

r. (*yawning obstreperously*) Well, he's forgiven—what about me now?

h. You shall be flogged, strung up and flogged to tatters!

r. (*with mock plaintiveness*) And no matter if I am ashamed?

h. By the Lord, I'll be the death of you, sure as I'm alive!

all. Make it a general pardon, sir. Come, come, forgive Tranio this offence, for my sake!

h. There's not another thing I wouldn't sooner grant you than forgo sending that devil down to what his deviltry deserves!

Call. Mitte quaeso.
Th. Istumne ut mittam? viden ut astat furcifer?
Call. Tranio, quiesce, si sapis.
Th. Tu quiesce hanc rem modo petere: ego illum, ut sit quietus, verberibus subegero.
Tr. Nihil opust profecto.
Call. Age iam, sine te hoc exorarier.
Th. Nolo ores.
Call. Quaeso hercle.
Th. Nolo, inquam, ores.
Call. Nequiquam nevis.
hanc modo noxiam unam, quaeso, missam fac causa mea.
Tr. Quid gravaris? quasi non cras iam commeream aliam noxiam:
ibi utrumque, et hoc et illud, poteris ulcisci probe.
Call. Sine te exorem.
Th. Age abi, abi impune. em huic habeto gratiam. 1180
spectatores, fabula haec est acta, vos plausum date.

Call. Come, come, let him off!

Th. Let that rascal off? (*as Tranio strikes an insolent attitude*) D'ye see that pose? The criminal!

Call. Tranio! Quiet down, if you have any sense!

Th. And you keep quiet yourself, about this request now. As for him, I'll reduce him to quiescence with a whip.

Tr. (*casually*) Uncalled for, I assure you.

Call. Oh, come now, do grant this favour I ask.

Th. I don't want you to ask it.

Call. There, there now! I beg you!

Th. I don't want you to ask it, I say.

Call. It's no use your not wanting it. Just this one offence—let it pass, I beg you, for my sake.

Tr. Why so reluctant? As if I shouldn't be committing another offence by to-morrow! Then you can settle the score handsomely for both of 'em, this one and the next.

Call. (*as Theopropides almost smiles*) Do let me prevail upon you, sir!

Th. (*to Tranio*) All right, get out, get out! I'll let you off. But there's the man (*indicating Callidamates*) to thank for it. (*coming forward*) Spectators, our play is over. Give us your applause.

[EXEUNT OMNES.

PERSA

OR

THE PERSIAN

ARGVMENTVM

Profecto domino suos amores Toxilus
Emit atque curat, leno ut emittat manu;
Raptamque ut emeret de praedone virginem
Subornata suadet sui parasiti filia,
Atque ita intricatum ludit potans Dordalum.

tur—ruu
umn—mm
mat—rce
m—eru o
fincunt
ant[u]erec dum
ru
ta—rsi
de [ui]rgi
cam uen
etio[t]aru
ua[n]faci
are · pite
tue · eno

This badly defective argument is omitted from P, and cannot be plausibly emended.

PERSONAE

TOXILVS SERVVS
SAGARISTIO SERVVS
SATVRIO PARASITVS
SOPHOCLIDISCA ANCILLA
LEMNISELENIS MERETRIX
PAEGNIVM PVER
VIRGO
DORDALVS LENO

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

In his master's absence Toxilus buys his own sweetheart and has her manumitted by a pimp. This pimp, Dordalus, is persuaded to buy from her captor a kidnapped maiden, the daughter of Toxilus's parasite being dressed up as the said maiden, and, thus trapped, is made the butt of Toxilus's drinking bout.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Toxilus, *a slave.*
Sagaristio, *his friend, a slave in another family.*
Saturio, *a parasite.*
Sophoclidisca, *maid to Lemniselenis.*
Lemniselenis, *a courtesan.*
Paegnium, *a boy slave in the family of Toxilus's master.*
Saturio's Daughter.
Dordalus, *a pimp.*

ACTVS I

Tox. Qui amans egens ingressus est princeps in Amoris vias,
superavit aerumnis suis aerumnas Herculi.
nam cum leone, cum excetra, cum cervo cum apro Aetolico,
cum avibus Stymphalicis, cum Antaeo deluctari mavelim,
quam cum Amore; ita fio miser quaerendo argento mutuo,
nec quicquam nisi "non est" sciunt mihi respondere quos rogo.

Sag. Qui ero suo servire volt bene servos servitutem,
ne illum edepol multa in pectore suo conlocare oportet,
quae ero placere censeat praesenti atque apsenti suo.
ego neque lubenter servio neque satis sum ero ex sententia,
sed quasi lippo oculo me erus meus manum apstinere hau quit tamen,
quin mi imperet, quin me suis negotiis praefulciat.

Tox. Quis illic est qui contra me astat?

Sag. Quis hic est qui sic contra me astat?

Tox. Similis est Sagaristionis.

Sag. Toxilus hic quidem meus amicust.

Tox. Is est profecto.

Scene :—Athens. A street, in which are the houses of Dordalus and Toxilus's master, an alley between them.

ACT I

ENTER *Toxilus*, IN LOW SPIRITS, FROM THE FORUM.

Tox. The lover that first set out on the highways of love with an empty purse went in for harder labours than Hercules. Why, I had rather wrestle with the lion, or the Hydra, or the stag, or the Aetolian boar, or the Stymphalian birds, or Antaeus, than with Love. Such a devil of a time as I'm having, just looking for a loan—and the people I ask, all they know how to answer is "Can't be done."

ENTER *Sagaristio*, VERY JAUNTY.

Sag. (*not seeing Toxilus*) A slave that wants to slave it to suit his master, by gad, he certainly has to stow away a lot of things in his chest that he thinks will please his master, present and absent, both. Personally, I don't take to slaving it cheerfully, and master doesn't entirely take to me. But yet, just as if I was a sore eye, he can't keep hands off of me, can't keep from giving me commissions and making me the prop of his affairs.

Tox. (*aside, seeing him*) Who's that standing there facing me?

Sag. (*aside, seeing him*) Who's this standing there facing me this way?

Tox. (*aside*) It looks like Sagaristo.

Sag. (*aside*) Why, it's my friend Toxilus. (*they study each other doggishly*)

Tox. (*aside*) It is he, surely.

Sag. Eum esse opinor.
Tox. Congrediar.
Sag. Contra adgredibor.
Tox. O Sagaristio, di ament te.
Sag. O Toxile, dabunt di quae exoptes. ut vales?
Tox. Vt queo.
Sag. Quid agitur?
Tox. Vivitur.
Sag. Satin ergo ex sententia?
Tox. Si eveniunt quae exopto, satis.
Sag. Nimis stulte amicis utere.
Tox. Quid iam?
Sag. Imperare oportet.
Tox. Mihi quidem tu iam eras mortuos, quia non te visitabam.
Sag. Negotium edepol—
Tox. Ferreum fortasse?
Sag. Plusculum annum fui praeferratus apud molas tribunus vapularis.
Tox. Vetus iam istaec militiast tua.
Sag. Satin tu usque valuisti?
Tox. Hau probe.
Sag. Ergo edepol palles.
Tox. Saucius factus sum in Veneris proelio: sagitta Cupido cor meum transfixit.
Sag. Iam servi hic amant?
Tox. Quid ego faciam? disne advorser? quasi Titani cum eis belligerem quibus sat esse non queam?

Sag. (*aside*) I do believe it is.

Tox. (*aside*) I'll go meet him.

Sag. (*aside*) I'll up and meet him.

Tox. (*advancing*) Ah, Sagaristio! God bless you!

Sag. (*advancing with a grin*) Ah, Toxilus! God will grant your desires. How are you feeling?

Tox. (*doleful*) However I can.

Sag. What's doing?

Tox. I'm living.

Sag. Quite to your taste, then?

Tox. (*more doleful*) Quite—if the things that I hope for happen.

Sag. (*clapping him on the back*) You use your friends like a perfect fool.

Tox. How's that?

Sag. You ought to give us orders.

Tox. Well, you've been as good as dead to me—always out of sight.

Sag. Oh well, my business——

Tox. (*with a faint smile*) Ironware, perhaps?

Sag. (*gravely*) For more than a year I have been Minister Extrairondinary and Plentyblowtentiary at the—mills.

Tox. An old familiar post of yours.

Sag. And you? Have you been well all this time?

Tox. Not particularly.

Sag. Oho! That's why you're pale.

Tox. (*romantically*) I have been wounded in the lists of Love! My heart has been transfixed by Cupid's shaft!

Sag. (*derisively*) So slaves here have their love affairs, now, eh?

Tox. What can I do? Should I defy the gods? Like the Titans, should I wage war with those I am no match for?

Sag. Vide modo, ulmeae catapultae tuom ne transfigant latus.
Tox. Basilice agito eleutheria.
Sag. Quid iam?
Tox. Quia erus peregri est.
Sag. Ain tu, peregri est?
Tox. Si tu tibi bene esse pote pati, veni: vives mecum, basilico accipiere victu.
Sag. Vah, iam scapulae pruriunt, quia te istaec audivi loqui.
Tox. Sed hoc me unum excruciat.
Sag. Quidnam id est?
Tox. Haec dies summa hodie est, mea amica sitne libera, an sempiternam servitutem serviat.
Sag. Quid nunc vis ergo?
Tox. Facere amicum tibi me potis es sempiternum.
Sag. Quem ad modum?
Tox. Vt mihi des nummos sescentos, quos pro capite illius pendam, quos continuo tibi reponam in hoc triduo, aut quadriduo. age fi benignus, subveni.
Sag. Qua confidentia rogare tu a med argentum tantum audes, impudens? quin si egomet totus veneam, vix recipi potis est quod tu me rogas; nam tu aquam a pumice nunc postulas, qui ipsus sitiat.
Tox. Sicine hoc te mihi facere?
Sag. Quid faciam?
Tox. Rogas? alicunde exora mutuom.

Sag. Only look out your (*grinning*) hide isn't transfixed by catapeltic shafts of elmwood.

Tox. (*chuckling*) I'm celebrating the Feast of Freedom [1] in royal style.

Sag. How's that?

Tox. Because master's abroad.

Sag. So? Abroad, is he?

Tox. (*with a wink*) If you can endure enjoying yourself, come along; you shall live with me and be regaled right royally.

Sag. (*in mock consternation*) Wow! It makes my shoulders tingle already to hear you talk like that!

Tox. (*doleful again*) But there is one thing does torment me.

Sag. Ah? And what is it?

Tox. This is the day, the final day, that decides whether my sweetheart's to be free, or stay slaving it in slavery for life.

Sag. Well then, what d'ye want now?

Tox. (*earnestly*) You can make me your friend for life.

Sag. (*unenthusiastically*) How?

Tox. By giving me sixty pounds to pay for her release, merely a loan that I'll repay directly, in the next three or four days. (*seizing his hand*) Come on now, do be a good fellow and help me out!

Sag. (*shaking him off*) Where do you get the nerve to dare ask me for such a sum, you cheeky rascal? Man alive, if my whole carcass was put on sale, it would hardly bring the amount you ask of me. Why, you might as well look for water from a pumice stone, that's thirsty itself.

Tox. (*wounded*) Is this the way for you to treat me?

Sag. How should I treat you?

Tox. Can you ask? Why, beg someone for a loan.

[1] Held in honour of the victory at Plataea.

Sag. Tu fac idem quod rogas me.
Tox. Quaesivi, nusquam repperi.
Sag. Quaeram equidem, si quis credat.
Tox. Nempe habeo in mundo.
Sag. Si id domi esset mihi, iam pollicerer:
hoc meumst ut faciam sedulo.
Tox. Quidquid erit, recipe te ad me.
quaere tamen, ego item sedulo.
Sag. Si quid erit, te faciam ut scias.
Tox. Obsecro[1] te resecroque, operam da hanc mihi fidelem.
Sag. Ah, odio me enicas.
Tox. Amoris vitio, non meo, nunc tibi morologus fio.
Sag. At pol ego aps te concessero.
Tox. Iamne abis? bene ambulato.
sed recipe quam primum potes, cave fuas mi in quaestione.
usque ero domi, dum excoxero lenoni malam rem magnam.

I. 2.

Sat. Veterem atque antiquom quaestum maiorum meum
servo atque obtineo et magna cum cura colo.
nam numquam quisquam meorum maiorum fuit,
quin parasitando paverint ventres suos:
pater, avos, proavos, abavos, atavos, tritavos
quasi mures semper edere alienum cibum,
neque edacitate eos quisquam poterat vincere;

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *audin, Sagaristio* Leo.

Sag. Do what you're asking me to do, yourself.

Fox. I've tried, but no money anywhere.

Sag. (*dubiously*) Well, I'll try, of course, and see if anyone will trust me.

Fox. (*delightedly*) I've got the cash in sight, no doubt about it!

Sag. If I had it myself, I'd promise it to you instantly: you may count on me to do my best.

Fox. However it turns out, come on over to our house. (*seizing his hand again*) Do try to get it, though, and I'll do my best, too!

Sag. (*turning to go*) If anything turns up, I'll let you know.

Fox. (*clinging to him*) Help me, I beg you, and beg you again, do be my loyal friend in this!

Sag. (*pulling away*) Ugh! You're boring me to death!

Fox. (*plaintively*) It's Love's fault, not mine, that you find me such a driveller.

Sag. Well, by gad, I'm going to leave you.

Fox. (*calling after him*) Are you off already? A pleasant walk to you! But come back as soon as you can and don't make me look for you. (*to himself*) I'll stay at home till I've concocted a good big dose of trouble for that pimp.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Scene 2. ENTER *Saturio.*

Sat. (*comfortably*) The ancient and venerable vocation of my ancestors I continue, follow, and cultivate with constant care. For never a one of my ancestors was there who didn't provide for his belly as a professional parasite. My father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather, great-great-great-grandfather, and his father, too, always ate other folks' food, just like mice, and not a soul

atque eis cognomentum erat duris Capitonibus.
unde ego hunc quaestum optineo et maiorum
locum.
neque quadrupulari me volo, neque enim decet
sine meo periclo ire aliena ereptum bona,
neque illi qui faciunt mihi placent. planen
loquor?
nam publicae rei causa quicumque id facit
magis quam sui quaesti, animus induci potest,
eum esse civem et fidelem et bonum.
sed qui caveatur, legem conscribi volo[1]
si legirupam qui damnet, det in publicum
dimidium; atque etiam in ea lege adscribier:
ubi quadrupulator quempiam iniexit manum,
tantidem ille illi rursus iniciat manum,
ut aequa parti prodeant ad tris viros:
si id fiat, ne isti faxim nusquam appareant,
qui hic albo rete aliena oppugnant bona.
sed sumne ego stultus, qui rem curo publicam,
ubi sint magistratus, quos curare oporteat?
nunc huc intro ibo, visam hesternas reliquias,
quierintne recte necne, num afuerit febris,
opertaen fuerint, ne quis obreptaverit.
sed aperiuntur aedes, remorandust gradus.

I. 3.

Tox. Omnem rem inveni, ut sua sibi pecunia
hodie illam faciat leno libertam suam.

[1] *qui cavcatur, legem conscribi volo* Leo, who notes lacuna here.

[1] Legal documents.

could beat 'em at edacity. Yes, and their family surname was Hardheads. It's from them I inherit this profession and ancestral position of mine. (*primly*) As for being a professional informer, that likes me not, and it really is unbecoming to go and snap up other people's property without risk to myself, and I disapprove of men that do so. Do I speak plainly? Of course, when a man does it more for the public welfare than for his personal profit, one may be induced to believe him a good and loyal citizen. But (*magisterially*) I wish to see a law enacted providing that whosoever procures the conviction of a malefactor give half the proceeds to the public treasury. And another provision of this law should be, that in case an informer summons anyone to court, that party may in turn summon him for the same amount, to the end that they may appear before the court on even terms. Were this rule in force, I warrant those fellows who attack other people's property here with their white nets[1] would disappear entirely.

But ain't I an ass to bother about the public welfare, when we've got magistrates whose duty it is to do the bothering? (*moving on toward Toxilus's house*) Now I'll step inside here for a look at yesterday's leavings, and see if they had a restful night or not, and didn't suffer from fever, and were snugly covered to prevent anyone's creeping up on 'em. But the door's opening! I must slow down!

cene 3. ENTER *Toxilus*, JUBILANT.

ox. I've found the very way to get the pimp to pay out his own cash to-day for making my girl his

sed eccum parasitum, quoius mi auxilio est opus.
simulabo quasi non videam : ita alliciam virum.
curate istic vos atque adproperate ocius,
ne mihi morae sit quicquam, ubi ego intro advenero.
commisce mulsum, struthea coluteaque [1] appara,
bene ut in scutris concaleat, et calamum inice.
iam pol ille hic aderit, credo, congerro meus.
Sat. Me dicit, euge.
Tox. Lautum credo e balineis
iam hic adfuturum.
Sat. Vt ordine omnem rem tenet.
Tox. Collyrae facite ut madeant et colyphia,
ne mihi incocta detis.
Sat. Rem loquitur meram.
nihili sunt crudae, nisi quas madidas gluttias;
tum nisi cremore crassost ius collyricum,
nihilist, macrum illud epicrocum pellucidum :
quasi sisuram [2] esse ius decet collyricum.
nolo in vesicam quod eat, in ventrem volo.
Tox. Prope me hic nescio quis loquitur.
Sat. O mi Iuppiter
terrestris, te coepulonus compellat tuos.
Tox. O Saturio, opportune advenisti mihi.
Sat. Mendacium edepol dicis, atque haud te decet :
nam essurio venio, non advenio saturio.

[1] *coluteaque* Lindsay following Gronovius : *coluthequam* MSS.
[2] *sisuram* Ritschl : *iuream* MSS.

freedwoman! (*sees Saturio*) But there's the parasite whose help I need. I'll pretend not to see him. This is how to lure him on. (*shouting at his door, as if to servants within*) See to things there, you lads, and show more speed! I mustn't be made to wait an instant on my return. Mix the wine and honey. Get the sparrow-apples and pod-fruit ready; warm it well in the platters and season it with a dash of sweet calamus. (*as if to himself*) Yes, yes, he'll soon be here, I suppose—that mate of mine.

Sat. (*aside, his mouth watering*) He means me. Glorious!

Tox. He'll soon be arriving, I suppose, all spick and span from the baths.

Sat. (*aside*) He does have it all down pat!

Tox. (*sticking his head in the door again*) See you boil the macaroni and those loin slices for the soup till they're soft! No serving 'em to me underdone!

Sat. (*aside, earnestly*) Precisely to the point, that! It's no good raw; you want it well boiled when you gulp it down. Then, too, unless macaroni broth has a thick rich body to it, it's no good, that thin, transparent, peek-a-boo gown stuff. Why macaroni broth ought to be a regular great-coat! I want food that goes to my belly, not my bladder.

Tox. (*looking around*) Someone or other is speaking hereabouts.

Sat. (*stepping up*) Ah, my own terrestrial Jupiter! Thy comestibles-companion doth accost thee!

Tox. Ah Saturio! You've arrived just in the nick of time!

Sat. By the Lord, sir, thou dost speak a lie, and it ill beseems thee. 'Tis no Sate-urio who arrives, but a Starvurio.

Tox. At edes, nam iam intus ventris fumant focula.
calefieri iussi reliquias.
Sat. Pernam quidem
ius est adponi frigidam postridie.
Tox. Ita fieri iussi.
Sat. Ecquid hallecis?
Tox. Vah, rogas?
Sat. Sapis multum ad genium.
Tox. Sed tu, ecquid meministi, here
qua de re ego tecum mentionem feceram?
Sat. Memini: ut murena et conger ne calefierent; 110
nam nimio melius oppectuntur frigida.
sed quid cessamus proelium committere?
dum mane est, omnis esse mortalis decet.
Tox. Nimis paene manest.
Sat. Mane quod tu occeperis
negotium agere, id totum procedit diem.
Tox. Quaeso animum advorte hoc. iam heri narravi tibi
tecumque oravi, ut nummos sescentos mihi
dares utendos mutuos.
Sat. Memini et scio,
et te me orare et mihi non esse quod darem.
nihili parasitus est, cui argentum domi est: 120
lubido extemplo coeperest convivium,
tuburcinari de suo, si quid domi est.
cynicum esse egentem oportet parasitum probe:
ampullam, strigilem, scaphium, soccos, pallium,
marsuppium habeat, inibi paullum praesidi,
qui familiarem suam vitam oblectet modo.
Tox. Iam nolo argentum: filiam utendam tuam
mihi da.
Sat. Numquam edepol cuiquam etiam utendam dedi.

Tox. Well, you shall eat, for the braziers for your belly are smoking inside there. I have ordered the left-overs to be warmed up.

Sat. (*eagerly*) The ham—it's in order that ham should be served up cold the day after.

Tox. So I ordered.

Sat. And some fish-sauce?

Tox. Pshaw! Can you ask?

Sat. Ah, you're a man of taste, extraordinary taste!

Tox. But you—do you remember that matter I mentioned to you yesterday?

Sat. I remember: lamprey and conger-eel must not be warmed up; for they make much better picking cold. But why do we delay to open battle? All men should eat while yet 'tis morn.

Tox. It's almost too much morn.

Sat. The business you begin in the morning (*smacking his lips*) progresses all day long.

Tox. (*severely*) I must ask you to give me your attention. I have explained things to you already, yesterday, and begged you to let me have sixty pounds, as a loan.

Sat. I remember, I know—you begged me for it and I didn't have it for you. A parasite with money of his own is a ruined man: he instantly hankers to begin banquetting, to gobble things down at his own expense, if he has the wherewithal. It jolly well behooves a parasite to be a poverty-stricken cynic—let him have a flask, strigil, cup, sandals, cloak, and a purse garrisoned with next to nothing for the sole delectation of his very own household.

Tox. I don't want money now. Just give me the use of your daughter.

Sat. (*indignantly*) Never yet, by heaven, have I ever given anyone the use of her!

Tox. Non ad istuc quod tu insimulas.
Sat. Quid eam vis?
Tox. Scies.
quia forma lepida et liberali est.
Sat. Res itast.
Tox. Hic leno neque te novit neque gnatam tuam.
Sat. Me ut quisquam norit, nisi ille qui praebet cibum?
Tox. Ita est. hoc tu mihi reperire argentum potes.
Sat. Cupio hercle.
Tox. Tum tu me sine illam vendere.
Sat. Tun illam vendas?
Tox. Immo alium adlegavero
qui vendat, qui esse se peregrinum praedicet.
sicut istic leno non sex menses Megaribus
huc est cum commigravit.
Sat. Pereunt reliquiae.
posterius istuc tamen potest.
Tox. Scin quam potest?
numquam hercle hodie hic prius edes, ne frustra sis,
quam te hoc facturum quod rogo adfirmas mihi;
atque nisi gnatam tecum huc iam quantum potest
adducis, exigam hercle ego te ex hac decuria.
quid nunc? quid est? quin dicis quid facturus sis?
Sat. Quaeso hercle me quoque etiam vende, si lubet,
dum saturum vendas.
Tox. Hoc, si facturu's, face.
Sat. Faciam equidem quae vis.
Tox. Bene facis. propera, abi domum;
praemonstra docte, praecipe astu filiae,

Tox. (*hurriedly*) Not for the purpose you ascribe to me!
Sat. Why d'ye want her?
Tox. I'll tell you. Because she's a lovely, ladylike girl.
Sat. And so she is!
Tox. This pimp (*pointing to Dordalus's house*) doesn't know either you or your daughter.
Sat. How could anyone know me, unless he's a man who furnishes me with meals?
Tox. Just so. You can secure this money for me.
Sat. I yearn to; I do, really.
Sox. Then let me sell her.
Sat. (*aghast*) You? Let you sell her?
Tox. (*thoughtfully*) No, not me—I'll engage someone else to sell her, and let him profess to be a foreigner. For you see, it's not six months since that pimp moved here from Megara.
Sat. (*pulling Toxilus toward the house*) The left-overs are spoiling. But that matter of yours can come later.
Tox. (*angrily jerking away*) It can, eh? Now you look here! Not a bite, I swear it, shall you eat with me this day, and don't you fool yourself, before you agree to do what I ask you! Yes, sir, and unless you bring your daughter here with you as fast as you know how, upon my soul, I'll run you out of this club of mine! Well now? What's the matter? Why don't you say what you intend to do?
Sat. (*after a moment's reflection*) Oh well, for God's sake, sell me too, even, if you like, so be you sell me full!
Tox. Then do it, if you're going to do it.
Sat. Yes, yes. I'll do what you want.
Tox. Thanks. Hurry now! Home with you! Give your daughter scientific directions, drill her art-

quid fabuletur : ubi se natam praedicet,
qui sibi parentes fuerint, unde surpta sit.
sed longe ab Athenis esse se gnatam autumet ;
et ut adfleat, cum ea memoret.

Sat. Etiam tu taces ?
ter tanto peior ipsa est quam illam tu esse vis.

Tox. Lepide hercle dicis. sed scin quid facias ? cape tunicam atque zonam, et chlamydem adferto et causeam,
quam ille habeat qui hanc lenoni huic vendat.

Sat. Eu, probe.

Tox. Quasi sit peregrinus.

Sat. Laudo.

Tox. Et tu gnatam tuam ornatam adduce lepide in peregrinum modum.

Sat. Πόθεν ornamenta ?

Tox. Abs chorago sumito ;
dare debet : praebenda aediles locaverunt.

Sat. Iam faxo hic aderunt. sed ego nihil horunc scio.

Tox. Nihil hercle vero. nam ubi ego argentum accepero,
continuo tu illam a lenone adserito manu.

Sat. Sibi habeat, si non extemplo ab eo abduxero.

Tox. Abi et istuc cura. interibi ego puerum volo mittere ad amicam meam, ut habeat animum bonum,
me esse effecturum hoc hodie. nimis longum loquor.

fully on her story—where she's to claim to have been born, who her parents were, where she was stolen from. But she must make her birthplace a long way from Athens. And she's to weep when she tells her tale.

Sat. (*confidently*) Oh, shut up, won't you? She's as bad as you want her to be, three times over.

Tox. (*delighted*) By gad, that's capital! But d'ye know what you're to do? Get a tunic and belt, and bring along a cloak and a broad-brimmed hat for the fellow who's to sell her to this pimp.

Sat. Good! A fine idea!

Tox. As if he was from abroad.

Sat. Exactly!

Tox. And bring your daughter all decked out gorgeously in foreign style.

Sat. Prithee, whence the deckings?

Tox. Oh, get 'em from the stage-manager. He's got to give 'em to you; the aediles[1] have contracted to have them furnished.

Sat. I'll soon have 'em here. But I know nothing about all this.

Tox. Not a thing, by gad! For the minute I get the money, up you come and claim her from the pimp as a freeborn girl.

Sat. (*easily, as he turns to go*) Let him keep her, if I don't get her out of his grip in no time.

Tox. Off with you, and mind your job.

[EXIT *Saturio.*

Meanwhile, I must send a boy to my sweetheart to cheer her up with confidence that I will bring it off to-day. I'm talking too long.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.

[1] Who presented the play.

ACTVS II

Soph. Satis fuit indoctae, immemori, insipienti dicere totiens.
nimis tandem me quidem pro barda et pro rustica reor habitam esse aps te.
quamquam ego vinum bibo, at mandata non consuevi simul bibere una.
me quidem iam satis tibi spectatam censebam esse et meos mores.
nam equidem te iam sector quintum hunc annum, quom interea, credo,
ovis si in ludum iret, potuisset iam fieri ut probe litteras sciret,
quom interim tu meum ingenium fans atque infans nondum etiam edidicisti.
potin ut taceas? potin ne moneas?
memini et scio et calleo et commemini.
amas pol misera: id tuos scatit animus.
ego istuc placidum tibi ut sit faciam.
Lem. Miser est qui amat.
Soph. Certo is quidem nihilist,
qui nil amat: quid ei homini opus vita est?
ire decet me, ut erae opsequens fiam, libera ea opera ocius ut sit.
conveniam hunc Toxilum: eius auris, quae mandata sunt, onerabo,

ACT II

ENTER *Sophoclidisca* FROM HOUSE OF *Dordalus;* TURNS TO *Lemniselenis* WHO STANDS IN DOORWAY.

Soph. Why, any foolish, forgetful, fat-witted thing could understand, ma'am, after all the times you've said it. Really, I think you must take me for some awful ninny, for some country girl. I do drink wine, to be sure, but I never had the habit of drinking down my orders along with it. I supposed you had tested me and my talents thoroughly enough by now. Why, goodness me, this is the fifth year I've been attending you, and in that time I do believe even a sheep, if it went to school, could have been taught to rattle off its A B C's. But as for you, you haven't even yet learned my capacities in all this time, speaking or silent. Can't you keep still, ma'am? Can't you stop admonishing me? I remember, I understand, I have a perfectly good mind and memory. Mercy me! You're in love and feeling miserable. You're all boiling over inside. Well, I'm the one to calm things down for you.

Lemn. (*dejectedly*) Oh, the misery of one in love!

[EXIT *Lemniselenis* INTO HOUSE OF *Dordalus.*

Soph. (*to herself*) And, oh, the nothingness of one in love with nothing! Yes indeed! What is there in life for such a person? Well, I must go and do what mistress says so as to help her to get her freedom the sooner. I'll find this Toxilus; I'll stuff his ears with my message. (*turns toward Toxilus's house, then stops and examines curiously a letter she carries*)

II. 2.

Tox. Satin haec tibi sunt plana et certa? satin haec meministi et tenés?
Paeg. Melius quam tu qui docuisti.
Tox. Ain vero, verbereum caput?
Paeg. Aio enim vero.
Tox. Quid ergo dixi?
Paeg. Egò recte apud illam dixero.
Tox. Non edepol scis.
Paeg. Dă hercle pignus, ni omnia memini et scio, et quidem si scis tute, quot hodie habeas digitos in manu.
Tox. Egon dem pignus tecum?
Paeg. Audacter, si lubido est perdere.
Tox. Bona pax sit potius.
Paeg. Tum tu igitur sine me ire.
Tox. Et iubeo et sino; sed ita volo te ire, ut domi sis, cum ego te esse illi censeam.
Paeg. Faciam.
Tox. Quo ergo is nunc?
Paeg. Domum: uti domi sim, quom illi censeas.
Tox. Scelus tu pueri es, atque ob istanc rem ego aliqui te peculiabo.
Paeg. Scio fide hercle erili ut soleat impudicitia opprobrari nec subigi queantur umquam, ut pro ea fide habeant iudicem.
Tox. Abi modo.
Paeg. Ego laudabis faxo.
Tox. Sed has tabellas, Paegnium, ipsi Lemniseleni fac des et quae iussi nuntiato.

Scene 2. ENTER *Toxilus* AND *Paegnium* FROM THEIR HOUSE.

Tox. All plain and clear to you, is it? You remember, you've got it all, have you?

Paeg. (*yawning*) Better than my teacher.

Tox. (*irate*) Is that so, you beat-head?

Paeg. (*pertly*) Yes, that's so.

Tox. Well then, what did I tell you?

Paeg. I'll tell it to her all right enough.

Tox. By gad, you don't know!

Paeg. By Jove, just you bet me I don't remember and know it all. (*scornfully*) Yes, and bet me you know yourself how many fingers you've got on your hand this moment.

Tox. (*superciliously*) I bet with you?

Paeg. Yes, like a man, if you're hankering to lose.

Tox. Oh, let's call it quits, instead.

Paeg. Well then, let me go.

Tox. I let you and order you, both. (*impatiently*) But I want you to go in such fashion as to be home when I think you're there (*meaning Dordalus's house*).

Paeg. (*making for Toxilus's house*) Certainly.

Tox. Then where are you bound for now?

Paeg. (*grinning*) Home—so as to be at home when you think I'm there.

Tox. (*angrily*) You're a young limb, and (*forcing himself to be pleasant*) I'll give you something all for yourself in return for it.

Paeg. Oh yes, I know what a shameless reputation a master's promise generally has, and how he can't ever be forced to face a judge for that promise.

Tox. Now, now, go along!

Paeg. You'll praise me, I promise you.

Tox. But, Paegnium, see you hand this letter (*giving one to him*) to Lemniselenis herself and let her know what I told you.

Soph. Cesso ire ego quo missa sum?
Paeg. Eo ego.
Tox. I sane. ego domum ibo. face rem hanc cum curageras.
vola curriculo.
Paeg. Istuc marinus passer per circum solet.
illic hinc abiit intro huc. sed quis haec est quae med advorsum incedit? 200
Soph. Paegnium hic quidem est.
Paeg. Sophoclidisca haec peculiarest eius quo ego sum missus.
Soph. Nullus esse hodie hoc puero peior perhibetur.
Paeg. Compellabo.
Soph. Commorandust.
Paeg. Standumst[1] apud hanc obicem.
Soph. Paegnium, deliciae pueri, salve. quid agis? ut vales?
Paeg. Sophoclidisca, di me amabunt.
Soph. Quid me?
Paeg. Vtrum hercle di volent; sed si ut digna es faciant, odio hercle habeant et faciant male.
Soph. Mitte male loqui.
Paeg. Quom ut digna es dico, bene, non male loquor.
Soph. Quid agis?
Paeg. Feminam scelestam te astans contra contuor.
Soph. Certe equidem puerum peiorem quam te novi neminem.

[1] *Standumst* Leo adds. *Obicem* Valla: *obieci* MSS.

oph. (*to herself, reluctantly abandoning her examination of the letter*) Well, I must hurry up and go where I was sent. (*turns toward Toxilus's house*)

Paeg. (*lazily*) I'll be going.

Tox. Do, by all means. And I'll go home. Attend to this matter carefully, mind. Now run, fly!

[EXIT *Toxilus* INTO HOUSE.

Paeg. That's what an ostrich does at the circus. Well, he's gone inside here. (*seeing Sophoclidisca*) But who's this stepping up to meet me?

Soph. (*aside, seeing him and concealing the letter*) It's Paegnium, I do believe.

Paeg. (*aside, putting his left hand, with the letter, behind him*) It's that Sophoclidisca, the special maid of the wench I'm sent to.

Soph. (*aside*) There's not a little rascal around with a worse reputation.

Paeg. (*aside*) I'll have a word with her. (*advances*)

Soph. (*aside*) I'll have to wait.

Paeg. I must stop at this barrier.

Soph. (*aloud, tenderly*) Good morning, Paegnium, you little darling! What's the news? How are you?

Paeg. (*solemnly*) Sophoclidisca, God will bless me!

Soph. (*smiling*) What about me?

Paeg. Gad! That's as He sees fit. But if He does as you deserve, He'll hate you, by gad, and give you blazes.

Soph. Do stop being abusive.

Paeg. When I talk the way you deserve, it's not abuse but a blessing.

Soph. (*trying to be pleasant*) What's the news?

Paeg. I'm standing here face to face with you and gazing at a she-devil.

Soph. (*losing her patience*) A worse little imp than you I certainly don't know, no, not one!

Paeg. Quid male facio aut quoi male dico?
Soph. Quoi pol cumque occasio est.
Paeg. Nemo homo umquam ita arbitratust.
Soph. At pol multi esse ita sciunt.
Paeg. Heia.
Soph. Beia.
Paeg. Tuo ex ingenio mores alienos probas.
Soph. Fateor ego profecto me esse ut decet lenonis familiae.
Paeg. Satis iam dictum habeo.
Soph. Sed quid tu? confitere ut te autumo?
Paeg. Fatear, si ita sim.
Soph. Iam abi, vicisti.
Paeg. Abi nunciam ergo.
Soph. Hoc mi expedi, quo agis?
Paeg. Quo tu?
Soph. Dic tu.
Paeg. Dic tu.
Soph. Prior rogavi.
Paeg. At post scies.
Soph. Eo ego hinc haud longe.
Paeg. Et quidem ego haud longe hinc eo.
Soph. Quo ergo is, scelus?
Paeg. Nisi sciero prius ex te, tu ex me numquam hoc quod rogitas scies.
Soph. Numquam ecastor hodie scibis prius quam ex te audivero.
Paeg. Itane est?
Soph. Itane est.
Paeg. Mala es.
Soph. Scelestu's.
Paeg. Decet me.
Soph. Me quidem addecet.

Paeg. (*artlessly*) What do I do that's bad? Or whom do I say bad things to?
Soph. Goodness me! To everyone you get a chance to.
Paeg. No man ever thought so.
Soph. Good gracious! But lots of them know so.
Paeg. Oh, tush!
Soph. Oh, slush!
Paeg. You judge other people's characters from your own.
Soph. Naturally I admit being all a maid in a pimp's household ought to be.
Paeg. (*contemptuously*) Enough said, I think.
Soph. But what about you? Do you admit you're what I declare?
Paeg. I would, if I were.
Soph. Go along with you now! You win!
Paeg. Go along with yourself, then, right now.
Soph. Explain this, though—where are you bound?
Paeg. Where are you?
Soph. (*coaxingly*) You tell.
Paeg. You tell.
Soph. I asked first.
Paeg. But you'll be answered last.
Soph. It's not far from here I'm going.
Paeg. Yes, and it's not far from here I'm going.
Soph. Well then, where are you going, you little villain?
Paeg. I'll never tell you, unless you tell me first.
Soph. And I vow I'll never tell you till you answer me.
Paeg. Really?
Soph. Really.
Paeg. You jade!
Soph. You reprobate!
Paeg. Quite fit I should be.
Soph. And quite befitting I should be.

Paeg. Quid ais? certumnest celare, quo iter facias, pessuma?
Soph. Offirmastin occultare quo te immittas, pessume?
Paeg. Par pari respondes dicto. abi iam, quando ita certa res.
nihili facio scire. valeas.
Soph. Asta.
Paeg. At propero.
Soph. Et pol ego item.
Paeg. Ecquid habes?
Soph. Ecquid tu?
Paeg. Nil equidem.
Soph. Cedo manum ergo.
Paeg. Estne haec manus?
Soph. Vbi illa altera est furtifica laeva?
Paeg. Domi eccam. huc nullam attuli.
Soph. Habes nescio quid.
Paeg. Ne me attrecta, subigitatrix.
Soph. Sin te amo?
Paeg. Male operam locas.
Soph. Qui?
Paeg. Quia enim nihil amas, quom ingratum amas.
Soph. Temperi hanc vigilare oportet formulam atque aetatulam,
ne, ubi versicapillus fias, foede semper servias.
tu quidem haud etiam es octoginta pondo.
Paeg. At confidentia
illa militia militatur multo magis quam pondere.
atque ego hanc[1] operam perdo.

[1] Leo brackets following *nunc*.

Paeg. Look here! Do you intend to keep your destination dark, you vile female?

Soph. Have you made up your mind to keep your goal a secret, you vile male?

Paeg. That's tit for tat. Go along now, seeing that's your intention. It's nothing to me to know. (*moving on*) Good bye.

Soph. Stop!

Paeg. (*stopping*) But I'm in a hurry.

Soph. Good gracious! So am I.

Paeg. (*noticing she has one hand in the folds of her gown*) Have you got anything?

Soph. (*making a like discovery*) Have you?

Paeg. No indeed, not a thing.

Soph. Stick out your hand, then.

Paeg. (*holding out his right hand*) Isn't this a hand?

Soph. Where is the other—your light-fingered left?

Paeg. (*still holding it behind him*) Oh, that's at home. I didn't bring that one along.

Soph. (*pulling at his left arm*) You have something or other.

Paeg. (*pushing her away*) Don't you touch me, seduceress!

Soph. (*coquettishly*) But if I love you?

Paeg. A poor investment!

Soph. How so?

Paeg. Well, because love's unprofitable when it's unwelcome.

Soph. (*trying vainly to pet him*) Better be wide awake in good season while you're such a sweet, tender little thing, so that when your curls have changed their colour you won't be slaving it abjectly, always. As a matter of fact, you don't weigh even eighty pounds yet.

Paeg. Ah, but soldiering in that sort of service calls much more for spirit than for weight. However, this is wasted effort.

Soph. Quid iam?
Paeg. Quia peritae praedico.
sed ego cesso.
Soph. Mane.
Paeg. Molesta es.
Soph. Ergo ero quoque, nisi scio,
quo agas te.
Paeg. Ad vos.
Soph. Et pol ego ad vos.
Paeg. Quid eo?
Soph. Quid id ad te attinet?
Paeg. Enim non ibis nunc, vicissim nisi scio.
Soph. Odiosu's.
Paeg. Lubet.
numquam hercle istuc exterebrabis, tu ut sis peior
quam ego siem.
Soph. Malitia certare tecum miseria est.
Paeg. Mers tu mala es.
Soph. Quid est quod metuas?
Paeg. Idem istuc quod tu.
Soph. Dic ergo.[1] 239
Paeg. Edictum est magno opere mihi, ne quoiquam hoc
homini crederem,
omnes muti ut eloquerentur prius hoc quam ego.
Soph. At tu hoc face:
fide data credamus.
Paeg. Novi: omnes sunt lenae levifidae,
neque tippulae levius pondust, quam fides lenonia.
Soph. Dic amabo.
Paeg. Dic amabo.
Soph. Nolo ames.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here (*at dic tu prius* Goetz) and brackets following v., 240:
ne hoc cuiquam homini edicerem, omnes muti ut loquerentur prius.

oph. How is that?
Paeg. Because I'm explaining to an expert. But I'm loafing. (*moves on*)
oph. Wait!
Paeg. You're a nuisance!
oph. (*holding him back*) Then I'll continue to be, unless I find out where you're bound.
Paeg. To your house.
oph. Goodness me! And I to yours!
Paeg. Why there?
oph. What does that concern you? (*moves on*)
Paeg. (*catching hold of her*) Well, you shan't go now, unless you take a turn at telling me.
oph. You're a botheration!
Paeg. I like to be. By gad, you'll never screw so much out of me as to prove yourself slyer than I am.
oph. It's a bad business competing with you in badness.
Paeg. You're a bad piece of baggage yourself.
oph. What is it you're afraid of?
Paeg. The same thing as you.
oph. Tell me, then.[1]
Paeg. I was specially instructed not to trust it to a living soul; the dumb were all to speak out sooner than I.
oph. Oh well, come on, do! Let's promise secrecy and trust each other.
Paeg. I know, I know! Bawds are all lightweights with their word. Why, the word of a bawd weighs no more than a water-spider.
oph. Do tell me, there's a dear!
Paeg. Do tell me, there's a dear!
oph. I don't wish to be your dear.

[1] V. 240: The dumb were all to speak before I revealed it to a soul.

Paeg. Facile impetras.
Soph. Tecum habeto.
Paeg. Et tu hoc taceto.
Soph. Tacitum erit.
Paeg. Celabitur.
Soph. Toxilo has fero tabellas tuo ero.
Paeg. Abi, eccillum domi.
at ego hanc ad Lemniselenem tuam eram opsignatam abietem.
Soph. Quid istic scriptum?
Paeg. Iuxta tecum, si tu nescis, nescio; nisi fortasse blanda verba.
Soph. Abeo.
Paeg. Et ego abiero.
Soph. Ambula.

II. 3.

Sag. Iovi opulento, incluto,
Ope gnato, supremo, valido, viripotenti,
opes, spes bonas, copias commodanti
lubens[1] vitulorque merito,
quia meo amico amiciter hanc commoditatis copiam danunt, argenti mutui ut ei egenti opem adferam;
quod ego non magis somniabam neque opinabar neque censebam,
eam fore mihi occasionem, ea nunc quasi decidit de caelo;
nam erus meus me Eretriam misit, domitos boves ut sibi mercarer,
dedit argentum, nam ibi mercatum dixit esse die septumi:
stultus, qui hoc mihi daret argentum, cuius ingenium noverat.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *disque omnibus ago gratias* Ussing.

Paeg. Your wish is readily granted.
Soph. Keep it to yourself.
Paeg. Yes, and keep mum, yourself.
Soph. Mum I shall be.
Paeg. Never a word from me.
Soph. (*showing her letter*) I'm carrying this letter to your master, Toxilus.
Paeg. Go along. There he is, at home! Well, I'm carrying this sealed tablet (*showing it*) to your mistress, Lemniselenis.
Soph. What's written on it?
Paeg. I'm the same as you; if you don't know, I don't —except mushy words, perhaps.
Soph. I'm going.
Paeg. And I'll be gone. [EXIT INTO *Dordalus's* HOUSE.
Soph. (*calling after him*) Step along!
[EXIT INTO *Toxilus's* HOUSE.

Scene 3. ENTER *Sagaristio* IN HIGH SPIRITS.

Sag. O Jupiter, thou opulent, glorious son of Ops, deity supreme, powerful and puissant, who dost bestow opulence, happy hopes, and bounty, gladly do I thank thee and duly do I offer praise for that the gods do bestow upon my friend in friendly wise this bounteous benefit by enabling me to help him in his need with an opulent loan! Upon my soul, I no more dreamed or supposed or believed I should have this opportunity—it almost seems to have dropped from heaven! You see, my master has sent me to Eretria to purchase some plough-broken oxen for him, and he gave me the money, for the fair there, said he, comes a week from now. The poor fool! To give me this money, (*showing a wallet hung around his neck*) knowing my propensity! Naturally his money

nam hoc argentum alibi abutar: boves, quos emerem, non erant;
nunc et amico prosperabo et genio meo multa bona faciam,
diu quo bene erit, die uno absolvam: tux tax tergo erit meo. non curo.
nunc amico homini boves domitos mea ex crumina largiar.
nam id demum lepidumst, triparcos homines, vetulos, avidos, aridos
bene admordere, qui salinum servo obsignant cum sale.
virtus, ubi occasio admonet, dispicere. quid faciet mihi?
verberibus caedi iusserit, compedes impingi? vapulet,
ne sibi me credat supplicem fore: vae illi, nil iam mihi novi
offerre potest, quin sim peritus. sed[1] Toxili puerum Paegnium eccum.

II. 4.

Paeg. Pensum meum, quod datumst, confeci. nunc domum propero.
Sag. Mane, etsi properas.
Paegnium, ausculta.
Paeg. Emere oportet, quem tibi oboedire velis.
Sag. Asta.
Paeg. Exhibeas molestiam, ut opinor, si quid debeam, qui nunc sic tamen es molestus.
Sag. Scelerate, etiam respicis?
Paeg. Scio ego quid sim aetatis, eo istuc maledictum impune auferes.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *sed* ⟨*quis hinc exit*⟩ Leo.

shall be elsewhere misapplied, I'll manage that. There were no oxen for me to buy. Here's where I both prosper a friend and contribute a lot to my personal comfort. I'll reduce it all to one crowded day of glorious life. Master will play tic-tac on my back. I don't care. Now's my chance to shower my friend with plough-broken oxen from my wallet.

I tell you what, it's a grand and glorious thing to get a good nip at those triple-plated, doddering, greedy, dried-up old tight-fists who lock up their very salt-cellar, salt and all, against their slaves. (*pauses, then less buoyantly*) Reflection's a virtue when occasion prompts. What'll he do to me? Order me to be flogged raw? Have shackles forged on me? (*after another pause*) Let him be hanged! He needn't think I'll sue for mercy. Curse him! He can't offer me anything novel now. I'm a connoisseur. (*as Dordalus's door opens*) But there's Toxilus's boy, Paegnium.

Scene 4. ENTER *Paegnium.*

Paeg. (*not seeing Sagaristio*) I've done the task that was set me. Now I'll hurry home. (*quickens his pace*)

Sag. (*calling, consequentially*) Hold on, no matter if you are in a hurry! Hey, Paegnium, listen here!

Paeg. (*not looking*) If you want a fellow to obey you, better buy him.

Sag. Stop!

Paeg. (*not looking*) You'd make yourself a nuisance, if I owed you anything, I fancy, seeing what a nuisance you are as it is.

Sag. Look round, will you, you imp!

Paeg. (*stopping and surveying him coldly*) I know how old I am, so you can carry off your abuse without getting hurt.

Sag. Vbi Toxilus est tuus erus?
Paeg. Vbi illi libet, neque te consulit.
Sag. Etiam
dicis ubi sit, venefice?
Paeg. Nescio, inquam, ulmitriba tu.
Sag. Male dicis maiori.
Paeg. Prior promeritus perpetiare. 280
servam operam, linguam liberam erus iussit med habere.
Sag. Dicisne mi, ubi sit Toxilus?
Paeg. Dico ut perpetuo pereas.
Sag. Caedere hodie tu restibus.
Paeg. Tua quidem, cucule, causa!
non hercle, si os perciderim tibi, metuam, morticine.
Sag. Videō ego te: iam incubitatus es.
Paeg. Ita sum. quid id ad te?[1]
at non sum, ita ut tu, gratiis.
Sag. Confidens.
Paeg. Sum hercle vero.
nam ego me confido liberum fore, tu te numquam speras.
Sag. Potin ut molestus ne sies?
Paeg. Quod dicis facere non quis.
Sag. Abi in malam rem.
Paeg. At tu domum: nam ibi tibi parata praestost.
Sag. Vadatur hic me.
Paeg. Vtinam vades desint, in carcere ut sis.
Sag. Quid hoc?
Paeg. Quid est?
Sag. Etiam, scelus, male loquere?

[1] Leo brackets following *attinet*.

Sag. Where is your master, Toxilus?

Paeg. Where he pleases, and he's not asking your advice about it.

Sag. Come, tell me where he is, will you, you young viper?

Paeg. I don't know, I tell you, you birch-waster.

Sag. (*with dignity*) You are abusing your senior.

Paeg. You started it; so stand it. Master said I was to have a slave's tasks and a free tongue.

Sag. (*menacingly*) Are you going to tell me where Toxilus is?

Paeg. (*sweetly*) I do tell you—to go to blazes and stay there.

Sag. (*outraged*) You'll get your dose to-day with a rope's-end.

Paeg. Really? On your account, cuckoo? Gad! I'd have nothing to fear if I smashed your face in, you carrion.

Sag. Oh yes, I know you! You're your master's pet.

Paeg. So I am. What's that to you? But I'm not a pet for nothing, like yourself.

Sag. Such assurance!

Paeg. Yes indeed, by gad! for I'm assured of being free, which is more than you can ever hope for.

Sag. Can't you stop being a nuisance?

Paeg. You preach what you can't practise!

Sag. Oh, go to hell!

Paeg. But you go home! You'll find hell there all warmed up awaiting your appearance.

Sag. (*sarcastically*) This whippersnapper's binding me over by bail.

Paeg. I only hope you can't get bail and go to prison.

Sag. (*furious*) What's this?

Paeg. (*coolly*) Well, what?

Sag. Still abusing me, you rapscallion?

Paeg. Tandem ut liceat, 290
quom servos sis, servom tibi male dicere.
Sag. Itane? specta
quid dedero.
Paeg. Nil, nam nil habes.
Sag. Di deaeque me omnes perdant —
Paeg. Amicus sum, eveniant volo tibi quae optas.
Sag. Atque id fiat,
nisi te hodie, si prehendero, defigam in terram colaphis.
Paeg. Tun me defigas? te cruci ipsum adfigent propediem alii.
Sag. Qui te di deaeque — scis quid hinc porro dicturus fuerim,
ni linguae moderari queam. potin abeas?
Paeg. Abigis facile.
nam umbra mea iam intus vapulat.
Sag. Vt istunc di deaeque perdant.
tamquam proserpens bestiast bilinguis et scelestus.
hercle illum abiisse gaudeo. foris aperit, eccere autem 300
quem convenire maxime cupiebam egreditur intus.

II. 5.

Tox. Paratum iam esse dicito, unde argentum sit futurum,
iubeto habere animum bonum, dic me illam amare multum;
ubi se adiuvat, ibi me adiuvat. quae dixi ut nuntiares,
satin ea tenes?

Paeg. Being a slave yourself, you might at least let a slave abuse you.

Sag. (*shaking his fist*) Is that so? Watch what I will give you!

Paeg. Nothing, for nothing's all you own.

Sag. (*making for him*) May all the powers above consume me——

Paeg. (*retiring*) As a friend, I hope that what you pray for may come to pass.

Sag. And let it come, if once I catch you to-day and don't plant you in the ground with these fists! (*swings at him*)

Paeg. (*dodging*) You plant me? It's you that'll be planted by others before long, on a cross.

Sag. (*making another vain effort to land a blow*) May the powers above take you and—you know what I would add to that, if I couldn't restrain my tongue! Get out, can't you? (*makes another lunge*)

Paeg. (*over his shoulder, with a grin, as he skips toward Toxilus's house*) Easy job driving me off! As a matter of fact, my shadow's getting thrashed inside here already. [EXIT.

Sag. (*looking at the house*) May all the powers above consume that urchin! He's like a snake, with that two-forked villainous tongue of his. By Jove, I'm glad he's gone! Ah, the door's opening! Well, look at that! Out comes the very man I've been craving so to meet! (*steps back*)

Scene 5. ENTER *Toxilus* AND *Sophoclidisca.*

Tox. Say it's already arranged as to where the money's coming from. Tell her to feel confident, say I love her deeply; and when she cheers up she cheers me up, too. D'ye understand the message I've given you, all right?

Soph. Magis calleo quam aprugnum callum callet.
Tox. Propera, abi domum.[1]
Sag. Nunc ego huic graphice facetus fiam.
subnixis alis me inferam atque amicibor gloriose.
Tox. Sed quis hic ansatus ambulat?
Sag. Magnifice conscreabor.
Tox. Sagaristio hic quidemst. quid agitur, Sagaristio? ut valetur?
ecquid, quod mandavi tibi,[2] estne in te speculae?
Sag. Adito.
videbitur. factum volo. venito. promoneto.
Tox. Quid hoc hic in collo tibi tumet?
Sag. Vomicast, pressare parce;
nam ubi qui mala tangit manu, dolores cooriuntur.
Tox. Quando istaec innatast tibi?
Sag. Hodie.
Tox. Secari iubeas.
Sag. Metuo, ne immaturam secem, ne exhibeat plus negoti.
Tox. Inspicere morbum tuom lubet.
Sag. Ah ah, abi atque cave sis a cornu.
Tox. Quid iam?
Sag. Quia boves bini hic sunt in crumina.
Tox. Emitte sodes, ne enices fame; sine ire pastum.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: ⟨*Nunc*⟩ *nunc ego* Kaempf.
[2] Corrupt (Leo): *in te spcculacst* Ritschl.

Soph. (*carelessly*) Yes, I'm better grounded than a ground hog. [EXIT INTO HOUSE OF *Dordalus*.

Tox. (*calling after her*) Hurry! Home with you!

Sag. (*aside*) Now's my chance for a fine bit of funny business with him! I'll strut up with arms akimbo and a lordly air. (*gives his cloak a rakish turn and swaggers along*)

Tox. (*seeing him*) But what's this two-handled jug with the jaunty stride?

Sag. (*aside*) I'll spit impressively. (*does so*)

Tox. (*aside*) Why, it's Sagaristio! (*aloud*) How goes it, Sagaristio? How are you? How about my commission? Any hope at all in you, is there?

Sag. (*magnificently*) Approach. We shall see. Happy if I can oblige. Come here with you. Refresh my memory of the matter.

Tox. (*noting the bulge of the wallet under his cloak*) What's this swelling here on your neck? (*tries to feel it*)

Sag. (*drawing back*) It is a tumour. Be sure not to squeeze it. For when a rough person touches it, it begins to hurt.

Tox. When did it grow on you?

Sag. To-day.

Tox. You ought to have it cut out.

Sag. I am afraid of cutting it out too soon, or it may make more trouble.

Tox. I'd like to inspect your tumour. (*tries to*)

Sag. (*pushing him off*) Ah there, ah there! Get away! Better beware of the horns.

Tox. Eh? How's that?

Sag. Because there are a pair of oxen in this wallet. (*throwing his cloak aside*)

Tox. (*much concerned*) Let 'em out, please! Don't starve 'em to death! Let 'em go to pasture!

Sag. Enim metuo, ut possim reicere in bubile, ne vagentur.
Tox. Ego reiciam. habe animum bonum,
Sag. Credetur, commodabo.
sequere hac sis. argentum hic inest, quod mecum dudum orasti.
Tox. Quid tu ais?
Sag. Dominus me bovis mercatum Eretriam misit.
nunc mi Eretria erit haec tua domus.
Tox. Nimis tu facete loquere.
atque ego omne argentum tibi hoc actutum incolume redigam;
nam iam omnes sycophantias instruxi et comparavi,
quo pacto ab lenone auferam hoc argentum.
Sag. Tanto melior.
Tox. Et mulier ut sit libera atque ipse ultro det argentum.
sed sequere me: ad eam rem usus est tua mihi opera.
Sag. Vtere ut vis.

ACTVS III

Sat. Quae res bene vortat mi et tibi et ventri meo
perennitatique adeo huic, perpetuo cibus
ut mihi supersit, suppetat, superstitet:
sequere hac, mea gnata, me, cum dis volentibus.
quoi rei opera detur scis, tenes, intellegis;
communicavi tecum consilia omnia.
ea causa ad hoc exemplum te exornavi ego.
venibis tu hodie, virgo.

Sag. Ah, but I fear I can't drive 'em back to their stall; they might wander away.

Tox. I'll drive 'em back! Rest easy!

Sag. (*after a pause*) I'll trust you, you can take 'em. (*looking about cautiously and withdrawing*) This way, please. (*lifting the wallet from his neck*) Inside here is the money you recently begged me for.

Tox. What's that?

Sag. Master sent me to Eretria to buy some oxen. For the present your house here shall be my Eretria.

Tox. (*ecstatic*) Oh, what a wag you are! Yes sir, and I'll get all this money back to you intact in no time. For now I've got my schemes all laid and ready to do the pimp out of this money——

Sag. So much the better!

Tox. —and free the girl and make him give me still more money. (*turning toward his house*) But come along: I need your services in this matter.

Sag. Use 'em as you like. [EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.

ACT III

ENTER *Saturio*, FOLLOWED BY HIS DAUGHTER IN PERSIAN COSTUME.

Sat. (*solemnly*) May Heaven bless this undertaking for me and for you and for my belly, aye, and bring it food for ever and ever, world without end, amen, to surpass its needs, supply and surfeit it! This way, (*going toward Toxilus's house*) daughter mine, and God be with us! You know the nature of our task, you grasp it, understand it. I have apprised you of all our plans. This is the reason for arraying you as I have. You are to be sold to-day, young lady.

Vir. Amabo, mi pater,
quamquam libenter escis alienis studes,
tuin ventris causa filiam vendas tuam?
Sat. Mirum quin regis Philippi causa aut Attali
te potius vendam quam mea, quae sis mea.
Vir. Vtrum tu pro ancilla me habes an pro filia?
Sat. Vtrum hercle magis in ventris rem videbitur.
meum, opino, imperiumst in te, non in me tibi.
Vir. Tua istaec potestas est, pater. verum tamen,
quamquam res nostrae sunt, pater, pauperculae,
modice et modeste meliust vitam vivere;
nam ad paupertatem si admigrant infamiae,
gravior paupertas fit, fides sublestior.
Sat. Enim vero odiosa es.
Vir. Non sum, neque me esse arbitror,
quom parva natu recte praecipio patri.
nam inimici famam non ita ut natast ferunt.
Sat. Ferant eantque maximam malam crucem;
neque ego inimicitias omnes pluris existimo,
quam mensa inanis nunc si apponatur mihi.
Vir. Pater, hominum immortalis est infamia;
etiam tum vivit, cum esse credas mortuam.
Sat. Quid? metuis, ne te vendam?
Vir. Non metuo, pater.
verum insimulari nolo.
Sat. At nequiquam nevis.
meo modo istuc potius fiet quam tuo
fiat. quae hae res sunt?
Vir. Cogita hoc verbum, pater:

Daugh. But oh, father dear, no matter how eager you are to enjoy other people's food, would you really sell your own daughter for the sake of your stomach?

Sat. (*gruffly*) A likely thing I should sell you for the sake of King Philip or Attalus, rather than for my own sake, when you're mine.

Daugh. (*gently*) Which do you consider me, father, your maidservant, or your daughter?

Sat. Whichsoever seems more serviceable to my stomach, by Jove! I have authority over you, I take it, not you over me.

Daugh. Yes, father, you have the right to do it. Just the same, even if we are nothing but poor people, it's better to live modestly and as our means allow; for if on top of poverty comes dishonour, one's poverty becomes a heavier burden and one's good name a byword.

Sat. See here, girl, you are impertinent.

Daugh. No, I'm not, sir, and I don't hold it impertinent to give my father good advice, young though I am. I know this—enemies don't carry about a scandalous tale in its original form.

Sat. Let 'em carry it and go plump to the devil! I no more care for all the enmity there is than for an empty table, if one was set before me this moment.

Daugh. Father, dishonour is deathless; it goes on living even when you think it's dead.

Sat. See here! Are you really afraid of my selling you?

Daugh. No, father. But I don't wish you to pretend.

Sat. Well, your not wishing it is no use. I'm going to do this in my own way, not yours. What do you mean by acting so?

Daugh. Just consider this, father: suppose a master

erus si minatus est malum servo suo,
tametsi id futurum non est, ubi captumst flagrum,
dum tunicas ponit, quanta adficitur miseria!
ego nunc quod non futurumst formido tamen.

Sat. Virgo atque mulier nulla erit quin sit mala,
quae praeter sapiet quam placet parentibus.

Vir. Virgo atque mulier nulla erit quin sit mala,
quae reticet, si quid fieri pervorse videt.

Sat. Malo cavere meliust te.

Vir. At si non licet
cavere, quid agam? nam ego tibi cautum volo.

Sat. Malusne ego sum?

Vir. Non es, neque me dignumst dicere,
verum ei rei operam do, ne alii dicant, quibus licet.

Sat. Dicat quod quisque volt; ego de hac sententia non demovebor.

Vir. At, meo si liceat modo,
sapienter potius facias quam stulte.

Sat. Lubet.

Vir. Lubere per me tibi licere intellego;
verum lubere hau lubeat, si liceat mihi.

Sat. Futura es dicto oboediens an non patri?

Vir. Futura.

Sat. Scis iam tibi quae praecepi?

Vir. Omnia.

Sat. Et ut surrupta fueris?

Vir. Docte calleo.

Sat. Et qui parentes fuerint?

Vir. Habeo in memoria.

threatens to flog a slave; even though he doesn't mean to do it, yet once the whip's in hand and the poor creature's tunic's laid aside, what misery he suffers! You don't mean to sell me, but I, too, am fearful just the same.

it. Any girl or woman is certainly bad, if she knows more than her parents care to have her know.

augh. And any girl or woman is certainly bad if she holds her peace when she sees things going wrong.

it. (*angrily*) Better look out for something bad yourself!

augh. (*earnestly*) But if you don't permit me to look out, what shall I do? For you are the one I want to look out for.

it. So I am bad, eh?

augh. No, father, and it's not proper for me to say so; but I'm trying to prevent other people saying so, people whose tongues aren't tied.

it. Let anyone say what he wants; I am not to be diverted from this purpose.

augh. But if you let me have my way, you'd act wisely rather than foolishly.

it. (*sulkily*) I'm doing what I like.

augh. I realize I must let you do as you like, but you would not like doing as you like, if you would let me counsel you.

it. (*threateningly*) Do you intend to obey your father's orders, or not?

augh. (*patiently*) I do.

it. You understand my instructions now?

augh. Entirely.

it. And how you were stolen?

augh. I am well informed.

it. And who your parents were?

augh. Yes, I remember. (*forlornly*) Father, you are

necessitate me mala ut fiam facis.
verum videto, me ubi voles nuptum dare,
ne haec fama faciat repudiosas nuptias.

Sat. Tace, stulta. non tu nunc hominum mores vides?
quoivis modi hic cum [1] fama facile nubitur:
dum dos sit, nullum vitium vitio vortitur.

Vir. Ergo istuc facito ut veniat in mentem tibi,
me esse indotatam.

Sat. Cave sis tu istuc dixeris.
pol deum virtute dicam et maiorum meum,
ne te indotatam dicas, quoi dos sit domi:
librorum eccillum habeo plenum soracum.
si hoc adcurassis lepide, cui rei operam damus,
dabuntur dotis tibi inde sescenti logi,
atque Attici omnes; nullum Siculum acceperis:
cum hac dote poteris vel mendico nubere.

Vir. Quin tu me ducis, si quo ducturu's, pater?
vel tu me vende vel face quid tibi lubet.

Sat. Bonum aequomque oras. sequere hac.

Vir. Dicto sum audiens.

III. 2.

Dor. Quidnam esse acturum hunc dicam vicinum meum,
qui mihi iuratust sese hodie argentum dare?
quod si non dederit atque hic dies praeterierit,
ego argentum, ille iusiurandum amiserit.
sed ibi concrepuit foris. quisnam egreditur foras?

[1] Leo brackets following *mala*.

forcing me to be a bad woman. But see to it that, when you wish to marry me to someone, this scandal may not make the match repudiable.

Sat. Shut up, stupid! Don't you see how men are nowadays? It's easy for any girl to get married here, no matter what her reputation is: only let her have a dowry, a smirch seems no smirch at all.

Daugh. Well then, see you bear in mind the fact that I have no dowry.

Sat. (*indignantly*) You will please not say that. By heaven, thanks to the gods and my own forbears, let me tell you, you are not to say you have no dowry, when you have one at home. Why, look you! I have a whole hamper full of books. If you do a neat, careful piece of work on this job of ours, I'll give you a good six hundred witticisims out of 'em for a dowry, and all Attic ones, without a single Sicilian quip amongst 'em. Why, with such a dowry you can marry even a beggar.

Daugh. (*hopeless*) If you intend to take me anywhere, father, why not do so? Sell me, do anything you like.

Sat. A fair and proper request. Come this way. (*goes toward Toxilus's house*)

Daugh. (*following*) I hear and obey. [EXEUNT.

Scene 2. ENTER *Dordalus.*

Dor. (*with a sour glance at Toxilus's house*) Well, what does my neighbour intend to do, I wonder, in view of his having taken oath to give me the money to-day? If the day passes without his paying me, I'll lose my cash and he his credit. (*listening*) A noise at the door there, though! Who's coming out, I wonder?

III. 3.

Tox. Curate isti intus, iam ego domum me recipiam.
Dor. Oh,
Toxile, quid agitur?
Tox. Oh, lutum lenonium,
commixtum caeno sterculinum publicum,
impure, inhoneste, iniure, inlex, labes popli,
pecuniae accipiter avide atque invide,
procax, rapax, trahax — trecentis versibus
tuas impuritias traloqui nemo potest —
accipin argentum? accipe sis argentum, impudens,
tene sis argentum, etiam tu argentum tenes?
possum te facere ut argentum accipias, lutum?
non mihi censebas copiam argenti fore,
qui nisi iurato mihi nil ausu's credere?
Dor. Sine respirare me, ut tibi respondeam.
vir summe populi, stabulum servitutium,
scortorum liberator, suduculum flagri,
compedium tritor, pistrinorum civitas,
perenniserve, lurco, edax, furax, fugax,
cedo sis mi argentum, da mihi argentum, impudens,
possum a te exigere argentum? argentum, inquam, cedo,
quin tu mi argentum reddis? nilne te pudet?
leno te argentum poscit, solida servitus,
pro liberanda amica, ut omnes audiant.
Tox. Tace, obsecro hercle. ne tua vox valide valet.
Dor. Referundae ego habeo linguam natam gratiae.
eodem mihi pretio sal praehibetur quo tibi.

Scene 3. ENTER *Toxilus*.

Tox. (*to slaves within*) See to things inside there; I shall be back shortly.

Dor. Ah there, Toxilus, how goes it?

Tox. (*turning on him savagely and shaking the wallet in his face*) Ah, there, you putrefied pimp, you mixture of mire and public dung-pit, you indecent, infamous, iniquitous lump of illegality, you blot on the community, you hungry, hateful money-hawk, you nasty, greedy, grabby miscreant—no one can phrasify your filthiness in three hundred lines! —will you accept your money? Come, kindly accept your money, brassface, kindly take your money! Here, take your money, will you? Can I make you accept your money, muckheap? Didn't suppose I'd be supplied with money, did you, when you wouldn't trust me at all except under oath?

Dor. (*gathering himself together*) Let me recover my breath for a reply. (*bellowing*) See here, you idol of the public, you haunt of hangdog menials, you liberator of harlots, you whiplasher, shackle-waster, miller's metropolis, liferslave, you swilling, stuffing, stealing runaway, you kindly hand over my money! Give me my money, brassface! Can I make you relinquish my money? Hand over my money, I tell you! Why don't you pay me my money? Shameless entirely, are you? It's a pimp dunning you for money for setting your mistress free, you embodiment of bondage, and dunning you for all to hear!

Tox. (*looking about nervously*) Shut up, for God's sake! Lord, man, you've got grand good lungs!

Dor. My tongue was made to return a compliment. Salt is sold me at the same price as to you. And

nisi me haec defendet, numquam delinget salem.
Tox. Iam omitte iratus esse. id tibi suscensui,
quia te negabas credere argentum mihi.
Dor. Mirum quin tibi ego crederem, ut idem mihi
faceres quod partim faciunt argentarii :
ubi quid credideris, citius extemplo a foro
fugiunt quam ex porta ludis cum emissust lepus.
Tox. Cape hoc sis.
Dor. Quin das ?
Tox. Nummi sescenti hic erunt,
probi, numerati. fac sit mulier libera,
atque huc continuo adduce.
Dor. Iam faxo hic erit.
non hercle, quoi nunc hoc dem spectandum, scio.
Tox. Fortasse metuis in manum concredere ?
Dor. Mirum quin[1]
Tox. Abi istac travorsis angiportis ad forum ;
eadem istaec facito mulier ad me transeat
per hortum.
Dor. Iam hic faxo aderit.
Tox. At ne propalam.
Dor. Sapienter sane.
Tox. Supplicatum cras eat.
Dor. Ita hercle vero.
Tox. Dum stas, reditum oportuit.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here, *Mirum ⟨quom⟩ citius* Lindsay and brackets rest of v. and following v. 443:

citius iam a foro argentarii
abeunt, quam in cursu rotula circumvortitur.

never a lick of it shall my tongue have, unless she looks after me.

Tox. (*soothingly*) Do stop being angry now. I was offended at you for refusing to trust me with the money.

Dor. (*still irate*) A wonder I wouldn't trust you, to have you play the same trick on me that some of the bankers play! Once you trust anything to them, they scurry away from the forum faster than a hare from its cage door at the games.

Tox. (*holding out Sagaristio's wallet*) You kindly take this.

Dor. (*as Toxilus withdraws it*) Why don't you give it to me?

Tox. (*glancing at the contents*) You will find here sixty pounds, good honest cash. (*passing it over*) Set the girl free and bring her here immediately.

Dor. (*carelessly, opening the wallet*) I'll soon have her here. (*half to himself, examining one of the coins*) Jove! I don't know whom I can get to test this for me.

Tox. You dread entrusting it to anyone, I daresay?

Dor. It's a wonder[1] . . .

Tox. Go that way, (*pointing*) by the back alleys, to the forum; let the girl come to my house the same way, through the garden.

Dor. (*still examining the money*) I'll soon get her here.

Tox. (*urgently*) But don't make it too public.

Dor. (*looking up with a sneer*) There's certainly tact in that!

Tox. She can go and thank the gods to-morrow.

Dor. Yes, of course! Lord, yes! [EXIT.

Tox. (*calling after him*) You should have got back in the time you've been standing here.

[1] Vv. 442–443: The bankers decamp from the forum these days faster than a wheel turns around in its travels.

ACTVS IV

Tox. Si quam rem accures sobrie aut frugaliter,
solet illa recte sub manus succedere.
atque edepol ferme ut quisque rem accurat suam,
sic ei procedit postprincipio, denique
si malus aut nequamst, male res vortunt quas agit,
sin autem frugist, eveniunt frugaliter.
hanc ego rem exorsus sum facete et callide,
igitur proventuram bene confido mihi.
nunc ego lenonem ita hodie intricatum dabo,
ut ipsus sese, qua se expediat, nesciat.
Sagaristio, heus, exi atque educe virginem
et istas tabellas, quas consignavi tibi,
quas tu attulisti mi ab ero meo usque e Persia.

IV. 2.

Sag. Numquid moror?
Tox. Euge, euge, exornatu's basilice;
tiara ornatum lepida condecorat schema.
tum hanc hospitam autem crepidula ut graphice decet.
sed satin estis meditati?
Sag. Tragici et comici
numquam aeque sunt meditati.

ACT IV

Toxilus ON STAGE AFTER EXIT OF *Dordalus.*

Tox. (*contentedly*) If you give a matter serious or proper attention, it generally makes good progress under your management. Yes, by Jove, a man's affairs proceed and prove successful pretty nearly according to the attention he gives 'em, and in the end, if he's a poor sort, some useless stick, his undertakings turn out poorly; but if he's the proper sort, they come out properly. Now I've got this affair of mine under way in clever, canny style, so I'm confident of a happy outcome. I'll proceed to get the pimp so tied up to-day that he won't know how to extricate himself. (*calling at his door*) Hey! Sagaristio! Come out and bring along the young lady and that letter I wrote and sealed for you, which (*chuckling*) you brought me from my master all the way from Persia.

Scene 2. ENTER *Sagaristio* AND *Saturio's* DAUGHTER IN PERSIAN COSTUME.

Sag. (*pirouetting*) Anything slow about me? (*hands Toxilus the letter*)

Tox. (*surveying him*) Good! Good! A royal get-up! That turban sets off your outfit in lovely fashion! (*inspecting the girl*) Yes, and those little sandals —they suit the stranger maiden to a T! But have you got your parts well in mind?

Sag. (*with conviction*) Never did tragedian or comedian have 'em better.

Tox. Lepide hercle adiuvas.[1]
id erit adeundi tempus. nunc agite ite vos.

IV. 3.

Dor. Quoi homini di propitii sunt, aliquid obiciunt lucri;
nam ego hodie compendi feci binos panes in dies.
ita ancilla mea quae fuit hodie, sua nunc est: argento vicit;
iam hodie alienum cenabit, nil gustabit de meo.
sumne probus, sum lepidus civis, qui Atticam hodie civitatem
maximam maiorem feci atque auxi civi femina?
sed ut ego hodie fui benignus, ut ego multis credidi,
nec satis a quiquam homine accepi: ita prosum credebam omnibus;
nec metuo, quibus credidi hodie, ne quis mi in iure abiurassit:
bonus volo iam ex hoc die esse—quod neque fiet neque fuit.
Tox. Hunc hominem ego hodie in trasennam doctis deducam dolis,
itaque huic insidiae paratae sunt probe. adgrediar virum.
quid agis?
Dor. Credo.
Tox. Vnde agis te, Dordale?
Dor. Credo tibi.
di dent, quae velis.
Tox. Eho, an iam manu emisisti mulierem?

[1] Leo brackets following vv., 467–468:

age, illuc abscede procul e conspectu et tace.
ubi cum lenone me videbis conloqui

Tox. By Jove, this is glorious assistance![1] (*looking down the street*) It's about time for him to appear. Come now, you two, be off!

[EXEUNT *Sagaristio* AND THE GIRL.

Scene 3. ENTER *Dordalus.*

Dor. (*serenely, not seeing Toxilus*) When the gods feel kindly toward a man they put something lucrative in his way. Here's my case—I've just now saved two loaves a day. For that maidservant I owned to-day now owns herself: (*glancing at Toxilus's house*) he bought his victory. And now she'll dine off someone else to-day and not eat a bite of mine. (*grimly*) Oh, but ain't I a high-minded, superlative citizen to have made our great and glorious Attic commonwealth greater still to-day by giving it another citizeness? (*dreaming*) But what a kindly soul I've been to-day! How many men I did trust, without taking security from one! The way I kept trusting everyone entirely! And never a fear of anyone I trusted to-day denying his debts to me in court! I want to be a good man now, from this day on—(*waking up*) a wish that won't come true and never has!

Tox. (*aside*) Now to lead this chap into the net with my masterly manœuvres, the trap being all finely fixed for him! I'll up to the worthy. (*advances*) How goes it?

Dor. (*as in a revery*) Trustfully.

Tox. Where are you coming from, Dordalus?

Dor. I trust you. God grant your desires!

Tox. Oho! Have you actually freed the girl already?

[1] Vv. 467–468: Come, get over there at some distance out of sight, and keep still. When you see me talking with the pimp——

Dor. Credo edepol, credo, inquam, tibi.
Tox. Iam liberta auctu's?
Dor. Enicas.
quin tibi me dico credere.
Tox. Dic bona fide: iam liberast?
Dor. Olim.
i, i ad forum ad praetorem, exquire, siquidem mihi credere non vis.
libera, inquam, est: ecquid audis?
Tox. At tibi di bene faciant omnes.
numquam enim posthac tibi nec tuorum quoiquam quod nolis volam.
Dor. Abi, ne iura, satis credo.
Tox. Vbi nunc tua libertast?
Dor. Apud te.
Tox. Ain, apud mest?
Dor. Aio, inquam, apud te est, inquam.
Tox. Ita me di ament, ut ob istam rem tibi multa bona instant a me.
nam est res quaedam, quam occultabam tibi dicere: nunc eam narrabo,
unde tu pergrande lucrum facias: faciam, ut mei memineris, dum vitam
vivas.
Dor. Bene dictis tuis bene facta aures meae auxilium exposcunt.
Tox. Tuom promeritumst, merito ut faciam. et ut me scias esse ita facturum,
tabellas tene has, pellege.
Dor. Istae quid ad me?
Tox. Immo ad te attinent et tua refert.
nam ex Persia sunt haec allatae mihi a meo ero.
Dor. Quando?
Tox. Haud dudum.

or. I trust, yes, by heaven, I say, I do trust you.
ox. So you're a freedwoman the richer, eh?
or. (*roused into peevishness*) Oh, you plague! See here! I tell you I trust you.
ox. Tell me, honestly—is she free now?
or. Long ago. Go on, go to the forum to the praetor, inquire, in case you're unwilling to trust me. She's free, I tell you. Can't you hear?
ox. (*fervently*) Well, well! May all the powers of heaven bless you! From this day forth I'll wish for you or yours nothing but what you wish!
or. Go along with you, don't take oath to it! I trust you all right.
ox. Where is your freedwoman now?
or. At your house.
ox. Really? At my house?
or. Yes, really, I say, at your house, I say.
ox. (*in a transport of gratitude*) So help me heaven, but that's going to bring you a big harvest from me! (*lowering his voice*) You see, there is a certain matter I was keeping to myself; but now I'm going to tell you about it and it'll be monstrously lucrative for you. I'll make you remember me your whole life long.
or. (*sceptical*) My ears await some benefits in support of your benedictions.
ox. (*zealously*) You deserve to have me give you your deserts. And just to let you know I will, take this letter, (*holding it out*) read it through.
or. (*declining it, offishly*) How does it concern me?
ox. Ah, but it does concern you and you'll find it of interest. It was brought me from Persia, from my master, you see.
or. When?
ox. Not long ago.

Dor. Quid istae narrant?
Tox. Percontare ex ipsis. ipsae tibi narrabunt.
Dor. Cedo sane.[1]
Tox. At clare recitato.
Dor. Tace, dum pellego.
Tox. Hau verbum faciam.
Dor. Salutem dicit Toxilo Timarchides
et familiae omni. si valetis, gaudeo.
ego valeo recte et rem gero et facio lucrum,
neque istoc redire his octo possum mensibus,
itaque hic est quod me detinet negotium.
Chrysopolim Persae cepere urbem in Arabia,
plenam bonarum rerum atque antiquom oppidum:
ea comportatur praeda, ut fiat auctio
publicitus; ea res me domo expertem facit.
operam atque hospitium ego isti praehiberi volo,
qui tibi tabellas adfert. cura quae is volet,
nam is mihi honores suae domi habuit maxumos.
Quid id ad me aut ad meam rem refert, Persae quid rerum gerant
aut quid erus tuos?
Tox. Tace, stultiloque; nescis quid te instet boni
neque quam tibi Fortuna faculam lucrifera adlucere volt.
Dor. Quae istaec lucrifera est Fortuna?
Tox. Istas, quae norunt, roga.
ego tantumdem scio quantum tu, nisi quod pellegi prior.
sed, ut occepisti, ex tabellis nosce rem.
Dor. Bene me mones.
fac silentium.

[1] Leo brackets following *mihi*.

Dor. What does it say?

Tox. Ask it. It'll tell you itself.

Dor. All right, give it here. (*takes it*)

Tox. But read it out loud.

Dor. Keep still and I'll do so.

Tox. I won't say a word.

Dor. (*reading*) "Best wishes from Timarchides to Toxilus and the whole household! If you are well, I am content. I am perfectly well myself, busy, and lucratively so, and cannot return for the next eight months, there being a matter here which detains me.

"The Persians have captured the city of Chrysopolis in Arabia, an ancient town and rolling in riches. This booty is being collected for a public auction—which fact accounts for my absenting myself from home.

"I wish the service and hospitality of our household to be extended to the bearer of this letter. Give his wishes your careful attention, for he has treated me with the greatest consideration in his own home." (*looking up disgustedly*) What does it matter to me or my welfare what the Persians are doing, or your master, either?

Tox. (*eagerly*) Do keep still, you blitherer! You don't know what a harvest is coming to you, or what a sweet little torch lucreful Luck's ready to light for you!

Dor. What's that lucreful Luck of yours?

Tox. Ask the party that knows. (*indicating letter*) All I know is what you do, except that I read it through first. But learn about it from the letter, as you began.

Dor. A good suggestion. Keep still.

Tox. Nunc ad illud venies quod refert tua.
Dor. Iste qui tabellas adfert adduxit simul
forma expetenda liberalem virginem,
furtivam, abductam ex Arabia penitissuma;
eam te volo accurare ut istic veneat.
ac suo periclo is emat qui eam mercabitur:
mancipio neque promittet neque quisquam dabit.
probum et numeratum argentum ut accipiat face.
haec cura, et hospes cura ut curetur. vale.
Tox. Quid igitur? postquam recitasti quod erat cerae creditum,
iam mihi credis?
Dor. Vbi nunc illest hospes, qui hasce huc attulit?
Tox. Iam hic credo aderit: arcessivit illam a navi.
Dor. Nil mi opust litibus neque tricis. quam ob rem ego argentum enumerem foras?
nisi mancipio accipio, quid eo mi opus est mercimonio?
Tox. Tacen an non taces? numquam ego te tam esse matulam credidi.
quid metuis?
Dor. Metuo hercle vero. sensi ego iam compluriens,
neque mi haud imperito eveniet, tali ut in luto haeream.
Tox. Nil pericli mihi videtur.
Dor. Scio istuc, sed metuo mihi.
Tox. Mea quidem istuc nil refert: tua ego hoc facio gratia,
ut tibi recte conciliandi primo facerem copiam.
Dor. Gratiam habeo. sed te de aliis, quam alios de te suaviust
fieri doctos.

Fox. Now you'll come to what is to your interest.

Dor. (*reading*) "The bearer of this letter has brought with him a girl, remarkably beautiful and ladylike, who was stolen, abducted, from the inmost recesses of Arabia; I want you to see to it she is sold there. The buyer is to buy her at his own risk, mind. No warrant will be promised or given. See that my guest receives good honest money, cash down. Look after this, and look out that he is looked after. Farewell."

Fox. (*enthusiastic*) Well now? Having read what was trusted to the wax there, do you trust me?

Dor. (*guardedly*) Where is that stranger at present who brought the letter here?

Fox. He'll soon be here, I trust; he went to fetch the girl from the ship.

Dor. (*shaking his head*) I've got no use at all for lawsuits or quirks. Why should I pay over my money to outsiders? Unless I receive a warrant, what use have I for such wares?

Fox. Will you shut up, or won't you? I never supposed you were such a pothead! What are you afraid of?

Dor. Gad, but I am afraid, for a fact. I've had a good many lessons already, and it won't be any new experience to get stuck in a mudhole like that.

Fox. (*with guileless ambiguity*) There doesn't seem to be any danger, to me.

Dor. (*dryly*) I know that, but it's myself I fear for.

Fox. (*with a shrug*) Oh well, it's of no consequence to me. I'm doing it merely out of consideration for you, so as to give you first chance to pick her up at a bargain.

Dor. Much obliged. But it's pleasanter to profit by a horrible example than to be one.

Tox. Ne quis vero ex Arabia penitissuma persequatur. etiam tu illam destinas?

Dor. Videam modo mercimonium.

Tox. Aequa dicis. sed optume eccum ipse advenit hospes ille, qui has tabellas attulit.

Dor. Hicinest?

Tox. Hic est.

Dor. Haecine illast furtiva virgo?

Tox. Iuxta tecum aeque scio, nisi quia specie quidem edepol liberalist, quisquis est.

Dor. Sat edepol concinnast facie.

Tox. Vt contemptim carnufex. taciti contemplemur formam.

Dor. Laudo consilium tuom.

IV. 4.

Sag. Satin Athenae tibi sunt visae fortunatae atque opiparae?

Vir. Vrbis speciem vidi, hominum mores perspexi parum.

Tox. Numquid in principio cessavit verbum docte dicere?

Dor. Hau potui etiam in primo verbo perspicere sapientiam.

Tox. But surely no one would follow her up (*emphatically*) "from the inmost recesses of Arabia." You mean to buy her, of course?

Dor. (*after reflection*) Well, but I must see the goods.

Tox. Right you are! (*looking down the street*) But here's luck! Look! There comes that stranger himself that brought the letter!

Dor. He's the man, eh?

Tox. He's the one.

Dor. (*looking intently*) And is she that stolen girl?

Tox. I know just as much as you about that—(*eyeing her most appreciatively*) except that she certainly has a ladylike look, by gad, whoever she is.

Dor. (*hiding his delight*) Oh yes, she's a rather neat contrivance.

Tox. (*aside*) Such a condescending scoundrel! (*aloud, drawing him back*) Let's keep quiet and consider her appearance.

Dor. (*ogling the approaching girl*) A good idea! Congratulations!

Scene 4. ENTER *Sagaristio* AND *Saturio's* DAUGHTER, LOOKING ABOUT INTERESTEDLY, BUT PRETENDING NOT TO SEE THE OTHER PAIR.

Sag. Does Athens seem happy and prosperous enough to suit you?

Daugh. (*demurely*) I have observed the aspect of the city; the character of the inhabitants I have not sufficiently studied.

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus, approvingly*) How's that for coming out plump with something shrewd to begin with?

Dor. (*aside to Toxilus with assumed indifference*) I haven't been able to assure myself of her good sense from her first few words.

Sag. Quid id quod vidisti? ut munitum muro tibi visum oppidumst?
Vir. Si incolae bene sunt morati, pulchre munitum arbitror.
perfidia et peculatus ex urbe et avaritia si exulant,
quarta invidia, quinta ambitio, sexta obtrectatio,
septimum periurium,
Tox. Euge.
Vir. Octava indiligentia,
nona iniuria, decimum, quod pessimum adgressust, scelus:
haec unde aberunt, ea urbs moenita muro sat erit simplici;
ubi ea aderunt, centumplex murus rebus servandis parumst.
Tox. Quid ais tu?
Dor. Quid vis?
Tox. Tu in illis es decem sodalibus:
te in exilium ire hinc oportet.
Dor. Quid iam?
Tox. Quia periurus es.
Dor. Verba quidem haud indocte fecit.
Tox. Ex tuo, inquam, usust: eme hanc.
Dor. Edepol qui cum hanc magis contemplo, magis placet.
Tox. Si hanc emeris,
di immortales, nullus leno te alter erit opulentior.
evortes tuo arbitratu homines fundis, familiis;
cum optimis viris rem habebis, gratiam cupient tuam:
venient ad te comissatum.
Dor. At ego intro mitti votuero.

Sag. How about what you have observed? The wall—what do you think of that as a fortification for the town?

Daugh. If the citizens are of sound character, I consider the town splendidly fortified. If perfidy and peculation and greed are banished from this city, yes, and envy, for a fourth, and fifth, place-hunting, sixth, vilification, seventh, perjury——

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus, with a dig in the ribs*) Hear! Hear!

Daugh. —and eighth, indifference, ninth, injustice, and tenth and worst in its assaults, crime—the city from which these vices are absent will be walled well enough with a single wall. But where they are present, a hundred-fold wall is not enough to preserve the property within it.

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus*) I say, you!

Dor. (*rapt*) What d'ye want?

Tox. You belong to that fraternity of ten: it would become you to banish yourself.

Dor. How's that?

Tox. For being a perjurer.

Dor. (*wryly*) Her remarks weren't entirely pointless, for a fact.

Tox. (*earnestly*) You can use her to advantage, I tell you. Buy her.

Dor. Upon my soul, the more I consider her, the more she pleases me.

Tox. If you do buy her, ye immortal gods! There'll be no wealthier pimp alive. You'll turn men out of their estates and households at your discretion; you'll do business with the leading citizens, have 'em currying favour with you. They'll be coming to your house for their revels!

Dor. (*with affected rigour*) But I shall forbid their admission.

Tox. At enim illi noctu occentabunt ostium, exurent fores:
proin tu tibi iubeas concludi aedis foribus ferreis,
ferreas aedis commutes, limina indas ferrea,
ferream seram atque anellum; ne sis ferro parseris:
ferreas tute tibi impingi iubeas crassas compedis.
Dor. I sis in malum cruciatum.
Tox. I sane tu,[1] ausculta mihi.
Dor. Modo uti sciam, quanti indicet.
Tox. Vin huc vocem?
Dor. Ego illo accessero.
Tox. Quid agis, hospes?
Sag. Venio, adduco hanc ad te, ut dudum dixeram.
nam heri in portum noctu navis venit. veniri hanc volo,
si potest; si non potest, iri hinc volo quantum potest.
Dor. Salvos sis, adulescens.
Sag. Siquidem hanc vendidero pretio suo.
Tox. At qui aut hoc emptore vendes pulchre, aut alio non potis.
Sag. Esne tu huic amicus?
Tox. Tam quam di omnes qui caelum colunt.
Dor. Tum tu mi es inimicus certus. nam generi lenonio
numquam ullus deus tam benignus fuit, qui fuerit propitius.
Sag. Hoc age. opusnest hac tibi empta?
Dor. Si tibi venissest opus,
mihi quoque emptast; si tibi subiti nihil est, tantumdemst mihi.
Sag. Indica, fac pretium.
Dor. Tua mers est, tua indicatiost.

[1] Leo brackets following *hanc eme atque.*

Tox. Why, but they'll serenade your portals by night, burn down your doors! Forestall 'em: order your house to be shut up with doors of iron; change it to a house of iron; put in iron thresholds, an iron bar, an iron ring. Please, please don't spare the iron—order some for (*grinning*) yourself, a good solid set of shackles, rivetted on.

Dor. (*genially*) Please, please, go to hell!

Tox. (*vigorously*) You go, do—(*mildly, with a wave toward the girl*) and listen to me.

Dor. I only wish I knew what he asks for her.

Tox. Want me to call him over here?

Dor. I'll step over there. (*they advance*)

Tox. (*to Sagaristio*) What of you, sir stranger?

Sag. (*brusquely*) I am here, and bringing this girl to you as I recently said I would. My ship, as you know, arrived in port last night. I want this girl sold if possible; if not, I want to be gone as soon as possible.

Dor. Good day to you, sir.

Sag. Yes, good, if I sell her at her real value.

Tox. But if you can't sell her on fine terms to (*winking surreptitiously at Dordalus*) this buyer, sir, I swear you can't to anyone.

Sag. (*interested*) Are you a friend of his?

Tox. As true as all the gods in heaven.

Dor. (*aside to him*) Then you are a confirmed enemy of mine. For never was there any god obliging enough to give us pimps a helping hand.

Sag. To business! You have occasion to buy this girl?

Dor. (*cautious*) If you have occasion to sell her, why, yes, I have occasion to buy her; if it's no emergency with you, it's no more so with me.

Sag. Put a price on her; make a bid.

Dor. She's your goods; you're the one to put a price on her.

Tox. Aequom hic orat.
Sag. Vin bene emere?
Dor. Vin tu pulchre vendere?
Tox. Ego scio hercle utrumque velle.
Dor. Age, indica prognariter.
Sag. Prius dico: hanc mancupio nemo tibi dabit. iam scis?
Dor. Scio.
indica, minimo daturus qui sis, qui duci queat.
Tox. Tace, tace. nimis tu quidem hercle homo stultus es pueriliter.
Dor. Quid ita?
Tox. Quia enim te ex puella prius percontari volo quae ad rem referunt.
Dor. Atque hercle tu me monuisti hau male. vide sis, ego ille doctus leno paene in foveam decidi,
ni hic adesses. quantum est adhibere hominem amicum, ubi quid geras.
Tox. Quo genere aut qua in patria nata sit aut quibus parentibus,
ne temere hanc te emisse dicas suasu atque impulsu meo,
volo te percontari.
Dor. Quin laudo, inquam, consilium tuom.
Tox. Nisi molestum est, percontari hanc paucis hic volt.
Sag. Maxime, suo arbitratu.
Tox. Quid stas? adi sis tute atque ipse itidem roga,
ut tibi percontari liceat quae velis; etsi mihi
dixit dare potestatem eius; sed ego te malo tamen,
eumpse adire, ut ne contemnat te ille.

Tox. (*to Sagaristio, confidentially*) That's a fair request of his.

Sag. D'ye want to buy her at a good figure?

Dor. And you—want to sell her at a fine figure?

Tox. Gad! You both want that, I know.

Dor. Come on, put a price on her, like a man.

Sag. I tell you this first: nobody will give you a warrant with her. You understand now?

Dor. (*eagerly*) I understand. State the lowest figure you'll let her go for.

Tox. (*pulling Dordalus aside*) Hush, man, hush! Good Lord, what a childish simpleton you are, really!

Dor. Eh? How's that?

Tox. Why, because I want you to put some pertinent questions to the girl first.

Dor. And not a bad suggestion, either, by Jove! Will you just look at this—here am I, that wily pimp, almost falling into a pit, if you hadn't been here! Ah, it's a great thing to have a friend by, when you have business.

Tox. I want you to question her about her family, or country, or parents, so that you won't be saying you bought her rashly at my urgency and instigation.

Dor. Yes, indeed! I call that good advice.

Tox. (*stepping up to Sagaristio*) If it will not trouble you, sir, he wishes to question this lady a bit.

Sag. By all means, at his own discretion.

Tox. (*disgustedly, on rejoining Dordalus*) What are you standing there for? Kindly step up and ask him yourself, as well, for permission to question her as you like. He told me he'd permit it, to be sure; but I prefer you to approach yourself, though, so that he won't take you for a nonentity. (*rejoins Sagaristio, beckoning Dordalus to follow*)

Dor. Satis recte mones.
hospes, volo ego hanc percontari.
Sag. A terra ad caelum, quid lubet.
Dor. Iube dum eam hoc accedat ad me.
Sag. I sane ac morem illi gere.
percontare, exquire quid vis.
Tox. Age, age nunc tu, in proelium
vide ut ingrediare auspicato.
Vir. Liquidumst auspicium, tace.
curabo ut praedati pulchre ad castra convertamini.
Tox. Concede istuc, ego illam adducam.
Dor. Age, ut rem esse in nostram putas.
Tox. Ehodum huc, virgo. vide sis quid agas.
Vir. Taceas, curabo ut voles.
Tox. Sequere me. adduco hanc, si quid vis ex hac
percontarier.
Dor. Enim volo te adesse.
Tox. Hau possum quin huic operam dem hospiti,
quoi erus iussit. quid si hic non volt me adesse
una?
Sag. Immo i modo.
Tox. Do tibi ego operam.
Dor. Tibi ibidem das, ubi tu tuom amicum adiuvas.
Tox. Exquire. heus tu, advigila.

Dor. That's rather sound advice. (*going part way, then calling to Sagaristio, importantly*) Stranger, I want to question this girl.

Sag. Anything you like, from earth to heaven.

Dor. Just bid her step over here to me.

Sag. (*to girl*) Go, by all means, and humour him. (*to Dordalus*) Question her, make any inquiries you see fit.

Tox. (*aside to her*) At him now, at him! See you enter the fray under happy auspices!

Daugh. (*aside to him*) The auspices are bright, hush! I'll look out that you return to camp well laden with loot.

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus*) Step back there, (*pointing*) I'll bring her to you.

Dor. (*aside to Toxilus*) Go on, do as you think best for us. (*steps back*)

Tox. Hey, there, young lady, come here, will you! (*aside to her*) Do please mind what you are about now!

Daugh. (*aside to him*) Keep still, I'll see to it as you wish.

Tox. (*aloud*) Follow me. (*they go to Dordalus*) Here she is, if you wish to ask her any questions. (*withdraws*)

Dor. (*calling*) But I want you with me.

Tox. I must observe the wishes of our guest here, as master ordered. What if he objects to my being with you? (*looks questioningly at Sagaristio*)

Sag. Oh no, join him, by all means.

Tox. (*returning to Dordalus*) I am at your service.

Dor. (*gratefully*) And you do yourself a service, as well, in assisting a friend.

Tox. Make your inquiries. (*to girl, with a sly wink*) I say, you, look alive!

Vir. Satis est dictum: quamquam ego serva sum,
scio ego officium meum, ut quae rogiter vera, ut
accepi, eloquar.
Tox. Virgo, hic homo probus est.
Vir. Credo.
Tox. Non diu apud hunc servies.
Vir. Ita pol spero, si parentes facient officium suom.
Dor. Nolo ego te mirari, si nos ex te percontabimur
aut patriam tuam aut parentes.
Vir. Quor ego id mirer, mi homo? 62
servitus mea mi interdixit, ne quid mirer meum
malum.
Dor. Noli flere.
Tox. Ah, di istam perdant, ita catast et callida.
ut sapiens habet cor, quam dicit quod opust!
Dor. Quid nomen tibist?
Tox. Nunc metuo ne peccet.
Vir. Lucridi nomen in patria fuit.
Tox. Nomen atque omen quantivis iam est preti. quin
tu hanc emis?
nimis pavebam, ne peccaret. expedivit.
Dor. Si te emam,
mihi quoque Lucridem confido fore te.
Tox. Tu si hanc emeris,
numquam hercle hunc mensem vortentem, credo,
servibit tibi.
Dor. Ita velim quidem hercle.
Tox. Optata ut evenant, operam addito.
nihil adhuc peccavit etiam.
Dor. Vbi tu nata es?

Daugh. (*on the verge of tears*) You have said enough. Slave though I am, I have a sense of . . . duty and shall tell the truth, as I have . . . heard it, in answer to what is asked me.

Tox. Young lady, this (*indicating Dordalus*) is a man of honour.

Daugh. So I . . . trust.

Tox. You won't be his slave for long.

Daugh. Indeed I hope not, if my . . . (*choking*) parents do their duty.

Dor. Don't be surprised if we question you about your country or your parents.

Daugh. Ah, why should I be, my dear sir? My . . . servitude has forbidden my . . . being surprised at any . . . misfortune that befalls me.

Dor. (*patting her shoulder*) Don't cry!

Tox. (*aside, elated*) Oh, but she's a sly, shrewd piece, blast her! She's keen-witted all right, she knows how to say the proper thing!

Dor. What is your name?

Tox. (*aside*) Now I'm afraid she'll make a slip.

Daugh. In my own . . . country my name was . . . Lucris.

Tox. There now! That's a name and omen worth any price! Why don't you buy her? (*aside*) I was awfully scared she'd make a slip! She got out of it.

Dor. If I buy you, I count on your being Lucris for me, too.

Tox. If you do buy her, by Jove, I warrant she'll never stay your slave for one révolving moon.

Dor. Gad! Precisely what I want!

Tox. "The work that we do makes our wishes come true." (*aside*) No slip yet, not one!

Dor. Where were you born?

Vir. Vt mihi
mater dixit, in culina, in angulo ad laevam manum.
Tox. Haec erit tibi fausta meretrix: natast in calido loco,
ubi rerum omnium bonarum copiast saepissume.
tactust leno; qui rogaret, ubi nata esset diceret, lepide lusit.
Dor. At ego patriam te rogo quae sit tua.
Vir. Quae mihi sit, nisi haec ubi nunc sum?
Dor. At ego illam quaero quae fuit.
Vir. Omne ego pro nihilo esse duco quod fuit, quando fuit:
tamquam hominem, quando animam ecflavit, quid eum quaeras qui fuit?
Tox. Ita me di bene ament, sapienter. atque equidem miseret tamen.
sed tamen, virgo, quae patriast tua, age mi actutum expedi.
quid taces?
Vir. Dico equidem: quando hic servio, haec patriast mea.
Tox. Iam de istoc rogare omitte (non vides nolle eloqui?)
ne suarum se miseriarum in memoriam inducas.
Dor. Quid est?
captusne est pater?
Vir. Non captus, sed quod habuit perdidit.
Tox. Haec erit bono genere nata: nil scit nisi verum loqui.
Dor. Quis fuit? dic nomen.
Vir. Quid illum miserum memorem qui fuit?
nunc et illum miserum et me miseram aequom est nominarier.

Daugh. (*innocently*) In the . . . kitchen, so my mother . . . told me, in the . . . left-hand corner.

Tox. (*checking a snicker*) Ah, she'll be a lucky wench for you—born in a warm spot where there's generally no end of all sorts of goodies! (*aside*) That's one for the pimp! Asks her where she was born, and gets so finely fooled!

Dor. But I'm asking you what your country is.

Daugh. What should it . . . be, if not the . . . one I'm in now?

Dor. But I want to know what it used to be.

Daugh. Everything that . . . used to be is the same as . . . nothing to me, now that it is . . . no more. Like a . . . man who has . . . breathed his last, why ask him who he . . . used to be? (*is shaken with sobs*)

Tox. (*to Dordalus, much stirred*) Lord love me, how she philosophizes! Upon my soul, I do pity her, though! (*to girl*) But come, though, young lady, inform me at once what your country is. (*after a pause*) Why this silence?

Daugh. Indeed I am . . . telling you—since I am in . . . slavery here, this is my . . . country.

Tox. (*to Dordalus*) Well, ask her no more about that now—don't you see she's unwilling to speak out? You shouldn't renew the memory of her misfortunes.

Dor. Tell me this. Is your father a captive?

Daugh. Not a captive, but what he had he has . . . lost.

Tox. (*to Dordalus*) She certainly comes of a noble family. She knows how to speak nothing but the truth.

Dor. Who was he? Tell me his name.

Daugh. Ah, why should I . . . recall who he . . . was, the . . . poor, poor man? Now the fitting name for us both is (*tragically*) . . . poor . . . poor!

Dor. Quoius modi is suo in populo habitust?
Vir. Nemo quisquam acceptior:
servi liberique amabant.
Tox. Hominem miserum praedicas,
quom et ipsus prorsus perditust et benevolentis perdidit.
Dor. Emam, opinor.
Tox. Etiam opinor? summo genere esse arbitror;
divitias tu ex istac facies.
Dor. Ita di faxint.
Tox. Eme modo.
Vir. Iam hoc tibi dico:[1] actutum ecastor meus pater, ubi me sciet
veniisse, ipse aderit et me abs te redimet.
Tox. Quid nunc?
Dor. Quid est?
Tox. Audin quid ait?
Vir. Nam etsi res sunt fractae, amici sunt tamen.
Dor. Ne sis plora; libera eris actutum, si crebro cades.
vin mea esse?
Vir. Dum quidem ne nimis diu tua sim, volo.
Tox. Satin ut meminit libertatis? dabit haec tibi grandis bolos.
age si quid agis. ego ad hunc redeo. sequere. redduco hanc tibi.
Dor. Adulescens, vin vendere istanc?
Sag. Magis libet quam perdere.
Dor. Tum tu pauca in verba confer: qui datur, tanti indica.

[1] Leo brackets following *iam*.

por. How did he stand amongst his own fellow countrymen?

Daugh. No one at all made himself more . . . welcome—the friend of . . . slaves and citizens alike.

Dox. A poor, poor man, indeed, to be so utterly lost himself, and to have lost those that loved him!

Dor. (*to Toxilus*) I'll buy her, I think.

Dox. Still "think"? Why, she must come of a most distinguished family! You'll make your fortune out of her!

Dor. God grant I may!

Dox. Only buy her.

Daugh. I tell you . . . this now: when my . . . father learns that I've been . . . sold, he'll be here himself . . . shortly, yes indeed, very . . . shortly, and buy me back from you.

Dox. (*to Dordalus*) What now?

Dor. What is it?

Dox. You hear what she says?

Daugh. For no matter if his . . . fortune is wrecked, he still has . . . friends. (*breaks down entirely*)

Dor. There, there, don't weep! You'll be free very shortly, if you have a lot of lovers. (*petting her*) Do you want to belong to me?

Daugh. Yes, if only I . . . don't belong to you too . . . long, I am willing.

Dox. (*to Dordalus, jubilantly*) See how she treasures the memory of her freedom? Oh, she'll bring you tremendous hauls! Act, if you intend to act! I'll rejoin (*indicating Sagaristio*) this gentleman. (*to girl*) Come along. (*they all approach Sagaristio*) Here she is again, sir.

Dor. (*to Sagaristio*) D'ye want to sell that girl, sir?

Sag. Rather that than throw her away.

Dor. To the point, then, briefly! State the price you'll take for her.

Sag. Faciam ita ut te velle videō, ut emas. habe centum minis.

Dor. Nimiumst.

Sag. Octoginta.

Dor. Nimiumst.

Sag. Nummus abesse hinc non potest, quod nunc dicam.

Dor. Quid id est ergo? eloquere actutum atque indica.

Sag. Tuo periclo sexaginta haec dabitur argenti minis.

Dor. Toxile, quid ago?

Tox. Di deaeque te agitant irati, scelus, qui hanc non properes destinare.

Dor. Habeto.

Tox. Eu, praedatu's probe. non edepol minis trecentis carast. fecisti lucri.

Sag. Heus tu, etiam pro vestimentis huc decem accedent minae.

Dor. Abscedent enim, non accedent.

Tox. Tace sis, non tu illum vides quaerere ansam, infectum ut faciat? abin atque argentum petis?[1] 67

atque ut dignust perit.

Dor. Heus tu serva istum.

Tox. Quin tu is intro?

Dor. Abeo atque argentum affero.

[1] Leo notes lacuna following: P omits v. 671ª.

Sag. (*graciously*) I'll do as I see you desire, and let you buy her. She's yours for four hundred pounds.

Dor. (*decidedly*) Too much.

Sag. Three hundred and twenty.

Dor. Too much.

Sag. (*firmly*) Not one penny can be abated from the price I shall now set. (*pauses*)

Dor. (*eagerly*) What is it, then? Out with it, quick! State it!

Sag. You may have her, at your own risk, for two hundred and forty pounds.

Dor. (*aside to Toxilus*) Toxilus, what do you say?

Tox. (*indignantly*) I say all the powers above are after you in ire, you criminal, for not pushing this purchase through!

Dor. (*to Sagaristio, hastily*) Done!

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus*) Glorious! A perfect prize! Lord, man, she's cheap at twelve hundred pounds. This is a lucrative day for you!

Sag. I say, you! It'll be forty pounds for her clothes, in addition.

Dor. (*wrathfully*) In subtraction, you mean, not in addition!

Tox. (*aside to Dordalus, motioning Sagaristio not to press the point*) Oh, do shut up! Don't you see he's looking for a handle to undo what's done? Go along won't you, and get the money? . . . and (*aside*) goes to blazes as he deserves.

Dor. (*to Toxilus excitedly*) I say, keep watch of him, you!

Tox. And you—why don't you go in?

Dor. Yes, I'll be off and bring the money.

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.

IV. 5.

Tox. Edepol dedisti, virgo, operam adlaudabilem,
probam et sapientem et sobriam.
Vir. Si quid bonis
boni fit, esse id et grave et gratum solet.
Tox. Audin tu, Persa? ubi argentum ab hoc acceperis,
simulato, quasi eas prorsum in navem.
Sag. Ne doce.
Tox. Per angiportum rursum te ad me recipito
illac per hortum.
Sag. Quod futurum est praedicas.
Tox. At ne cum argento protinam permittas domum, 680
moneo, te.
Sag. Quod te dignumst, me dignum esse vis?
Tox. Tace, parce voci: praeda progreditur foras.

IV. 6.

Dor. Probae hic argenti sunt sexaginta minae,
duobus nummis minus est.
Sag. Quid ei nummi sciunt?
Dor. Cruminam hanc emere aut facere uti remigret
domum.
Sag. Ne non sat esses leno, id metuebas miser,
impure, avare, ne crumillam amitteres?
Tox. Sine quaeso. quando lenost, nil mirum facit.
Dor. Lucro faciundo ego auspicavi in hunc diem:
nil mihi tam parvist, quin me id pigeat perdere. 690
age, accipe hoc sis.

Scene 5.

Tox. (*in high feather*) By the Lord, young lady, you've done a praiseworthsome job, a fine, sound, serious-minded job!

Daugh. Any good turn you do good people is generally valued and appreciated.

Tox. (*to Sagaristio*) Persian! Are you listening? Once you have the money from him, pretend to go straight to your ship.

Sag. (*blithely*) No instructions needed.

Tox. Come back again to my house by the alley, and enter through the garden there.

Sag. You're foretelling the future.

Tox. But don't take the money and forthwith foot it home, I warn you!

Sag. (*vehemently*) D'ye take me for a man who'd do what's worthy of yourself?

Tox. (*watching Dordalus's house*) Hush! Spare your lungs! Out comes our loot!

Scene 6. RE-ENTER *Dordalus.*

Dor. (*showing a purse*) Here's good honest coin, two hundred and forty pounds—less four shillings.

Sag. Less four shillings? How's that?

Dor. To pay for this purse, or ensure its coming home again.

Sag. (*contemptuously*) Must prove yourself a full-blown pimp, eh? Afraid you'll lose that beggarly purse, are you, you poor, dirty, rapacious rascal?

Tox. Oh well, let it pass. Seeing he is a pimp, it's nothing extraordinary.

Dor. This was to be a lucrative day for me, according to the auspices; no sum looks so small to me but that I'm loth to lose it. Come on, kindly take this cash.

Sag. Hunc in collum, nisi piget, impone.
Dor. Vero fiat.
Sag. Numquid ceterum me voltis?
Tox. Quid tam properas?
Sag. Ita negotiumst: mandatae quae sunt, volo deferre epistulas; geminum autem fratrem servire audivi hic meum, eum ego ut requiram atque uti redimam volo.
Tox. Atque edepol tu me commonuisti hau male. videor vidisse hic forma persimilem tui, eadem statura.
Sag. Quippe qui frater siet.
Dor. Quid est tibi nomen?
Tox. Quid[1] ad te attinet?
Dor. Quid attinet non scire?
Sag. Ausculta ergo, ut scias: Vaniloquidorus Virginesvendonides Nugiepiloquides Argentumexterebronides[2] Quodsemelarripides Numquameripides. em tibi.
Dor. Eu hercle, nomen multimodis scriptumst tuom.
Sag. Ita sunt Persarum mores, longa nomina, contortiplicata habemus. numquid ceterum voltis?
Dor. Vale.
Sag. Et vos, nam animus iam in navist meus.
Tox. Cras ires potius, hodie hic cenares.
Sag. Vale.

[1] *quid* Brix: *quod* MSS.: Leo notes lacuna here.
[2] Leo brackets following v. 704:
Tedigniloquides Nugides Palponides

ag. (*bending forward*) Here! Hang it around my neck, unless you're loth to do that, too.

Dor. (*obeying*) All right. There you are.

ag. (*turning to go*) Nothing else you want of me?

Tox. What's your hurry, sir?

ag. Business. I wish to deliver some letters entrusted to me. Then again, I have heard that my twin brother is a slave here, and I want to find him and set him free.

Tox. (*cogitating*) Now by Jove, sir, that's not a bad hint you gave me. I seem to have seen someone here that looks very like you, just about the same height.

Sag. My brother, most likely!

Dor. What is your name, sir?

Tox. What does it matter to you?

Dor. (*somewhat suspiciously*) What does it matter not to know?

Sag. Listen then, and I'll tell you: Gabblealotadori Girlsellerinsky Slushjabberotikin Cashsqueezeroutski[1] Whatyououncehavegrabbedstein Neverletemgetberg. There you are!

Dor. Well! Well! Upon my soul, your name takes a lot of writing.

Sag. Oh, it is our Persian custom to have long names, somewhat contorplicated. Anything else you two wish?

Dor. Fare you well!

Sag. (*going*) And you—(*apologetically*) the fact is, my mind is on board my ship already.

Tox. You ought to go to-morrow instead, and dine here to-day.

Sag. (*shaking his head*) Farewell! [EXIT.

[1] V. 704, Talkthatservesyourightikin Nonsensikoff Oilyferouski.

IV. 7.

Tox. Postquam illic hinc abiit, dicere hic quidvis licet.
ne hic tibi dies inluxit lucrificabilis.
nam non emisti hanc, verum fecisti lucri.

Dor. Ille quidem iam scit, quid negoti gesserit,
qui mihi furtivam meo periclo vendidit,
argentum accepit, abiit. qui ego nunc scio,
an iam adseratur haec manu? quo illum sequar?
in Persas? nugas.

Tox. Credidi gratum fore
beneficium meum apud te.

Dor. Immo equidem gratiam
tibi, Toxile, habeo; nam te sensi sedulo
mihi dare bonam operam.

Tox. Tibine ego? immo sedulo.

Dor. Attat, oblitus sum intus dudum edicere
quae volui edicta. adserva hanc.

Tox. Salvast haec quidem.

Vir. Pater nunc cessat.

Tox. Quid si admoneam?

Vir. Tempus est.

Tox. Heus, Saturio, exi. nunc est illa occasio
inimicum ulcisci.

Sat. Ecce me. numquid moror?

Tox. Age, illuc abscede procul e conspectu, tace;
ubi cum lenone me videbis conloqui,
tum turbam facito.

Scene 7.

Tox. (*rapturously*) Now that he's gone, we can say what we like. I tell you what, this was a lucriferous day that dawned for you! Why, she's no purchase—she's plain lucre!

Dor. (*grimly looking down the street after Sagaristio*) That fellow certainly knows his business all right—sold me a stolen girl at my own risk, collared the cash, cleared out! Now how do I know whether she won't soon be claimed as free? Where shall I follow him? To Persia! Bosh!

Tox. (*wounded*) I trusted you would be grateful for my kindness.

Dor. (*repentant*) Yes, yes, of course I'm grateful, Toxilus. Oh yes, I observed your earnest endeavours to help me.

Tox. (*forgetting himself*) I help you? (*hastily*) Yes, yes, earnest indeed!

Dor. (*with a start*) There now! I forgot to give some necessary orders inside a moment ago. Keep an eye on her! [EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.

Tox. She's safe, all right.

Daugh. (*anxiously*) Father's loitering now.

Tox. What if I remind him?

Daugh. It's time.

Tox. (*calling at his door*) Hey, Saturio! Come out here! Now's the chance to take vengeance on your enemy.

ENTER *Saturio*, WIPING HIS MOUTH.

Sat. Here I am! I'm not delaying you, am I?

Tox. All right now, get over there (*pointing*) at some distance out of sight, and keep quiet. When you see me conversing with the pimp, then raise a riot.

Sat. Dictum sapienti sat est.
Tox. Tunc, quando abiero—
Sat. Quin taces? scio quid velis.

IV. 8.

Dor. Transcidi loris omnis adveniens domi,
ita mihi supellex squalet atque aedes meae.
Tox. Redis tu tandem?
Dor. Redeo.
Tox. Ne ego hodie tibi
bona multa feci.
Dor. Fateor, habeo gratiam.
Tox. Num quippiam aliud me vis?
Dor. Vt bene sit tibi.
Tox. Pol istuc quidem omen iam ego usurpabo domi,
nam iam inclinabo me cum liberta tua.

IV. 9.

Sat. Nisi ego illum hominem perdo, perii. atque optume
eccum ipsum ante aedes.
Vir. Salve multum, mi pater.
Sat. Salve, mea gnata.
Dor. Ei, Persa me pessum dedit.
Vir. Pater hic meus est.
Dor. Hem, quid? pater? perii oppido.
quid ego igitur cesso infelix lamentarier
minas sexaginta?

at. A word to the wise is sufficient.
Fox. Then when I've left——
at. Hold your tongue, can't you? I know what you want. (*withdraws*)

cene 8. RE-ENTER *Dordalus.*

Dor. (*virtuously*) I gave 'em all a good sound belarruping when I got in there; my furniture and house are perfectly filthy.
Fox. Back finally, are you?
Dor. Back I am.
Fox. I certainly have brought you a big harvest this day.
Dor. I acknowledge it, gratefully.
Fox. Nothing else at all you want of me?
Dor. Only that you enjoy yourself.
Fox. (*turning to go*) By Jove, that's an omen I'll now take advantage of at home, this instant, for I'll now proceed to stretch out alongside your freedwoman. [EXIT.

cene 9. ENTER *Saturio* WITH A ROAR.

at. Damn my soul, if I don't destroy that man! (*seeing Dordalus*) Aha! Splendid! There he is in front of the house!
Daugh. (*rushing up to him*) Oh, God bless you, father dear!
at. (*embracing her*) And you, my daughter!
Dor. (*aside*) Oh-h-h! That Persian has sent me to perdition!
Daugh. (*to Dordalus*) Here is my father.
Dor. (*affecting surprise*) Eh? What? Your father? (*aside*) Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful! (*aloud, trying to placate the raging Saturio*) I'd better lose no time, then, wretch that I am, in (*smiling dolefully*) mourning my two hundred and forty pounds.

Sat. Ego pol te faciam, scelus,
te quoque etiam ipsum ut lamenteris.
Dor. Occidi.
Sat. Age ambula in ius, leno.
Dor. Quid me in ius vocas?
Sat. Illi apud praetorem dicam. sed ego in ius voco.
Dor. Nonne antestaris?
Sat. Tuan ego causa, carnufex,
cuiquam mortali libero auris atteram,
qui hic commercaris civis homines liberos?
Dor. Sine dicam.
Sat. Nolo.
Dor. Audi.
Sat. Surdus sum. ambula.
sequere hac, sceleste, feles virginaria.
sequere hac, mea gnata, me usque ad praetorem.
Vir. Sequor.

ACTVS V

Tox. Hostibus victis, civibus salvis, re placida, pacibus perfectis,
bello exstincto, re bene gesta, integro exercitu et praesidiis,
cum bene nos, Iuppiter, iuvisti, dique alii omnes caelipotentes,
eas vobis habeo grates atque ago, quia probe sum ultus meum inimicum.
nunc ob eam rem inter participes didam praedam et participabo.

at. (*leaping at him*) By the Lord, I'll make you, you villain, I'll make you mourn yourself as well! (*cuffs him about*)

Dor. Oh dear, oh dear!

at. Come, step along to court, pimp!

Dor. (*innocently*) What are you summoning me to court for?

at. I'll tell you there, before the praetor. But I am summoning you to court. (*yanks him along*)

Dor. You'll call a witness, won't you?

at. Shall I go rubbing the ear [1] of any living freeman for your sake, you gallowsbird, who trade here in freeborn citizens? (*shakes him violently*)

Dor. (*agonized*) Let me speak!

at. Not I.

Dor. Listen!

at. I am deaf. Step along! Come this way, you criminal, you maiden-mouser. Come this way, daughter dear, come right to the praetor with me.

Daugh. I am coming. [EXEUNT.

ACT V

ENTER *Toxilus*, VERY BUMPTIOUS.

Tox. Now that our foes are vanquished and our citizens safe, our state tranquil, peace assured, and the war brought to a triumphant termination, with our army and garrisons intact, I do thank thee, Jupiter, for thy kindly aid, and to all the other denizens of heaven do I offer thanks for that I have wreaked such glorious vengeance on mine enemy. Wherefore I shall let my partisans partake of the plunder and share the spoils. (*calling at his door*) Out with ye!

[1] A witness was summoned by touching his ear.

ite foras: hic volo ante ostium et ianuam
meos participes bene accipere.
statuite hic lectulos, ponite hic quae adsolent.
hic statui volo primum [1] aliqua mihi,
unde ego omnis hilaros, ludentis, laetificantis
faciam ut fiant,
quorum opera mihi facilia factu facta haec sunt,
quae volui effieri.
nam improbus est homo qui beneficium scit accipere et reddere nescit.

Lemn. Toxile mi, cur ego sine te sum, cur tu autem sine me es?

Tox. Agedum ergo,
accede ad me atque amplectere sis.

Lemn. Ego vero.

Tox. Oh, nihil hoc magis dulcest.
sed, amabo, oculus meus, quin lectis nos actutum commendamus?

Lemn. Omnia quae tu vis, ea cupio.

Tox. Mutua fiunt a me. age, age ergo, tu Sagaristio, accumbe in summo.

Sag. Ego nil moror: cedo parem, quem pepigi.

Tox. Temperi.

Sag. Mi istuc temperi serost.

Tox. Hoc age, accumbe. hunc diem suavem meum natalem agitemus amoenum. date aquam manibus, apponite mensam.

[1] Corrupt (Leo): *aulam* Lindsay.

ENTER *Paegnium* AND OTHER SLAVES.

Here, before our very door and entrance would I give handsome entertainment to my partisans. Here place the couches, here put whatever is our wont. First of all, I wish something set before me here which will enable me to enliven with gaiety, jollity, and joy the hearts of all those by whose efficiency the things I wanted to effect were easily effected. For 'tis a worthless man who knows how to receive a kindness, but knows not how to pay it back.

EXEUNT SLAVES, RE-ENTERING WITH COUCHES AND OTHER APPURTENANCES FOR A BANQUET.

ENTER *Lemniselenis* INTO DOORWAY, FOLLOWED BY *Sagaristio.*

Lemn. (*fondly*) Toxilus darling, why am I not with you, ah yes, and why are you not with me?

Tox. (*rapturous*) Come, then, come to me, clasp me in your arms, do, do!

Lemn. (*embracing him*) Indeed I will!

Tox. Ah, nothing is sweeter than this! (*an ecstatic interval*) But come, my love, my treasure, why not commit us to the couches forthwith?

Lemn. All your desires are mine, dear.

Tox. And mine are yours! (*another interval*) Here, Sagaristio, here then, take the head of the table.

Sag. (*who has been restlessly observing the osculation*) I don't care about that: but produce the partner I contracted for.

Tox. In due season.

Sag. Your "due season" is too late for me.

Tox. (*pulling him down on the couch*) To business! Take your place! Let's make this delectable day a beautiful birthday of mine! (*to slaves*) Water for our hands, boys, and bring up a table! (*putting a*

do hanc tibi florentem florenti. tu hic eris dictatrix nobis.

Lemn. Age, puere, ab summo septenis cyathis committe hos ludos.

Tox. Move manus, propera, Paegnium, tarde cyathos mihi das, cedo sane.
bene mihi, bene vobis, bene meae amicae, optatus hic mihi dies datus hodiest
ab dis, quia te licet liberam med amplecti.

Lemn. Tua factum opera.

Tox. Bene omnibus nobis. hoc mea manus tuae poclum donat, ut amantem
amanti decet.

Lemn. Cedo.

Tox. Accipe Bene ei qui invidet mi et ei qui hoc gaudet.

V. 2.

Dor. Qui sunt,[1] ubi ubi sunt, qui fuerunt quique futuri sunt posthac,
solus ego omnibus antideo facile, miserrimus hominum ut vivam.
perii, interii. pessimus hic mi dies hodie inluxit corruptor,
ita me Toxilus perfabricavit itaque meam rem divexavit.
vehiclum argenti miser eieci,[2] neque quam ob rem eieci, habeo.
qui illum Persam atque omnis Persas atque etiam omnis personas
male di omnes perdant, ita misero Toxilus haec mihi concivit.

[1] *ubi ubi sunt, qui* Leo, following others: *qui erunt quique* MSS.
[2] Leo brackets following *amisi*.

garland on Lemniselenis's head) Flowers for a flower, my love! You shall be our dictatress here.

Lemn. (*to Paegnium, gayly*) Come, boy, get the game agoing with half pints all around, (*with a smile at Sagaristio*) head of the table first. (*Paegnium fills the goblets*)

Tox. Move your hands, Paegnium, look alive! You're slow giving me mine! Here you are, give it to me! (*lifts the filled goblet*) To my health, to your health, and to the health of my mistress—the gods have given me this day of my heart's desire, (*embracing Lemniselenis*) this day when I can clasp you to my breast, a free girl!

Lemn. (*snuggling closer*) And it's all your doing!

Tox. To the health of us all! (*puts the goblet to his lips, then sentimentally to Lemniselenis*) And now this goblet passes from my hand to yours, as befits two sweethearts!

Lemn. Let me have it.

Tox. Take it! (*Lemniselenis drinks*) To the health of him who envies me, and of him who rejoices with me! (*all drink liberally*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Dordalus* FUNEREALLY.

Dor. (*not seeing them*) Of all mortal men that live, live anywhere, and ever lived, and will live hereafter, I'm easily the one and only leader of 'em all in utter misery! I'm ruined, absolutely ruined! Such a rotten, disastrous day as dawned for me this day, with the way Toxilus circumvented me and made shreds of my capital! I've thrown away a cartload of money, poor fool, and not a thing to show for it! May all the gods confound and blast that Persian and every other Persian, yes, and every other person, too, with Toxilus be-

quia ei fidem non habui argenti, eo mihi eas machinas molitust:
quem pol ego ut non in cruciatum atque in compedis cogam, si vivam,
siquidem huc umquam erus redierit eius, quod spero—sed quid ego aspicio?
hoc vide, quae haec fabulast? hic quidem pol potant. adgrediar. o bone vir,
salveto, et tu, bona liberta.

Tox. Dordalus hic quidemst.

Sag. Quin iube adire.

Tox. Adi, si libet.

Sag. Agite, adplaudamus.

Tox. Dordale, homo lepidissume, salve.
locus hic tuos est, hic accumbe. ferte aquam pedibus. praeben tu puere?

Dor. Ne sis me uno digito attigeris, ne te ad terram, scelus, adfligam.

Paeg. At tibi ego hoc continuo cyatho oculum excutiam[1] tuum.

Dor. Quid ais, crux, stimulorum tritor? quo modo me hodie versavisti,
ut me in tricas coniecisti, quo modo de Persa manus mi aditast?

Tox. Iurgium hinc auferas, si sapias.

Dor. At, bona liberta, haec scivisti et me celavisti?

Lemn. Stultitiast,
cui bene esse licet, eum praevorti litibus. posterius istaec te
magis par agerest.

[1] Corrupt (Leo).

devilling me so! Just because I didn't trust him for the money, that's why he turned this trick on me! Lord, Lord! Upon my life, if I don't land him in torture and shackles, only let his master once return, as I hope—(*sees the party*) but what's this I see? Look at this! What sort of show is this? They're drinking, upon my soul, and right here! I'll up to them! (*to Toxilus, approaching*) Aha, my good sir, greetings! And to you, my good freedwoman!

Tox. (*tipsily cheerful*) Well, well, it's . . . Dordalus!

Sag. (*in a like state*) All right, tell him to . . . join us.

Tox. (*to Dordalus*) Join us, if you . . . like.

Sag. (*to the others*) Come on, let's . . . give him a . . . hand. (*riotous applause from all*)

Tox. Dordalus, you're the . . . nicest man I know. How are you? Here's your place, (*points to a couch*) stretch out . . . here. (*to slaves*) Some . . . water for his . . . feet! (*to Paegnium*) Hey you, boy, are you bringing it?

Dor. (*as Paegnium comes toward him with a ladle*) Mind you don't lay a finger on me, or I'll land you flat on the ground, you scoundrel!

Paeg. Yes, and I'll promptly poke your eye out with this ladle!

Dor. (*to Toxilus*) See here, you gallowstree, you whip-eradicator! How about the way you juggled me to-day, and got me into hot water, how about the way you worked that Persian game on me?

Tox. (*drinking*) Get out of this place with your . . . peevishness, if you're . . . wise.

Dor. (*turning on Lemniselenis*) But you, good freedwoman, you knew all this and kept it from me?

Lemn. (*sweetly*) It's silly to turn to brawling when you have a chance to enjoy yourself. Take up those matters later on, that's nicer.

Dor. Vritur cor mi.

Tox. Da illi cantharum, extingue ignem, si cor uritur, caput ne ardescat.

Dor. Ludos me facitis, intellego.

Tox. Vin cinaedum novom tibi dari, Paegnium? quin elude, ut soles, quando liber locust hic. hui, babae, basilice te intulisti et facete.

Paeg. Decet me facetum esse, et hunc inridere lenonem lubidost, quando dignus est.

Tox. Perge ut coeperas.

Paeg. Hoc, leno, tibi.

Dor. Perii perculit me prope.

Paeg. Em, serva rusum. 810

Dor. Delude, ut lubet, erus dum hinc abest.

Paeg. Viden ut tuis dictis pareo? sed quin tu meis contra item dictis servis atque hoc, quod tibi suadeo, facis?

Dor. Quid est id?

Paeg. Restim tu tibi cape crassam ac suspende te.

Dor. Cave sis me attigas, ne tibi hoc scipione malum magnum dem.

Paeg. Vtere, te condono.

Tox. Iam iam, Paegnium, da pausam.

Dor. Ego pol vos eradicabo.

Dor. (*furious*) Ugh! My heart's blazing.

Tox. (*to a slave, interestedly*) Give him the . . . tankard. (*to Dordalus*) Put out the . . . fire, if your heart's blazing, so as to keep your . . . head from catching.

Dor. You're all making game of me, I understand that!

Tox. Paegnium, d'ye want a present of a new . . . playmate? (*indicating Dordalus*) Go on and . . . amuse yourself as usual. Here's a . . . free field. (*as Paegnium wantons up to Dordalus*) Um-m-m? La-de-da! That's a . . . royal little . . . movement, so . . . frisky!

Paeg. And so I should be, and I just love to play with this pimp, seeing he deserves it.

Tox. Keep it up, keep it up!

Paeg. (*pretending to be about to caress Dordalus*) Here's a present, pimp. (*delivers a quick punch*)

Dor. Ouch, blast it! He almost bowled me over!

Paeg. Look out! There you are again! (*repeats the blow*)

Dor. (*shaking his fist*) Have your sport, as you like, while your master's away!

Paeg. (*slipping in another punch*) See how I obey your instructions? But why don't you reciprocate and follow my instructions, too, and do what I recommend?

Dor. And what is that?

Paeg. Get yourself a fine thick rope and hang yourself. (*advances on him again*)

Dor. You kindly keep your hands off of me, or I'll give you a good sound thrashing with this cane!

Paeg. Go ahead, I give you leave. (*darts in, delivers another blow and dodges back*)

Tox. There, there now, Paegnium, call a . . . halt.

Dor. By heaven, I'll exterminate the lot of you!

Paeg. At te ille, qui supra nos habitat,
qui tibi male volt maleque faciet. non hi dicunt,
verum ego.
Tox. Age, circumfer mulsum, bibere da usque plenis
cantharis.
iam diu factum est, postquam bibimus ; nimis diu
sicci sumus.
Dor. Di faciant ut id bibatis quod vos numquam
transeat.
Sag. Nequeo, leno, quin tibi saltem staticulum, olim
quem Hegea
faciebat. vide vero, si tibi satis placet.
Tox. Me quoque volo
reddere, Diodorus quem olim faciebat in Ionia.
Dor. Malum ego vobis dabo, ni abitis.
Sag. Etiam muttis, impudens?
iam ego tibi, si me inritassis, Persam adducam
denuo.
Dor. [1] Atque tu Persa es, qui me usque admutilavisti ad
cutem.
Tox. Tace, stulte : hic eius geminust frater.
Dor. Hicinest?
Tox. Ac geminissumus.
Dor. Di deaeque et te et geminum fratrem excrucient.
Sag. Qui te perdidit :
nam ego nil merui.
Dor. At enim quod ille meruit, tibi id obsit volo.
Tox. Agite sultis, hunc ludificemus.

[1] Leo brackets preceding *iam taceo hercle.*

Paeg. But that'll be your own end, at the hands of Him who dwells above us and hates you and will show his hate. It's not these folks that say so; it's I, I. (*contrives to give Dordalus a kick*)

Tox. (*to Paegnium*) Come, pass around the wine and honey, keep us supplied with . . . drink, full tankards. It's a . . . long time since we drank. We've been . . . dry an awful long while.

Dor. (*glaring at them as they imbibe*) I wish to heaven that what you drink would never pass through you!

Sag. (*rising unsteadily*) Pimp, I can't refrain from . . . dancing for you that . . . lovely little dance that Hegea used to render. (*prances about Dordalus, making occasional passes at him*) Do see now, if it isn't rather . . . winsome.

Tox. (*rising*) Yes, and I want to show you the dance Diodorus used to . . . render in Ionia (*joins Sagaristio*)

Dor. (*backing away with upraised cane*) I'll brain both of you, unless you get out!

Sag. Still grumbling, brassface? If you . . . irritate me, I'll soon be bringing on that . . . Persian again.

Dor. (*scanning him sharply*) Aha! You're that Persian who shore me right down to the quick!

Tox. Shut up . . . idiot! He's his . . . twin brother.

Dor. He is, eh?

Tox. And such a . . . twinny twin!

Dor. May all the powers above consume and rot you and your twin brother, both!

Sag. Rot the man that . . . ruined you. I haven't done anything, of . . . course.

Dor. Well, but I want you paid out for what he did!

Tox. (*drawing the guests and slaves aside*) Come along, please do let's have some . . . fun with him.

Lemn. Nisi si dignust, non opust.
et me haud par est.
Tox. Credo eo, quia non inconciliavit, cum te emo.
Lemn. At tamen non—tamen—
Tox. Cave ergo sis malo, et sequere me.
te mihi dicto audientem esse addecet, nam hercle absque me
foret et meo praesidio, hic faceret te prostibilem propediem.
sed ita pars libertinorum est: nisi patrono qui adversatust,
nec satis liber sibi videtur nec satis frugi nec sat honestus,
ni id effecit, ni ei male dixit, ni grato ingratus repertust.
Lemn. Pol bene facta tua me hortantur, tuo ut imperio paream.
Tox. Ego sum tibi patronus plane, qui huic pro te argentum dedi.
[1] graphice hunc volo ludificari.
Lemn. Meo ego in loco sedulo curabo.
Dor. Certo illi homines mihi nescio quid mali consulunt, quod faciant.
Sag. Heus vos.
Tox. Quid ais?
Sag. Hicin Dordalus est leno, qui hic liberas virgines mercatur?
hicinest, qui fuit quondam fortis?
Dor. Quae haec res est? ei, colapho me icit.
malum vobis dabo.
Tox. At tibi nos dedimus dabimusque etiam.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *nunc* (vel *age*) *graphice* Mueller.

Lemn. (*shaking her head*) There's no use in it, unless he deserves it. And it's not right for me.

Tox. (*ironically*) The reason being, I suppose, that he didn't stand in the way of my . . . buying you!

Lemn. But still it's not—still——

Tox. (*growing angry*) Just you look out for . . . trouble, then, and follow me. The proper thing for you is to listen to what I . . . say, for by gad, if it hadn't been for me and my . . . protection, he'd pretty soon have made a common prostitute of you. (*increasingly bitter*) But this is the way with a lot of . . . freed folk: if they don't . . . cross their patron, they don't think they're free enough or . . . good enough or respectable enough, unless they've done this, unless they've been . . . impertinent to him, unless they've proved ungrateful to their . . . benefactor!

Lemn. (*remorseful*) Oh dear! Your kindnesses do urge me to do anything you wish.

Tox. I'm your . . . patron, myself, that's plain; I'm the man that paid him the money for you. I want some . . . fun with him, some . . . tiptop fun.

Lemn. Well, I'll help it along the best I can.

Dor. (*keeping an eye on them*) That gang's clearly planning to do something or other to me.

Sag. (*as they all advance on Dordalus*) I say, you folks.

Tox. What d'ye say?

Sag. Is this Dordalus, the . . . pimp, who trades here in . . . freeborn maidens? Is this the chap that used to be so . . . dauntless?

Dor. What do you mean by this? (*as Sagaristio cuffs him*) Oh, ouch! What a wallop! (*raising his cane*) I'll fix you people!

Tox. But we . . . have fixed you, and we'll fix you some . . . more! (*they all fall on him zestfully*)

Dor. Ei, natis pervellit.

Paeg. Licet: iam diu saepe sunt expunctae.

Dor. Loquere tu etiam, frustum pueri?

Lemn. Patrone mi, i intro, amabo, ad cenam.

Dor. Mea Ignavia, tu nunc me inrides? 850

Lemn. Quiane te voco, bene ut tibi sit?

Dor. Nolo mihi bene esse.

Lemn. Ne sit.

Tox. Quid igitur? sescenti nummi quid agunt, quas turbas danunt?

Dor. Male disperii, sciunt referre probe inimico gratiam.

Tox. Satis sumpsimus supplici iam.

Dor. Fateor, manus vobis do.

Tox. Et post dabis sub furcis.

Sag. Abi intro—in crucem.

Dor. An me hic parum exercitum hisce habent?

Tox. Convenisse te Toxilum me[1]
spectatores, bene valete. leno periit. plaudite.

[1] Leo notes lacuna here: *me*(*mineris*) Camerarius.

Dor. (*as Paegnium operates*) Oh, ouch! he's pinching at my behind!

Paeg. That's all right. It was often plucked long before this.

Dor. (*writhing*) Still chattering, are you, you fragment of a boy?

Lemn. (*impishly*) Patron dear, do go in to dinner, there's a darling.

Dor. So you're deriding me now, my lazybones?

Lemn. (*plaintively*) Just because I invite you to enjoy yourself?

Dor. (*struggling*) I don't want to enjoy myself!

Lemn. (*cordially*) Then don't.

Tox. (*cuffing him contentedly*) Well, what do you think? You see what . . . sixty pounds do, what . . . messes they make?

Dor. (*aside*) Oh dear, oh dear! I'm murdered! They do know awfully well how to return an enemy's favours!

Tox. (*with a final cuff*) We'll call this . . . plenty of punishment now.

Dor. (*pathetically*) I admit it! I hold up my hands! (*they let go of him, with parting salutes*).

Tox. And later you'll . . . hold 'em up on a . . . crossbar.

Sag. (*hospitably, with a wink at Lemniselenis*) Do go along in for—(*giving him a farewell kick*)—crucifixion!

Dor. (*scampering to his door, then turning ruefully to the audience*) An adequate drilling these fellows gave me, eh, what? [EXIT.

Tox. (*calling after him*) You'll bear in mind the . . . fact that you met . . . me, Toxilus! (*advancing to the front of the stage*) Spectators, fare ye . . . well. A pimp has . . . perished. Give us your applause. [EXEUNT OMNES.

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